

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1881.

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.



THE HANGING GARDENS AND THE "TORRE DE LA VELA."

FEW readers need to be told that the kingdom of Granada at the period of the Conquest was one of the richest and most flourishing countries in the world. Its fertile valleys embraced the garden of the Peninsula; its industrious population had carried agriculture to a degree of perfection unknown to modern times; its mountains yielded great quantities of the precious metals; its manufactures of silk and porcelain found a

ready market in the courts of semi-barbaric Europe; the commerce of Almeria and Malaga, its principal seaports, extended to the Indies. As the victorious arms of Castile and Aragon gradually encroached upon the provinces of Andalusia, the remains of that extraordinary civilization which, in the ninth and tenth centuries, had raised the Western khalifate to such a height of prosperity and renown, took refuge in Granada. To the

beautiful capital, that included within its walls nearly half a million souls,—among them many thousand Jews and Christians,—fled the exiles of the conquered cities, bringing with them that advanced knowledge of the natural and exact sciences which, after surviving the vicissitudes of four hundred years of revolution and invasion, the ferocious bigotry of the Spanish clergy, more intolerant by far than the rude barbarism of Africa, threatened with utter extinction. Here, under the protection of a race of sovereigns who rivalled each other in promoting the happiness of their subjects, a new impulse was imparted to the study of astronomy and medicine, and literature and the mechanical arts found in the tastes and habits of a luxurious people an ample field for their development. And here began the third and most glorious period of Arab art as displayed in its application to architecture, which, appropriating to itself all that was valuable in the experience of former ages,—ages which had witnessed the erection of the Mosque of Cordova and the Giralda of Seville,—soon disclosed a splendor and variety of decoration peculiarly its own, and, after filling the kingdom with its monuments, attained its climax in the creation of that masterpiece of human skill, the fairy palace of the Alhambra.

The accounts given by Moorish chroniclers of the origin of Granada are vague and confused: it is probable, however, that the present site was first occupied by Sawar, governor of Elvira, about the year 890. A Jewish colony was then established in the vicinity, having succeeded the Roman and Phœnician settlements, and to the latter of these are attributed the *Torres Vermejas*, or Red Towers, formerly an outwork of the citadel, but afterward incorporated with its fortifications. Popular tradition has ascribed the foundation of the palace to Mohammed I., of the dynasty of the Alhamares, who died in 1273; and this opinion, in the absence of better evidence, has been adopted by modern historians, though, strange to say, not a single inscription relating to this monarch has been discovered upon the walls of the Alhambra,

which are covered with the mottoes and pompous eulogies of his descendants.

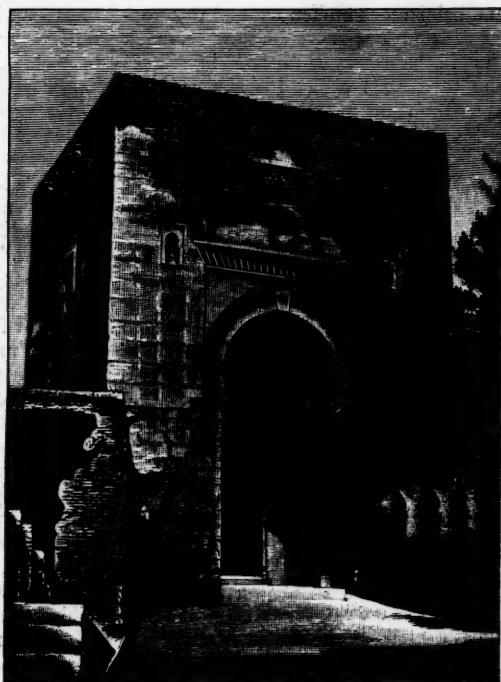
The Alhambra, the stronghold of a prince who united the triple functions of civil, military, and religious head of his people, stands on an isolated hill five hundred feet above the plain, or Vega. This hill, which romantic native writers love to compare to a *granada*, or pomegranate, thence deriving the name of their favorite city, is half a mile long by eight hundred feet wide, and is entirely surrounded by walls. Traversing a grove of elms that covers the slope nearest the Genil, we reach the Gate of Justice, a massive tower forming the entrance to the fortress. The seat of the *kadi*, or civil magistrate, who here settled all disputes not deemed important enough to be carried before the sultan, the Gate of Justice was regarded with peculiar veneration by the Moors. Innumerable are the legends connected with this spot, many of them traceable to the mysterious hand and key carved upon the outer and inner arches of the portal. The hand, an unfailing talisman against the evil eye, was symbolical of the five precepts of Islam,—prayer, fasting, alms, ablution, and the pilgrimage to Mecca; the key referred to the dominion given to the Prophet over heaven and hell, and was the badge of the kings of Andalusia. The old gate is well preserved; the cement covering the masonry is as smooth as when laid on; the ponderous bronze doors which opened to admit the Christian armies on the memorable 2d of January, 1492, are still in their places, so also are the racks that sustained the lances of the Moorish guard.

We next enter the Plaza de los Algibes, a square of comparatively modern date, which lies between the palace and the Alcazaba or citadel,—these two portions of the sultan's residence having been originally separated by a wall, of which the gate, now called the *Puerta del Vino*, alone remains. Fronting the venerable Moorish battlements rises the façade of the palace of Charles V., with the arms and trophies of the most arrogant and crafty of emperors. The story of the foundation of this vast edifice, the out-

growth of royal pride, is instructive, as illustrating the manners of the times. The articles of capitulation had guaranteed to the Moors their property and the exercise of their religion upon payment of a moderate tax, an agreement which Ferdinand soon found a convenient pretext to repudiate. Then the ghostly advisers of this perfidious monarch, who respected neither oath nor treaty, persuaded him that the conquered Moriscos, as they were called, should be forcibly brought within the pale of the Church; and they were accordingly baptized by thousands, —with so little effect, however, that, as the old chronicler Luis de Marmol plaintively remarks, "In twenty-seven years there were hardly to be found among them twenty-seven good Christians."

While conforming to the outward ceremonial of a faith they abhorred, this unfortunate people, ever mindful of the glorious history of their fathers, celebrated the rites of the Koran in secret, and never ceased to deplore the sad fate that had overtaken the followers of the Prophet. Such was the condition of affairs when, in 1526, Charles V. visited Granada, and was so pleased with it that he determined to build a palace there and make the city the seat of his court. The fact that the treasury was empty was a small consideration: the Moors were rich, the Inquisition was strong. The familiars of the Holy Office were summoned without delay from Jaen, and entered upon their task with more than their accustomed zeal. The ill-concealed contempt of the Moriscos for Christianity was notorious, and, there being no lack of accusers when rewards both spiritual and pecuniary were liberally promised, the prisons soon became crowded, not a few victims perished at the stake, and

hundreds of wealthy families were deprived of all they possessed, every condemnation being of course accompanied by a wholesale confiscation of property. Every plan of oppression that priestly ingenuity could devise was put into execution. The Arab dress and language were proscribed, along with all dances, games, and public amusements. The baths came in for an especial anathema. The Spanish ecclesiastic, who never bathed, looked with scorn upon the splendid establishments to which each day the cleanly Moor resorted in obedience to the precepts of his religion. Ablution, so necessary in the sultry climate of the South, was thenceforth branded as a crime, and he who was suspected of indulging



THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

in it was menaced with the *auto da fé*.

Driven to despair by this terrible persecution, the people were ripe for revolt,

when the hint of a courtier fortunately suggested a remedy. Acting upon this, the bishops and officers of the royal household were bribed, Charles receiving for his share eighty thousand ducats, in consideration whereof he agreed to suspend the decrees of the Inquisition, much to the disgust of the worthy Fathers, who were busily engaged in the congenial occupation of filling their coffers and at the same time gratifying their ecclesiastical grudges. Of this money the emperor set aside a large sum for his favorite project,—a project which involved the destruction of much of the Alhambra. The winter residence of the Moors, that seems to have equalled the remainder in magnificence, and was probably of greater extent, was razed, the fountains were removed, the doors and balustrades broken up, and the stuccoes carted away as rubbish. Founded thus in the misery of the most intelligent and thrifty portion of his subjects, and upon the ruins of that unrivalled palace,—the boast and glory of the Western empire of the Khalifs,—the ill-omened design of Charles V. was destined never to be carried to completion. His attention soon became engrossed by the discovery and conquest of Mexico and Peru, and this costly toy, neglected and forgotten, was long utilized as a ring for bull-fighting, being now degraded to the vilest uses of the beggars of Granada.

The gorgeousness of Moorish architecture, which, with its enamelled tile-work, its gilded domes and filigree arcades, speaks so eloquently of Oriental luxury, bursts suddenly upon us as we pass, by a narrow gateway opened in the seventeenth century, from the Plaza de los Algibes into the Court of the Myrtles. On the right is the portico of what was once the winter palace, on the left the Tower of Comares, containing the Hall of the Embassadors, the largest apartment of the Alhambra. The great basin occupying the centre of the court is bordered by hedges of myrtle interspersed with orange-trees. Arabic inscriptions cover the walls and galleries, and in the latter appear the identical jealousies which once screened from vulgar gaze the voluptuous charms

of the wives and favorites of the sultan. This court, the only part of the building to which the public were ever admitted, was the theatre of frequent intrigues of the hostile factions that contended for the mastery even while the common enemy was thundering at the gates, and to whose bitter feuds, as much as to the valor of the Christian arms, should be attributed the downfall of the kingdom. In the Court of the Myrtles were received the flower of the Castilian chivalry, who upon grand occasions came to compete for the prize of knightly skill and courtesy in the famous Plaza de la Bibarrambla; here were entertained the picturesque envoys of the distant East, bringing greeting from the lords of Cairo and Ispahan; here the captive bishop of Jaen defied the monarch, and was sent to labor with his fellow-slaves upon the fortifications of the city; and here the fiery old Abul Hacen, surrounded by his harem, listened with gloomy forebodings to the predictions of the astrologer announcing the loss of his empire and the extinction of his race, and endeavored to forget his fears in the stirring ballads of his ancestors, or in the caresses of the beautiful Zorayda, the "Star of the Morning."

The Hall of the Embassadors occupies the whole of the Tower of Comares, and was used for coronations and royal festivals. From the balconies which replace the curious Moorish lattices of its alcoves, we look down upon the gypsy quarter of the Albaycin, and the cypress groves that fringe the banks of the Darro, so named from its sands of gold. In this brilliant hall, during the closing days of the siege, Aixa, the mother of Boabdil, learned for the first time that he had been arranging for a capitulation; and, leading him to one of the windows, she threw open the gilded lattice and bade him look below. The last rays of the sun disappearing behind the Sierra Elvira lighted up the landscape, and through the purple haze which hung like a veil over the lovely Vega sparkled the domes of mosque and villa and the battlements of many a shapely tower and minaret. It was the hour of prayer, and the shrill tones

of the muezzin, as turning toward each point of the compass he summoned the faithful to their devotions, mingling with the clash of arms and the cheers of the populace as they hailed the return of some valiant band from the successful foray, rose faintly to the lofty ramparts of the castle. A wilderness of orchards and vineyards which the ravages of war had spared still covered the mountain-side. The score of palaces with which the voluptuous Alhambres had embellished the environs of the capital still displayed their wonted beauty; though over more than one floated the hated

banner of the infidel, whose intrenched lines appeared in the distance, encircling like a band of steel the walls of the devoted city. The quaint houses, red and white, with terraced roofs, and embowered amid verdant groves, recalled the simile of the poet who likened Granada to "a silver vase full of hyacinths and emeralds." The Genil and the Darro, which the ancient Syrian invader had pronounced rivals of Abana and Pharrar, rivers of Damascus, could be traced for leagues, as, after turning the wheels of more than three hundred mills, they distributed their refreshing waters, until



THE VERMILION TOWER.

lost in the innumerable canals that like a net-work of glittering threads spread far and wide over the fertile plain. As the cowardly king gazed in silence on a scene which, including the fairest portion of his dominions, offered a view unequalled in the world, his mother, who united the courage of a soldier with the vindictiveness of the renegade, indignantly said, "See what you are about to surrender, and remember that all of your ancestors died kings of Granada, and that their line will end with you." The tears stood in Boabdil's eyes as he turned away, but the remonstrance had come too late. The

truce was already signed; and three days later, attended by his mournful retinue, he left the fortress by the Gate of the Seven Stories, and departed for his little principality in the Alpujarras.

The Court of the Lions, which communicates with the Court of the Myrtles by means of a short passage, is rectangular in form, and is surrounded by galleries and pavilions supported by columns of white marble. To the right is the Hall of the Abencerrages, where, tradition says, the chiefs of this noble tribe were beheaded one by one in the presence of Boabdil; and beyond is the Hall of the



tice, noted as the place where the rites of the Christian religion were first celebrated after the Conquest. It was used as a chapel while the cathedral was building, and differs in plan from the other halls, being divided into a suite of rooms crowned with little cupolas. The ceilings of its alcoves are covered with rude paintings of unknown origin, almost obliterated by time and neglect.

The Court of the Lions, renowned in ballad and chronicle, is the culminating point of the beauties of the Alhambra. No pen can describe them, no pencil can delineate them. The strange Cufic letters, the lace-work of the graceful arches, the stalactitic pendants of the domes blazing with scarlet and gold, the texts of the Koran meeting the glance at every turn, the long colonnades through which slant the rays of sunlight from the jalousies above, the chequered floors, the gorgeous tiles encrusting pilaster and wall, dazzle the eye with their splendor. And if now, with their ornaments cracked and faded, stained with damp and defaced by vandal travellers, these scenes can so enthrall the mind, what were they in the days of their glory, when the gilded arcades rang with the laughter of the houris imprisoned here, and black eunuchs, in silken robes and armed with jewel-hilted scimitars, guarded with jealous care these treasures of the harem!

On the north side of the court is the Hall of the Two Sisters, unsurpassed in the elegance of its decorations. Its divans are models of taste and richness, its enamels are the most curious in Spain. The broad inscriptions, that, twined with buds and leaves, are so conspicuous, are poems in praise of the builder, and amid the snowy arabesques appears at frequent intervals his shield, bearing the devout motto of the Alhamares, "There is no conqueror but God."

Did space permit, much might be said of the subterranean apartments of the Alhambra,—the cisterns, the baths, the dungeons, the magazines; of the little oratories or mosques, mementos of the piety of the Moslem; of the isolated towers, each forming a miniature palace,

with guard-room and courts and hall of state, their boudoirs cooled by the spray from alabaster fountains, their walls encrusted with precious mosaics resembling tissues of brocade. In the corridor under the Tower of Comares the two discreet statues immortalized by Irving gaze yet upon the niche where the treasure was discovered by the little Sanchica. Unlike most of the legends to which Moorish fancy has given rise, this story is substantially true, for three immense jars of finished workmanship and full of coins and jewels were found here soon after the Conquest. Two of them were afterward lost by neglect; the third, the famous vase of the Alhambra, unique in design, is preserved, though in a damaged condition, in a room near the Court of the Lions.

Of the numerous suburban villas that offered rest and seclusion to the princes of Granada, but one, the Generalife, or Garden of the Architect, now exists. It is situated much higher than the adjoining fortifications, and, completely commanding the city, was a point of the greatest strategic importance during the siege. Owned by a descendant of Boabdil, who has not entirely forgotten the customs of his princely line, the grounds of the Generalife present not a few of the distinctive characteristics of Moorish horticulture. Most prominent in the landscape are the venerable cypresses which have stood here for centuries, and by the trunk of the largest well-founded tradition says the daring Aben Hamet whispered words of illicit love in the ears of the frail sultana.

So extensive are the alterations which ignorance and barbarism have made in the Alhambra that its original plan cannot now be determined. We know that it contained five grand courts, of which only two remain, and that of the area enclosed by the outer wall scarce a foot of space was not occupied by buildings, the latter as late as 1625 affording shelter to six thousand souls who in that year attempted to turn the palace into a ribbon-factory. The royal residence was divided into several departments, each having its *alcalde*, or mayor, who was

responsible to the governor of the fortress. One quarter was assigned to the sultan's family, another to the religious functionaries and doctors of the law,

another to the garrison. Upon the highest point of the hill were lodged the *muftis*, or expounders of the Koran, and in the midst of their dwellings rose



THE COURT OF THE MYRTLES.

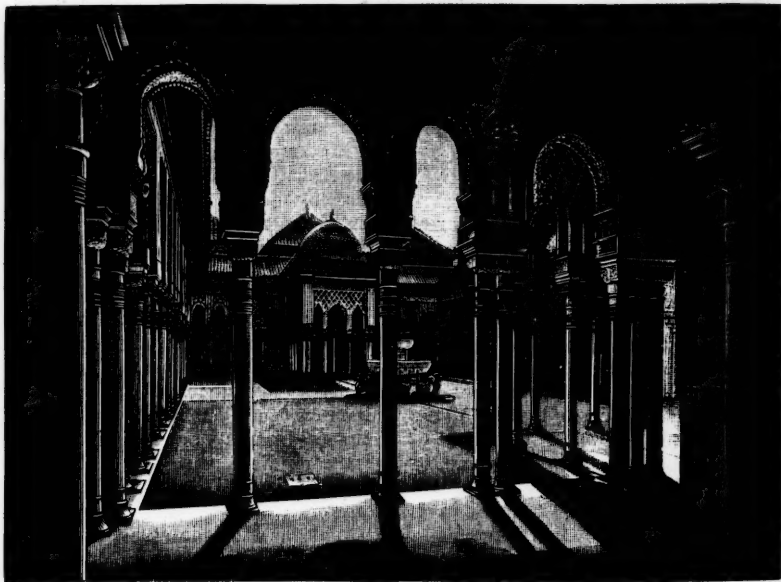
the tapering minarets of the great mosque, whose rare marbles and columns with capitals of massy silver caused it to be justly regarded as one of the wonders of the Moslem world. Instead of the coarse tiles whose weight is crushing the galleries, the roofs were covered with thin plates of porcelain corresponding with the gay mosaics of the pavements and the walls. The taste of the Oriental was visible everywhere, in cascades and fountains, in groves where myrtle and cypress were trimmed in all manner of fantastic shapes,—pyramids, grottos, obelisks, stalactitic arches,—in aromatic hedges diffusing a succession of delicate perfumes, in beds where flowers of glowing colors traced texts and legends on a ground of brightest green. Seventy thousand gold ducats—one hundred and forty thousand dollars, equal to four times that amount at the present day—were expended annually upon the palace, to which additions were made by each

succeeding monarch, until arrested by the fatal dissensions that heralded the overthrow of the Saracen power.

No Arab names of the apartments of the Alhambra have come down to us: those by which they are at present designated are modern and entirely imaginary. We are even ignorant as to the uses of many rooms, and it is sometimes difficult to separate the parts of the original structure from those of later date erected with materials taken from the demolished winter palace. These mutilations, that, under the pretext of "improvements," were effected in the reign of Charles V. and his immediate successors, have rendered a complete restoration impossible. Enough remains, however, to show the immense progress made by the Moors in architecture during the latter half of the fourteenth century, appropriately named the Hispano-Arab age of gold. The changes undergone by the various orders before the arch peculiar to Granada was developed are clearly defined and worthy of attention; and not less interesting is the study of the fragile and elaborate arabesques. It is remarkable that such magical results were produced by the

simplest means, for Arab ornamentation, far from being as complicated as it appears, is subject to certain plain geometrical rules. The figures, which at first sight show but a maze of lines and curves, can be easily resolved into the square and the circle; the shawls of Cashmere have afforded the patterns of the intricate floral designs lavished in such bewildering variety; the stalactitic cornices and domes are modelled after the sections of a pomegranate divested of its seeds. All the countries which the armies of Islam had overrun in their wonderful career seem to have furnished suggestions to the architects of the Alhambra. The huge stone blocks of the gates fitted with perfect accuracy are copied from the masonry of the Roman, who built for eternity; the hanging gardens are the gardens of Babylon; the lions that

support the basin in the famous court are Phœnician; the fountain itself is an imitation of the brazen laver of Solomon, mentioned in the thirty-fourth *sura* of the Koran; the *tarkish*, or stucco-work, was invented at Damascus; the hand of the Persian artist is visible upon the glittering walls of the Tower of Comares. Nor did the Moor, ever proud of his origin and tenacious of the prejudices of his race, though separated hundreds of leagues from the home of his ancestors and domiciled for centuries in a foreign land, reject the influence of their traditions in the decoration of his palaces. The lotus of Egypt and the palm of Arabia are interwoven in the foliage of every fretted hall; the letters of the Cufic alphabet—singularly adapted to ornament—proclaim the doctrines of Islam from cornice and capital; while



THE COURT OF THE LIONS.

the profusion of water and verdure proves that the Saracen, though surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation of the Vega, beheld a grove or a fountain with the same emotions as did the weary camel-driver when, uttering a prayer of thanksgiving to Allah, he hailed with

delight the refreshing oasis shining amid the dull gray sands of the desert.

"Quien no ha visto Granada
No ha visto nada,"*—

so saith the Andalusian proverb; but,

* "Who hath not Granada seen
Is no traveller, I ween."

aside from the Alhambra, the city boasts but few attractions. The streets are filthy beyond description, and so narrow that two persons can hardly ride abreast, the houses have a dilapidated appearance, and the people an air of dejected poverty. Long Venetian blinds hang over the balconies, and through their interstices peer the charming *Granadinas*, displaying in lustrous eyes and jet-black tresses their Moorish ancestry. At the side of almost every door is an altar, where a plaster image, arrayed in blue and tinsel, amid a cloud of votos and paper flowers, stares vacantly at the passer-by.

The Granadan dress is wholly Spanish, far different from that of the western provinces, where Parisian fashions are fast supplanting the showy national costume. The ladies wear lace mantillas and close-fitting skirts of light-colored silk, and are never seen without the coquettish fan which no one knows how to wield so well as the charming Spanish woman. As for the men, they are almost invariably muffled in a cloak that hides them to the very eyes, except on some grand holiday, when they appear in all the splendor of plush jacket and scarlet sash, adding much to the brilliancy of the gay and noisy throng. When riding, the lady usually mounts behind her lover, and, with nothing to steady her but a scarf fastened to the crupper, will gallop unconcernedly over mountain-roads and through crooked lanes at the greatest speed. At the festivals is ex-

hibited to the best advantage the character of the idle and music-loving Andalusian, from the lounging dandy, praising in bad extempore verses the beauty of some bar-maid in the little wine-shop, to the dishevelled gypsy, equally ready



WINE-SHOP IN GRANADA.

to sing a song or pick the pocket of the careless and admiring stranger.

The 2d of January, the anniversary of the surrender, is the grand *fiesta* of Granada. With the first ray of light crowds of peasants in gala-dress come flocking into the city from the villages and plantations of the Vega. All visit the Alhambra, and, ascending the *Torre de la Vela*, or Watch-Tower, cause the bell to keep up an incessant din, for it is universally believed that to ring this bell

during the festival will bring good luck for the ensuing year,—to the invalid, health; to the poor, riches; and to the unmarried, a wife or a husband. Everything seems to partake of the gayety of the occasion. The shrines are covered with wreaths, the balconies are draped with tapestry emblazoned with the shields of Spain. The cathedral is full of worshippers, and priests are hurrying to and fro, anticipating a busy time and much profit, for masses said upon this sacred anniversary are of peculiar efficacy and are paid for accordingly. In the Royal Chapel, where the ceremonies begin, stands the superb alabaster mausoleum of the Catholic sovereigns, bearing the following inscription:

—MAHOMETICI SECTI PROSTRA—
 —TORES ' ET ' HERETICE PERVICACIE—
 —EXTINTORES ' FERNANDVS ARAGONVM—
 —ET ELISABETHA CASTILLE ' VIR ET VXOR—
 —VNANIMES CATHOLICÆ APPELLATI—
 —MARMOREO CLAVDVNTVR—
 —HOC TVMVLO—

At precisely twelve o'clock the relics of the Conquest are brought with great pomp into the chapel. The pictures and crosses are fastened to the railings of the monuments, and in front, upon the crimson velvet cushions embroidered by the hands of royalty, are placed the sceptre and crown of Isabella and the sword of Ferdinand. Above wave the four historic banners carried during the wars of Granada, under whose tattered folds more than one brave champion met his death in those bloody combats where were exhibited the noblest qualities of both Christian and Moorish chivalry. After high mass a procession is formed, composed of the ecclesiastical and military dignitaries of the province, the rear being closed by the captain-general and his staff in the brilliant uniforms of the Spanish army. Three times the splendid pageant moves around the cathedral, the choristers chant the *Te Deum*, the air becomes perfumed with the smoke from gold and silver censers, and the excited populace, surging back and forth in the narrow streets, cry out, "*Granada! Granada! por los inclitos Reyes Don Fernando y Doña Isabel!*" which, shouted by the kings-at-arms and

echoed by the triumphant soldiery as they poured into the citadel on the day of the surrender, proclaimed that the last stronghold of the infidel had been won.

It was nine o'clock at night when I climbed the worn staircase of the Gate of Justice for a parting visit to the Alhambra. The merry crowd that from early dawn had thronged its courts and gardens had disappeared; the clangor of the bell in the Torre de la Vela had ceased; but around the lofty parapet still hung a girdle of colored lights, the final ceremony of the festival, indicating the spot where, three hundred and eighty-seven years before, the crescent of Mohammed had been supplanted by the standard of the cross. Far above my head, upon the ramparts of the Alcazaba, a solitary sentinel paced his noiseless round, the sparkle of his accoutrements in the moonlight alone revealing his presence. Standing in the Plaza de los Algibes, at my right loomed up the majestic portal where once the Arab kadi judged the causes of his countrymen, and from whose decision an appeal lay to the monarch, seated in his divan of state in the Hall of the Embassadors. Beyond was the sombre palace of Charles V., overtopping the Court of the Myrtles, a powerful contrast to the light and graceful architecture of the Moor. On the slope of the sierra, and not far from the Darro roaring below, was a dismantled castle, in whose shadow appeared the white walls of the Generalife, with its three hundred fountains, its orange groves, and its rows of funereal cypress. Thence the eye could trace a broad, dark ridge, which, crossing hill and ravine, with here and there a crumbling tower, marked the line of circumvallation of the ancient capital. Just under my feet lay the Albaycin, the suburb founded by refugees from Baeza, and at the time of the Conquest the abode of the wealthiest merchants of the kingdom. This desolate quarter, once so flourishing, is now abandoned to the prowling gypsy, for the restless crowds that long filled its *patios* and thoroughfares are gone. With them are gone the cunning hands of the builders of the Alhambra; gone the industry that changed

deserts into vineyards, marshes into blooming gardens; gone the skill of the Arab armorer, specimens of whose workmanship in the museums of Madrid surpass the efforts of the finest jewellers of to-day; gone the universal cleanliness, a cardinal virtue of the Moslem creed; gone the belief in a single God.

As I stood there that night, my thoughts

reverted to the time when, with childish eagerness, I pored over the fascinating pages of Irving wherein are recounted the traditions of this grand old palace of the Moorish kings. Then arose the remembrance of the weird tales of the Gate of Justice; of the tower whence the princesses descended into the arms of their expectant lovers; of magic



ANDALUSIAN CART.

scrolls read by the light of tapers compounded with a hundred charms in the secret cave of the astrologer; of subterranean chambers, where lines of grim warriors, mounted, armed, and motionless as statues, awaited in mysterious silence the breaking of some potent spell; of the talismanic hand of jet; and of Gallego with his jars of gold. Here, influenced by the legendary associations which, strangely blending reality and fiction, invest this enchanted land, one could almost conjure

up the mailed squadrons that once patrolled the defences of the fortress, or the troops of black-eyed damsels who, to the music of lute and castanet, danced the *zarabanda* in the Court of the Lions, or, decked with garlands, listened to the story-teller under the jasmine bowers of the Garden of Lindaraja; and, after musing awhile upon the vicissitudes that have befallen this earthly paradise, I passed out of the venerable walls, and looked my last upon the Alhambra.

S. P. SCOTT.

ZOOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

II.—A STEP-CHILD OF NATURE.

THE evergreen hill-forests that cover the border-states of Southern Mexico harbor an amazing number of noisy birds and quadrupeds. All night long the jungles resound with the scream of the tree-panther and the plaintive cry of the *mono espectro*, or ghost-monkey, trumpet-voiced cranes call to each other from the canebrakes, and the deep-mouthed cave-owl booms from the upland thickets. At the first glimmering of dawn the jungle-pheasant sounds his reveille, and long before sunrise the woods burst into a universal chorus of bird-voices, often accompanied by the drumming croak of the tamandua or the flute-signals of the gregarious spider-monkey.

The only pause of the many-voiced concert occurs during the thermal noon, in the first two or three hours after mid-day. In May and June—the dog-days of the northern tropics—even insects need a siesta. When the summer sun reaches the meridian, every animal disappears, and there are minutes when the stillness becomes breathless: the very air seems to stagnate; the leaves droop, as if the pulsations of Nature's heart had stopped.

In such moments the traveller who has sought the shade of the caucho forests is often startled by a singular cry in the tree-tops, a long-drawn, tremulous moan, not unlike the wail of the whippoorwill or a certain lugubrious variation of a watch-dog's yelp. What can it be?—a night-monkey or an owl hooting in broad daylight?

"It's a *tardo*," (black sloth) explains your guide: "he must be somewhere on the south side of that tree. They are very fond of sunshine."

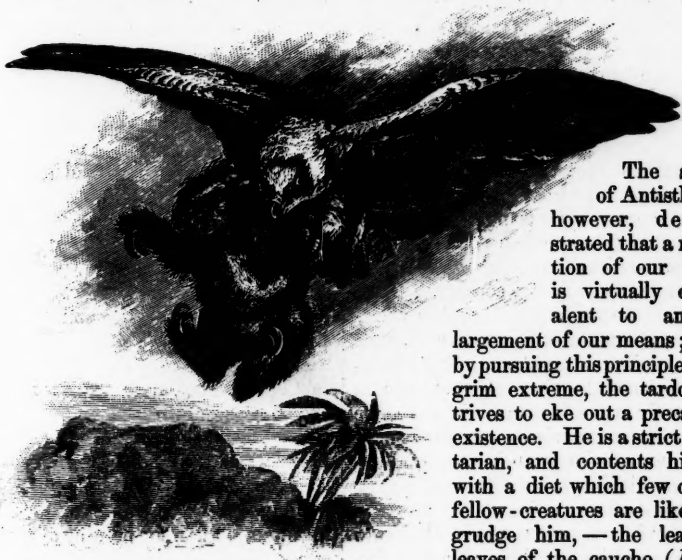
The *tardo* (*Bradypus tardigradus*) has a peculiar talent for making himself invisible. Even a medium-sized tree,

without an excessive supplement of tangle-vines, has to be inspected thoroughly and from different points of view before a slight movement in the upper branches attracts your attention to a fluffy-looking clump, not easy to distinguish from the dark-colored clusters of the feather-mistletoe (*Viscum rubrum*) which frequents the tree-tops of this mountain-region. Closely-resembling clusters of feathery leaves and feathery hair are often seen side by side on the same branch. Which of them is the animated one? A load of buckshot may fail to settle the point. I have seen a troop of idle soldiers bombarding a sloth-tree for half an hour with the heaviest available missiles without being able to force the *strong-hold* of the occupant, who only tightened his grip when a well-aimed stone crushed his head visibly and audibly. But with a good rifle you may dislodge the most tenacious *tardo* by hitting his branch somewhere below his foothold, for a fractured caucho-stick will snap like a cabbage-stalk. Thus dislodged, the falling sloth clutches at the empty air or snaps off twig after twig in his headlong descent, but generally manages to fetch up on one of the stout lower branches, and at once hugs it with all the energy of his prehensile organs; and there he hangs, within easy reach of your arm, perhaps, but without betraying the slightest concern at your approach. The human voice has no terrors for the stoic *tardigrade*; menacing gestures fail to impress him. A blank cartridge exploded under his nose will hardly make him wink, unless the powder should singe his eyelids. He permits you to lift his claw, but drops it as soon as you withdraw your hand. If you prod him, he breaks forth in a moan that seems to express a lament over the painfulness of earthly affairs in general rather than resentment of your particular

act. By and by his love of caloric may lure him back to the sunny side of the tree, but no incentives *a tergo* will accelerate his movements. His claws are a quarter of a foot long and rigidly tenacious, and, once unhooked, he forthwith transfers his attachment to your own person. After spreading his talons fan-shape, he clasps your arm with an intimacy that seems intended to reassure you of his peaceful intentions, but will gradually draw himself well up, as if unwilling to interfere with your locomotive facilities.

Judging from the size of his claws, it would seem that he might use them in a pluckier way; but after a closer examina-

tion the sloth can hardly be blamed that discretion should be largely the better part of his valor. His equipment for the struggle of existence evinces, indeed, an almost unfair and certainly unparalleled parsimony on the part of our all-mother Nature. The *Bradypus tardigradus* has only three toes on each foot and two fingers per hand, making a total of ten claws, to the squirrel's eighteen and the bear's twenty; his legs are so stiff that they can only be laterally extended, and so awkwardly curved that the knees cannot be brought together, thus making his movements on a level surface as hobbling as those of a sprained bat. His molars



A NEW DEPARTURE.

are very poorly developed, being merely attached to the exterior gums, without roots and without enamel, while the bicusps, canines, and incisors are entirely wanting. The tail is stumpy or absent, the jaws short, the skull flat and truncated. His eyes are small, and, like his ears, almost buried in tufts of coarse, wiry hair. In short, the sloth is a creature with the vertebrate groundwork of a mammal, but sadly stunted in the "sizings" of nearly all his complementary organs.

The school of Antisthenes, however, demonstrated that a reduction of our wants is virtually equivalent to an enlargement of our means; and, by pursuing this principle to its grim extreme, the tardo contrives to eke out a precarious existence. He is a strict vegetarian, and contents himself with a diet which few of his fellow-creatures are likely to grudge him, — the leathery leaves of the cacho (*Nyssa euphorbia*) and taxus-tree. He sticks to the milky sap of his cacho-leaves, and totally abstains from water and all other seductive drinks. He never indulges in terrestrial rambles, but, like Simon Stylites, passes his life in "aërial penance" on the loftiest tree-tops of the primeval forest, where neither man nor beast can accuse him of trespassing on their domain. The sloth is the only exclusively arboreal mammal. A hill-farmer of the Sierra Madre in the State of Tabasco told me that a family of black tardos inhabited a clump of

shade-trees behind his house for eleven years without ever condescending to terra firma or even to the lower regions of their leafy domicile, and often passed weeks and months on the same branch. In the *tierra caliente*, where fig-tamarinds and euphorbias grow to an enormous size, an old sloth may become the hamadryad of a single tree, for, unlike most stupid creatures, the bradypus is a sparing feeder, and, judging from the abstemiousness of domesticated specimens, I should say that four or five ounces of his favorite food represent about the average quantity of his daily ration.

The sloth is as chary of his motions as an orthodox Trappist of his words. Seated as if he had to give account of every idle movement, he rarely betrays his whereabouts after the manner of squirrels and monkeys, that often become victims to their passion for locomotion. The large cats of the American tropics are not sharp-scented, but hunt by sight in daytime and by hearing at night, and sounds or motions seldom reveal the hiding-place of the discreet tardigrade. In moonlit nights his cry comes from the depths of the virgin woods with a vibratory clang that makes it rather difficult to locate his tree, and even in his honey-moon season the sloth is very taciturn and rarely repeats his call in the same hour. Before sunrise he retreats behind the screen of the liana-shrouds, and remains motionless till the noontide glow has silenced the voices of the forest. On cool days he never stirs at all. He has to give his enemies a wide berth: it is his one chance of safety. By harming nobody and competing with nobody's pursuits, he hopes to enjoy his humble fare in peace.

But, as Stanislaus Augustus said from sad experience, "innocence is no excuse before the tribunal of war," and, in the tropics at least, a state of nature is a state of incessant warfare. In spite, therefore, of all his precautions and his monopoly of an almost unlimited food-supply, the sloth is found nowhere in great numbers; his enemies are too many for a creature that can neither

fight nor fly. The harpy-eagle skims the tree-tops of the *tierra caliente* or falls upon him like a flash from the clouds, the lynx lurks in the twilight of the shade-trees, the sneaking ocelot explores the inmost penetralia of the liana-maze: if he meets them, he meets his death. Carnivora have to combine caution with sudden swiftness to catch a monkey in daytime, but sloth-hunting is a search rather than a chase; small palm-cats or sluggish bears may take a morning ramble through the branches of his chosen tree, and if they espy the poor leaf-eater his capture follows as a matter of course; they need not pursue him, they can collar him at their leisure; a hungry bear collects a family of sloths as he would gather a bunch of grapes.

There is a weasel-like animal allied to the *Mustela martes*, or pine marten, the *comadrón* (*Martes torquatus*), which haunts the rocks and hollow trees of the South-Mexican sierras and sometimes visits the hen-roosts of the mountain-farmers on its nocturnal excursions. The creature is not much larger than a dormouse, and is dreaded as an egg-sucker rather than as a chicken-thief; but this same tree-rat commits frequent, and generally successful, assaults upon the big tardigrade, and during a visit to Cape Nuna, on the Bay of Campeche, I was shown the skin of a large whity-brown sloth which had been obtained under the following curious circumstances. A party of lumbermen were hauling dye-wood logs from a neighboring swamp, when the barking of their dog and a strange hissing and grunting noise drew their attention to a coppice of rhexia-bushes. On their approach, a pair of comadróns whisked out and bolted up the next tree with a flourish of their bushy tails, but in the underbrush of the coppice and half hidden under a litter of twigs and fresh leaves was found a *tarda morena* with her young, a female sloth of a rare light-brown variety, the youngster dead, the mother in *articulo mortis*. The little one's claws were still clasping the neck of its dam, but its head was nearly gone: the comadróns had eaten its brain and

the larger part of its face. The mother's back had been skinned from the rump to the neck, and the hair torn off her shoulders, as if the weasels had tried to

get at her throat. When the lumbermen skinned her the hide came off in two pieces, having been gnawed through to the very bone all along the spine. A



BRAZILIAN SLOTH.

trail of blood from the coppice to the next caucho-tree told the story of her misfortune. The comadróns had tackled her in the tree-top and worried her till she attempted to escape the best way she could, by letting go and dropping to the ground with the youngster in her arms. But the murderers followed and rode her into the next bush, biting away till they brought her to a stand-still.

Palm-rats and tree-raccoons, too, are apt to try their teeth on the helpless edentate; nay, his near relatives and fellow-vegetarians the marmosets and sapajou monkeys often tease him, or by their indiscreet chattering betray his whereabouts with all the *schadenfreude*—"mischief-joy"—of blabbing

school-boys. Even birds join in that heartless sport. The discovery of a sloth seems to excite them like the aspect of a blinking owl. A tardo is as lean as a monkey; the sharpest teeth could not pick more than twelve ounces of meat from his bones; but for the sake of those twelve ounces the South-American variety is unmercifully hunted by the Brazilian plantation-slaves, who have to eke out their meat-rations with tortoise-eggs and such game as they can procure without fire-arms.

No enemy, however, can catch the sloth napping; his is a sleepless soul; his inert brain requires no rest. Heat and cold do not affect his sensorium; you may see him hang on to a top branch under the glare

of a vertical sun, eating placidly,—listless and mute, like a survivor of the antediluvian fauna, the age of sluggish monsters, when Professor Owen's sloth-like megatheriums pastured the fern-forests of the tertiary period.

But if his physical organization classes the sloth with the lowest mammals, his mental calibre degrades him below the rank of a first-class reptile. There is a small Peruvian variety of arboreal tardigrades, the *unau*, or spotted sloth, whose habits in captivity I had no opportunity to observe; but in the brain of the *tardo real*, the large dark-brown sloth of Mexico and Central America, the faculties which distinguish the average mammal from a mollusk are either undeveloped or wholly extinct. The proprietor of the Hotel de Cuatro Naciones in Puebla owns a three-legged sloth which he domesticated in a little kitchen-garden six years ago; and, though fed daily by the same hands, the old pensioner still fails to identify his benefactor or to recognize his obligations in any way. To his ear the human voice in its most endearing tones is a grunt *et præterea nihil*: you might as well appeal to the affections of a cockroach. You may frighten a pig, a goose, a frog, and even a fly, but you cannot frighten or surprise a sloth. On my last trip to Vera Cruz I procured a pair of black tardos, full-grown and in a normal state of health, so far as I could judge, but after a series of careful experiments I have to conclude that their instinct of self-preservation cannot be acted upon through the medium of their optic or acoustic nerves. They can distinguish their favorite food at a distance of ten or twelve yards, and the female is not deaf, for she answers the call of her mate from an adjoining room; but the approach of a ferocious-looking dog leaves her as calm as the sudden descent of a meat-axe within an inch of her nose. The he-sloth witnessed the accidental conflagration of his straw couch with the coolness of a veteran fireman. War-whoops do not affect his composure. I tried him with French-horn-blasts and detonating powder, but he would not budge. One of my visitors exploded some pyrotechnic mixtures of

wondrous colors and odors, but the tardo declined to marvel: he is a *nil-admirari* philosopher of an ultra-Horatian school.

He has learned to accelerate his progress on a level surface by sliding on his haunches, using the claws of his forefeet like grappling-hooks, and thus crawled one day into a basket that had been assigned to a nursing fox-squirrel and her infant family. She flew at him like a little bull-dog, gave him a snap-bite, and then stood at bay, chattering and switching her tail, but repeated her assault whenever he stirred or as much as turned his eyes in the direction of the nest. The tardo grunted a feeble protest, but offered no resistance, and finally seemed to accept this new phase of his existence as a dispensation of inexorable Fate. The idea of evacuating the basket never suggested itself to his guileless soul.

My exotic guests have taken their summer-quarters in an old tool-shed with a more or less happy family of indigenous pets, squirrels, gophers, and black-snakes, and the conduct of the smaller boarders at first evinced their deference to the superior size of the foreigners; but they soon learned to ignore their very existence, or to treat them as locomotive vegetables, whose rights no superior being need respect. The gophers use them as jumping-boards, and usurp their couch with a cool disregard of preëmption-laws; the black-snakes sun themselves on the broad back of the he-sloth, and one of the squirrels has no hesitation in providing herself with nest-building material from his hirsute hide. I have seen a gopher pluck bits of half-chewed apple-peels from the jaws of the patient tardos; and I believe they would submit to excoriation if one of their neighbors should be in need of a fur cap.

There is no fun in a sloth; his motions are limited to a few indispensable functions, and he performs them like an ill-constructed automaton. He does not appreciate caresses; practical jokes delight him not. Even the young ones have nothing of the vivacity and playfulness of other infant mammalia. Gro-

tesque little imps, with woolly heads and preposterous claws, they will cling for hours to the rump of their parent, with their noses buried in her fur, never vouchsafing the external world a look or sniff. Yet they can be easily weaned, and will cling as tenderly to a "sham mother,"—a milk-bottle enveloped in a piece of fluffy cloth,—their attachment to their natural nurse being merely that of a suctorial parasite to its victim. They develop very rapidly, in weight, at least, for in agility and intelligence the newborn *tardillos* are faithful copies of their full-grown progenitors. Their private life as well as their functions in the household of Nature could be successfully enacted by a big caterpillar. I have often watched my *tardos* when they thought themselves unobserved, and I do not think that the conduct of a starfish could be more exclusively controlled by what biologists call the "blind instincts." They will ensconce themselves in a corner or squat down in the very centre of the shed, as

chance directs, and there they sit, not asleep, but contentedly inert, in the languor of idiocy, for hours and hours. If their door is left open on a chilly morning, they sometimes come out to enjoy the sunshine at the rear of the shed, but, instead of taking a bee-line toward the door, they will crawl along the walls and nose around in the corners in a manner strangely suggestive of the movements of an imprisoned beetle. They have a curious fashion of making their way to the very top of every ascendible object, the back of a chair or the elbow of a stove-pipe, and out in the garden often pass the larger part of the day on the knob of a gate-post, brooding perhaps over dreamy mementos of their lost tree-top paradise. If their prison is closed, I have seen them raise themselves on their hind-legs and inspect a piece of clothes-line depending from a nail near the door. They often cast wistful glances in the direction of that rope,—why, I know not, since they are too clumsy to climb it; but I suspect that they would



PREPAYING THE DEBT OF NATURE.

like to get away and go home. The rope possibly reminds them of the bush-ropes dangling from the canopy of their native cauchos. Nostalgia, or rather a vague yearning for freedom, may be the one

touch of Nature that makes even the sloth akin to the rest of mammal kind.

In spite of their formidable claws, they are by no means first-rate climbers: they can hook their way along a horizontal bar



and scale a ladder or an arm-chair, but are unable to climb a smooth rope or a smooth slender tree. I once put them on the crook of a young apple-tree, to see if they could make their way to the upper branches, but, after clawing away at the stem as if trying to find some notch or protuberance, the male came down head-foremost, and vented his shocked feelings in a rasping grunt.

This grunt and a feeble, parrying movement of his fore-legs seem to be his only means of self-defence,—a *dernier ressort*, reserved for emergencies. If a dog bites him, or if you offer him a tidbit after a prolonged fast and snatch it away from his very jaws, he will slowly turn his head, and then, as if the significance of the indignity were gradually dawning upon his mind, he breaks forth into crescendo grunts, resembling at once the whirr of a buzz-saw and the droning hum of a bee-hive. I do not know if a sloth can be teased into active resistance, for, after trying all my conscience and Mr. Bergh would permit, that point still remains undecided. A Spanish-American sportsman, however, told me that the females sometimes use their claws in defence of their young. This would seem to prove that not resentment or even self-preservation, but child-love and the love of freedom are either the most radical or the most inalienable instincts of the animal mind. The vivacity of an animal does not depend exclusively on the perfection of its motory organs, for there are sluggish birds and restless reptiles, and the sloth, too, is lazier than even his clumsy structure seems to warrant. His fur is infested with various parasites, but he never employs his long claws in entomological pursuits. On principle rather than from absolute helplessness he appears to surrender at discretion to all his enemies, great or small. I do believe that a swarm of horse-ants could eat him alive without meeting with any serious objection on his part. He holds his own life cheaper than that of a sand-flea.

It looks, indeed, as if neither the sustaining nor the creative agencies of Nature had thought it quite worth while to

exert themselves for the benefit of the poor tardo: Vishnu may have deemed it a waste of trouble to devise safeguards for the preservation of a life of so little value even to its possessor. For what should endear existence to a creature that passes its days in purblind apathy, in a vegetable torpor, incapable alike of mental and physical activity? The instincts of a sloth are those of a cuttle-fish; the sense of frolic and the sense of comfort are not represented by any organ of his cranium. He never sleeps, but his vigils are not those of a wide-awake creature: his life is a long trance of open-eyed inanity. Even "alimentiveness," the sole solace of many brainless beings, seems to him but a scanty source of enjoyment. His process of mastication is slow and laborious; he cannot gorge himself with his toothless jaws.

Still, Fate has granted the much-bereft edentate one compensation,—a cheap one, indeed, but still an offset to many defects: a most contented disposition. On the morning of an unusually cold April day I was summoned to a neighboring town, and took a look at my tool-house menagerie before I left. Finding that the female sloth had monopolized the family couch, I carried her mate up to an empty garret and attached his claws to a mantel-piece where he could warm himself by putting his back against a flue of a hot-air chamber. An unexpected delay prevented my return that night, and when I got home the next morning I entered the garret with sore misgivings about the survival of my tardo. But no; there he hung, on the very same spot and in the same attitude, imbibing caloric at every pore, and purring to himself in dreamy beatitude,—a tardo temporarily satisfied that life was worth living.

Like poor Lo, the sloth has no friend to rely on and but little talent for self-help, but if his desires are limited to sunshine and caucho-leaves he need not complain. Our well-being, for all we know, may depend less on the nature of our wants than on their proportion to our means, and the bug whose necessities can be supplied by crawling from

leaf to leaf is possibly as content as the bird that wings its flight from tree to tree.

Yet this negative kind of happiness seems somehow incongruous in a creature so nearly allied to the primates of

the animal kingdom, so that even from this point of view the sloth may be considered as an abnormal phenomenon,—a combination of a vertebrate form with the mind of an insect.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

CRAQUE-O'-DOOM.



"'WELL?' SAID HE WITH AN INTERROGATIVE ACCENT."—Page 448.

CHAPTER VI.

"ISN'T HE HORRIBLE?"

IT looked very grotesque to see Captain Mills and the mite to whom he was obliged to stoop, shaking hands. They went into the front parlor.

"I made use of your general invitation to drop down on you for what they call the holidays," said the mellow voice near the floor. "I wanted to get away from

the people, and from the hubbub they make at this time of the year."

Captain Mills seemed to feel his height an encumbrance as he pushed a chair near the hearth. But he took another himself, and this brought his head nearer to a level with that of his visitor, who climbed dexterously into place and stuck a pair of small shoe-soles toward the fire.

"Well, I'm glad you're here," said Captain Tom heartily. "But I'm afraid you've dropped down right upon a hubbub. There's going to be a party in the house to-night."

"A party?" The tone expressed unmistakable disgust.

"Yes. Given for some young ladies,—a cousin of mine and her friends."

"Young ladies?" Distress was added to the disgust. "Come, Tom, I must get out of this. I don't see how I got the idea that you lived like a Crusoe because you were a bachelor, but that seems to be the impression I labored under."

"You shall not stir a step," exclaimed Captain Mills, putting his hand on the figure. "A few neighbors shan't frighten a man's choice spirits out of his house. If you don't want to partake of the festivities—"

"Your pardon, Tom. Look at me!"

Captain Mills did so almost affectionately, and without removing his hand.

"If you don't want to be tormented with people," he continued, "you can adjourn to your room, and as soon as I can disappear we will hold a session of our own with closed doors."

"That will do very well. There are the young ladies, though," reflectively. "I wish—I always wish—I had Gyges's ring."

"Pooh! Three first-rate, comfortable girls. And here's my aunt, Mrs. Teagarden. Allow me.—My friend Mr. Sutton, Aunt Sally."

Captain Mills half rose; the dwarf bent his large head with beautiful deference. Aunt Sally made the old-time courtesy and came forward to receive Thomas's friend. Her mouth twitched spasmodically as she brought her glasses to bear upon him, but she was charming, and took his hand, giving it a stately shake: "We are very glad to see you, Mr. Sutton. I have heard Thomas speak about you. Did you find it cold driving from the railroad?"

"That reminds me," interrupted the captain: "have you got your own rig with you?"

"Yes; I usually take it," replied the

other half dejectedly.—"It's my trap," he explained to Aunt Sally. "I ship the whole thing when I travel, because there is less risk about it than in trusting myself to chance."

"Your trap?" said Aunt Sally.

"Yes, Thomas sometimes hunts, but he uses guns; though the very sight of a musket makes me feel sad since the war."

A smile appeared on the strange face, now flushed with fire-heat: "I mean my carriage. It is a snug one, built on purpose for me, and with it I bring a horse and a coachman."

"Neal will show them the way to the stable," said Captain Mills.

"They have gone to your hotel. I saw by the light that you were at home: so I gave my man directions before coming in."

"Where is Neal, aunt? He must go after them.—Lots of empty stalls here, Craque-o'-Doom, and room in the carriage-house. It wasn't kind of you to doubt it."

"Well, when a man has to carry his house on his back, he ought to hesitate about encumbering his friends with it. My valises were put inside the gate."

"Here is Neal," exclaimed Aunt Sally, perceiving him in the vista.—"Neal!" She moved toward him with a crackle and swish of the rich brocade. "Go out and bring the valises that were left by the gate, and then you must hurry down to the tavern and tell this gentleman's man that he is to put up here with the horse and buggy. Tamsin can mind the door until you get back."

"And, aunt," called Captain Mills, as Neal's unwilling feet went through the hall, "let us have a room right away." He rose, for Neal's exit was forestalled by a ring at the door-bell, the first arrival.

The dwarf got down from his seat and sauntered behind a large chair, while the people who entered were ushered to dressing-rooms.

Aunt Sally then led the way up the cleared stairs, while Captain Mills stayed below to receive the guests. She was flurried, and conscious of a spider-like creature climbing rapidly behind her,

and positive she could not have borne to see him climb ahead of her: so she did not see a beautiful dark head stretching out above to peep down, or a timorous blond one appearing behind that.

"Isn't he horrible?" whispered Jennie.

"Oh! oh!" whispered Louise.

In turning a bend of the stairs, the dwarf gave them a swift look. His face, seen dimly, expressed neither pain nor resentment. He was accustomed to such words.

Rhoda Jones's hand, put out of her room, pulled them both into it.

"Oh, I hope he didn't hear me!" exclaimed Jennie when the door was shut; "but he makes my flesh creep."

"Of course he heard you," said Rhoda. "And what a mass of nerves and anguish such a creature must be!"

"Well, I can't help it. I never saw anything so horrible in my life!"

CHAPTER VII.

A NABOB.

WITHIN an hour the latest guests had arrived, and the three girls were in various parts of the buzzing parlors, making themselves agreeable to the flower of Barnet society. Louise promenaded on the arm of an elderly gentleman, while half the matrons dissected her dress; Jennie had drawn around herself a court of airy young ladies and admiring young gentlemen; and Rhoda Jones was trying to make life less excruciating to a youth of twenty, with a large Adam's apple and a blushing countenance, who had the reputation in Barnet of being "smart."

Everybody talked with strained gayety,—as poor human nature, gentle as well as simple, always will do on festive occasions,—excepting some quiet women who got behind tables and buried themselves in photograph-albums or stereoscopic views until they were marshalled out by Aunt Sally and catechised about the health of all their distant relatives and the best method of making black-berry-balsam.

There were two or three young girls who would evermore remember this event as their first party, and who hung protectingly to each other, tittering and squeezing each other's fingers at unspoken jokes and mutual understandings. They were afraid to cross the room without their arms interlaced, and were so desperately anxious to behave correctly that they stumbled and overturned things with their elbows, and very much desired to take off their hands and feet and float. The "town girls" were constantly watched by them. They admired Louise and Jennie with all their souls, but Rhoda Jones, so approachable that she considered herself quite Bohemian, was an awful mystery to them. They told each other in thrilling whispers that she "wrote," and they both envied and ridiculed the temerity of the young man with the Adam's apple, who stood up grasping the lapels of his coat and talked his intelligent talk to her. If she looked toward them, they were desperately afraid she saw something about them to impale and hold up before the public. They promenaded the halls, and were after a while overwhelmed to find themselves on the arms of their elder sisters' cavaliers, who took them up in a patronizing, paternal way wholly delightful. When Tamsin Chenoworth was helping to pass refreshments, these young girls, her contemporaries, pitied her because she could not sit on the stairs with an elderly beau to fan her and hold her plate,—or they would have pitied her if they had considered her worth the trouble.

Before supper was served, however, Captain Mills made his way slowly, past groups with whom he stopped to chat, to Rhoda, and offered her his arm, saying, "I'd like to consult with you a minute, if you can excuse yourself."

"About what?" she inquired, moving away with him.

"I hope I didn't break in on anything very interesting?"

"Why, yes, you did. You took me away from an altar where clouds of incense have been rising to my delighted nose. Don't you call it interesting to

be gazed upon as a goddess, when you know that hard work and plenty of it is the law of your life?"

"Very interesting," laughed the captain. "You're quite a lion down here, you know."

"And what a comfort that is, when I consider that I am a mere lamb in Park Row and Madison Square! The gentleman from whom you took me was discoursing the sweetest flattery, without a suspicion that I have had a book published for which I never got a cent of royalty." They both laughed as they entered the dining-room.

Tillie Chenoworth was sitting there, with her feet curled under her, by the fire, listening to the buzz of society. Tamsin stood beside her, with one hand on her shoulder. They were quite at the other end of the room.

"What has been done to that girl?" said Captain Tom, looking at her shapely back, as he paused beside the table.

"Oh, she has merely put on a bright kerchief and washed her face, as Fanchon did," said Rhoda. "Men will always notice a woman's new gear, either in effect or detail. Did you ever feel interest enough in that girl to draw her out and see whether she has a thinking, sensitive nature?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Captain Tom drolly. They were speaking in a low tone, so that their voices reached Tamsin as a heavy murmur. "Your speaking of Fanchon reminds me that I gave her that book to read once,—the English version of it. She was dusting the books and looking into them. I picked up 'The Cricket,' and said I, 'Here, Tamsin, here's something you will like. It's about a smart little girl who made a woman of herself.' She took the book, and I went on elaborating: 'It's been made into a play and put on the stage, and it's quite popular. People like to see a poor girl come out at the top of the heap.'"

"And what did she say?" inquired Rhoda, smiling slowly.

"Well, she read it when she got time, and when I thought of it I asked her how she liked it. The girl has brilliant

eyes, you know. She looked down and answered, 'Very well,' then she looked up with a sort of flash, and said, 'I don't think that Cricket had much spunk, or she wouldn't let 'em see when she felt bad.'"

Rhoda nodded her head several times. The scarlet bodice stood in relief against the black mantel. Tillie stirred restlessly, and said in an undertone, feeling for the hand on her shoulder, "Tamsie, when we goin' to have some cake?"

"Soon's they have supper."

"Will you gimme a piece of that one all over flowers?" the wide mouth showing its pink gums.

"Yes, honey, if Mis' Teagard' lets me."

"They're goin' to begin now, ain't they?"

"Not till about 'leven."

"But *them* ones is goin' to begin."

Tamsin looked over her shoulder at the host and his companion.

"I brought you on purpose," said Captain Tom to Rhoda, "to have a tray of something he would like fixed up for him. I thought you'd be the most likely person to hit off his fancy."

"Much obliged for the compliment. Do you know what he ordinarily prefers?"

"No, I don't think I do. Somehow, I can't recall him eating. But he's a hearty fellow, too. He was up on the Canadian rivers last summer with several of us."

"What! that little creature?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I suppose I got used to his being little. He is as swift and active as a bird."

"The girls were peeping at him when he went up-stairs." As she talked, Rhoda selected a bit here and a bit there and covered one of the ready salvers. "Jennie said he was horrible."

"Craque-o'-Doom isn't horrible: I don't find him so. He seemed queer at first. But men aren't so particular as women. The camping-party I met him with all voted him first-class."

"Craque-o'-Doom! That isn't his name?"

"His name's Sutton. I don't know

how he got the other, but that's what he's called. I do hope you'll be good to him while he's here: he'll be apt to take to you. And he's a rare gentleman: there's something delicate and fine about his nature. It is like a woman's; and yet, deformed as he is, I never thought him effeminate."

"I am anxious to meet him: I always like new experiences and unusual people. Won't he be visible this evening at all?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Tom. "Come up-stairs now. He and I have been having a good talk ever since I got away from the crowd."

"So I will. Tamsin, is the coffee made?"

Tamsin came up the room to Rhoda and paused beside the tray. "I don't think it is yet," she replied. "Do you want it right away?"

"We're going to carry some supper to the gentleman up-stairs. Yes, he will want coffee, of course.—Captain Tom, have you got a little preserved ginger? This tray looks rather tempting. We'll take it ourselves."

"Of course we will," said Tom: "Craque-o'-Doom will appreciate that. Ginger-root? Yes.—Tamsin, isn't there a pot or two of preserved ginger in any of the closets? Aunt Sally would know."

"I know what you want," said Tamsin, stopping on her way to the kitchen: "as soon as I tell Ann Maria you want the coffee made, I'll get it."

Rhoda looked after her approvingly: "That girl has great adaptability. She has improved within two or three days. Do you know I'm interested in her? She silently attracts me."

"Does she?" said Tom, smiling. "She's an odd creature. Aunt Sally's had her about the house a great deal, and I've tried to encourage her, but I never could make her out."

"She'll surprise you some time if the sun ever shines upon her. That girl's frozen by her circumstances. She feels nothing but the pinch, and thinks nothing but rebellion. Let her be thawed and fostered, and she will reveal herself

in a way you will be far from despising."

"I hope I'm far from despising any woman."

Rhoda looked up with an admiring expression: "You're such a man as women cannot help approving of. Certainly you are far from despising any woman. You're a universal Wing over them! We're waiting for that ginger, aren't we? I wonder if your friend likes it?"

"He probably does. In his camp-stores he had all manner of odd foreign stuff. He has queer tastes, and gratifies them to the utmost."

"He must be a nabob.—This is it. Thanks." Rhoda received the ginger-pot from Tamsin's hand. Tamsin hesitated for further directions on the edge of the conference.

"He?" replied Tom. "Craque-o'-Doom is worth his hundred thousands. He has a lovely place down at Swamp-scott, they told me,—summer-place,—and a rich old den up the North River. He's rich as a lord, and it's a good thing for him."

"Of course it is."

"He has bonds and stocks, and I don't know what all. His family was a first-rate one, too, but I believe they are all dead except himself. He's desperately fond of music. I think he's a sort of a genius. Oh, you'll find him out by degrees. I don't know how he gets on with ladies: he doesn't like to show himself. But I have seen him endure staring and remarks in perfect silence."

"Take the salver now," said Rhoda, "and we will go up the back stairway.—Tamsin, as soon as the coffee is done, bring a hot cup of it, with cream and sugar, on another salver, please."

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHY DON'T YOU SHUDDER?"

AFTER the captain and Miss Rhoda had gone up-stairs, Tamsin stood beside her sister, looking into the fire. Tillie's face was scorched by the pleasant heat.

She leaned sleepily on the back of her chair, untroubled by her elder's train of thought.

Tamsin lifted one of the claw-like fists from her sister's lap and looked at it.

"They're clean," pleaded Tillie thickly.

"I know it," said Tamsin. Her palm wandered over the sharp protuberances of Tillie's little shoulder-blades. "You're made straight, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Tillie. "So're you."

"Do I look tall? Do I look like other folks?"

"Yes, and you look pretty," added Tillie.

"Did you see the little man that Mis' Teagarden took up-stairs?"

"Uh-huh!" grunted Tillie affirmatively. "I was in the hall, lookin' for you to come back. It scar't me so I run to your room and jumped under the bed."

"Did he look ugly?"

"Oh, he looked orful! He walked along this way." The supple child dropped from her chair, doubled herself up, and danced across the floor with her legs half abbreviated. Tamsin watched her without comment. The effort was exhausting: so Tillie returned in the natural manner to her chair.

"Would you like me," said Tamsin, "if I was that way?"

"No," returned the little one with frank decision; "I'd run from ye like a white-head. Everybody would."

"But if I had lots of money and could give you everything you wanted, and was that way, wouldn't you like me at all?"

"No; that wouldn't make no difference," explained Tillie. "I'd run from ye all the same."

Tamsin's eyes filled with anguish. She stooped over her sister and looked into the light, laughing eyes.

Tillie gave her a bony little hug: "You ain't all hunched up, Tammie."

"But I might 'a been!"

Tillie drew her lips together over her gums, and was settling against Tamsin to meditate comfortably on such a possibility, when the elder put her by: "I must take that coffee up-stairs." She put the necessary things on a salver, went into the kitchen, and returned past

Tillie with fragrant steam issuing from a cup of Dresden china. She had daringly taken one of Aunt Sally's treasures for the service of the dwarf. If that heavy Dresden cup and saucer got broken, Tamsin Chenoworth dared not think of the consequences.

"I thought it over," announced Tillie. "If 'twas *you*, Tam, I don't b'lieve I'd run from ye. But"—Tillie shook her forefinger impressively—"I don't want to see that chap up-stairs *no more!*"

The captain and Rhoda had been hurriedly demanded down-stairs. When Tamsin turned the knob of the chamber-door after knocking, she was surprised to find only the occupant. He sat comfortably before the fire, buried in an easy-chair, a table at his side holding the salver Tom had brought. The room, like all the other rooms in the house, was spacious and high, yet he, a mote of humanity, remained its principal point. A Persian rug worn silky smooth trailed across his lap, concealing the lower part of his body: it was a constant habit of his to drape himself thus. His blond head had a square, massive look, and his neck was strong and cleanly smooth as tinted ivory.

Tamsin saw his entire face for the first time. It was not weazen and shrunk, but ample, delicately featured, with a luminous expression. He wore a close-trimmed moustache; the head tilted back against the stuffed chair had an actual manly beauty of its own, which was multiplied when he turned his glance toward the girl. His eyes were very gray, with a velvet quality hard to describe. They were large and set wide apart under brows so full of expression that their slightest motion changed the whole face. He looked at Tamsin, and she paused inside the door with the coffee-tray.

Their steady gazing on each other was first realized by the dwarf. He smiled, parting his lips over teeth as fine and clear as polished shells. "Well?" said he with an interrogative accent.

Tamsin approached and set down his coffee, rearranging the other salver afterward, so that everything was within his reach. Having done so, she again met

his eyes, resting one hand on the table and placing the other behind her. Her whole appearance was innocent and fascinating. She felt herself in an atmosphere which gave her peculiar ease, as if she had mental lungs inhaling and exhaling an air full of scents and hints and influences of some higher world. The same feeling had struck her on early summer mornings when a branch of wild roses shook dew in her face, or on winter evenings when the sun left a warm red bar above snow-fields and skeleton woods. Of this sensation Tam-sin would probably never speak to any other palpitating soul. It was her glimpse of immortality, her recognition of the fact, "I have lived heretofore in other conditions than this, and I shall live again in glory now unknown to me." Her face had no self-consciousness: she was for the time without personality.

The deformed man said suddenly, the words sounding strange to his own ears and as if spoken by some one else, "You don't shudder at sight of me. I believe most women do; but you do not. Why don't you?"

"I don't see no reason to," said Tam-sin slowly, as if weighing her convictions. Taking her hand from the table, she turned and went out of the room, but put back her head to inquire, "Is there anything else, sir?"

"No, thank you. This is abundance, —more than I could have asked."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLIGHT OF A WHITE-HEAD.

BEFORE the young ladies came down to their late breakfast next morning the captain and his friend had breakfasted and started for a short drive in the latter's carriage. This snug vehicle was of the coupé pattern, with steps particularly adapted to a gentleman whose legs were only a couple of spans long. The padded interior had a smell of wild flowers.

"Drive us up the pike," said Tom to the stolid coachman.—"On the ridge you can get a good view of our village,

Craque-o'-Doom. It isn't what it once was. The bisection of the National Road and Ohio Canal made this place, and the increase of railway-traffic everywhere else killed it. We have warehouses, flour-mills, and distilleries standing empty and idle. That pile yonder belongs to our family. My father let the business die out, and I don't think I should ever care to revive it, if circumstances were ever so favorable."

"What occupation do you claim for yourself?" said Craque-o'-Doom, lowering the window to get at the pleasant winter air.

"Well, I'm that lazy dog a gentleman farmer. When I came home from college I was full of enthusiasm about law. I began to read; but about that time the war broke out, and after my four years' service I found the old estate running to seed, and settled down to improve it. In various ways I've been improving it ever since,—experiments here and fertilizers there, study of crops and soils, and all that coquetting with labor which the out-and-out farmer despises. If I had nothing, I should be considered half a loafer; but, as I'm tolerably well-to-do, my neighbors think I can afford to loiter."

They heard the spat of boot-soles on the flinty pike behind them, for that hard-grained thoroughfare clove through snow when all the by-roads were covered.

"If I had been allowed to choose a career," said the dwarf, "I should have chosen something that would bring oratory into play. I can't imagine anything greater than standing before an assembly and shaping its opinions."

The spat of boot-soles now overtook the carriage, and a crew of five or six small boys ran along on each side of it. "That's him!" panted one. "Here he is, on this side! He ain't no bigger'n'r baby!"

"Lemme see," struggled another, with curiosity as callous as if the dwarf had been beyond sight and hearing. "He's got arms, 'cause I see his hand. What show does he travel with?"

"Look out!" panted the others in warning to this bold youth, who seemed about to climb upon the step: "he

might shy somethin' at ye. Them kind is bad when they git their tempers up."

Craque-o'-Doom laughed, but Tom, in high displeasure, opened the window beside him. "Boys," cried he severely, "get away from this carriage, or I'll have you all locked in the calaboose. I'll take down the names of every one of you. Don't you know any better than to annoy a gentleman in this way?"

They fell back, somewhat abashed, but one called, "Then you orter take down Billy Mac's name too. He's up behind, peepin' through the curtain."

Captain Mills struck back at the curtain, but at the same instant heard a thud of some one dropping on the pike. "The little scoundrels!" he exclaimed.

"Don't mind it," said Craque-o'-Doom. "I have had time enough to grow accustomed to my notoriety."

Captain Mills put his head out of the window and directed the driver to turn into a by-street: "They will find it isn't so easy to follow us along the soft roads." He looked back, and saw the boys reluctantly giving up their chase. They seemed aggrieved and disconcerted, and from among them came a well-aimed snowball, out of the arc of whose descent Captain Tom dodged into the carriage.

The winter landscape looked desolate. They crossed from one street to another. Detached from other houses and standing among the skeletons of last year's cornstalks was one house which Craque-o'-Doom pointed out as embodying his idea of all that was dismal. "Though, with appropriate hollyhocks and sunflowers and climbing plants, it might look better in summer," said he. "But the sodden door-yard and bleak background are enough to give a mere passer the blue devils. How do people support life in such places, I wonder?"

"Oh, *that* place!" replied Captain Mills. "That's where Tamsin lives,—Tamsin Chenoworth, the girl my aunt has with her up at our house."

"She opened the door when I arrived?"

"Maybe she did."

"And brought up my coffee last evening?"

"Yes."

"So she lives there? Your aunt has her engaged as a servant?"

"Well, no. We are afraid of that word around here, Craque-o'-Doom. I can call my black man my servant, but we have to be careful how we apply the term to whites in a rural community."

"Domestic, then?"

"Not exactly. Aunt Sally has her about the house frequently, and takes some interest in her. She belongs to a miserable family, and seems to have rather more to her than the rest of them. Miss Jones has taken a fancy to her, too."

They had passed the house, when they saw an old man picking his way along fence-corners, carrying a chair on his shoulder. He looked up with a dull eye.

"How d' do, Mr. Chenoworth?" saluted Captain Mills good-naturedly. "That's the girl's father," he explained to Craque-o'-Doom. "The old fellow mends chairs, when he can get them to mend. He has a prodigious family, and a family connection that ramifies through our lowest population. When I was younger I used to have romantic ideas about digging up and fertilizing this lower stratum, but I've come to the conclusion that the best thing you can do with such people is to let them alone."

"Entirely?"

"No. I throw jobs in their way when I have any, but I don't intrude my advice or expect them to have the political intelligence they ought to have, considering they are in numbers sufficient to control the vote of the township."

"The women of any kind of barbarians always have to suffer. Did you ever think of that when you let such old patriarchs of misery as that one we just passed gang their ain gait?"

"Well, what can I do for their women? I tell you, Craque-o'-Doom, these poor devils whom we pity have a strong aristocratic tang. There's that girl Tamsin Chenoworth, for instance: she's as proud as a queen in her way. She looks at you furtively and suspiciously; her dignity is not to be jarred by any fatherly encouragement or advice. I'm as free with my old neighbors as any man can

be, yet I couldn't say to her, 'Tamsin, you had better take this course, or that.' If she goes to the dogs, as one of her sisters has been doing, or breaks out with the family weakness for stealing, it isn't my fault; I can't help it. But at present she's a very good girl, and my aunt takes an interest in her."

They returned home long before the mid-day dinner. The young ladies were lounging in the back parlor, in Watteau gowns and easy slippers. Jennie lay on a sofa, with yards of garnet cashmere trailing over her feet; Louise had an easy-chair and a hassock, a novel and an amethyst-colored shawl; but Rhoda Jones rocked vigorously, stopping at intervals to scribble with a pencil on paper held by a reporter's clip which lay in her lap. "I'm just taking down some impressions," she had condescended to explain to the girls, who regarded her performance with a mixture of amusement and dread: they were afraid the remorseless spider in her head might at any time rush out to seize upon and make meat of them. They had seen her demonstrate that material is material, even if you find it in your blood-relations.

"If you take down impressions of me," requested Louise, "make me immensely stylish. I've always wanted so much more style than I have. You might pile up my blond tresses and leave out the switches and top friz. I want a good many lovers, because they're rather scarce in real life."

"I don't," murmured Jennie; "I want just one,—as handsome as he can be, with blue eyes, and golden hair, and a moustache the same color, that droops down to his chin, and long white hands. And he must dance just elegantly, and be three or four years older than myself. He'd always have to wear nice boots, and those lovely round coats without any tails to 'em."

"And probably he could make the money to buy them just about as well as you could," said Rhoda.

"Oh, of course he'd be wealthy and polished."

"The gold-locked men out West, three or four years your seniors, usually have

the polish which grinding for a living gives them, and the wealth of hope. They have their fortunes to make, and if they dance themselves into fashionable society, usually dance into debt too. 'Swing low, sweet chariot.' Men are strong, plodding fellows. Women don't marry angels any more. It made a great fuss before the Flood."

Tom Mills's voice and one much mellowed than his were heard in the front hall, together with a tramping and lighter patting of feet. The captain and his friend were taking off their wraps.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Louise, starting up. Jennie kicked her train off her feet to make a dart for the dining-room.

"Sit down!" said Rhoda Jones menacingly. "You shan't run away. I could shake you both!"

"I shall die if I have to look at him," pleaded Jennie. "He turns me positively faint."

"I don't care if he does," said Rhoda: "he's your cousin's guest, and you are bound to receive him."

"He isn't *my* cousin's guest," began Louise,—when a door opened, and Tom entered with the dwarf.

He made his good-morning bow to Rhoda, and was presented to the younger girls. They sat in embarrassment, looking down at the toes of their slippers.

Craque-o'-Doom found a ready place on a low hassock at one side of the fire: it spared him the confusion of having to scale a chair. His body tapered abruptly from shoulders to feet; his arms were rather long. In a gentleman's business- or morning-suit he appeared a masquerading child, while sitting still or until he turned his mature face toward the beholder. When he walked, however, his short legs and small feet seemed hardly capable of carrying his upper bulk. He did not in the least expect any attention, and his manner was modest but self-respecting.

Rhoda noticed how fresh a tinge the ride had given his face. She put the reporter's clip aside, and cast a warning look at the two girls, who in their turn cast pleading looks at Tom.

Tom felt complacent about his own

inches, but he could see no reason why any woman should not find Craque-o'-Doom agreeable society. He stood by the mantel and warmed his feet.

"Did you have a nice ride?" inquired Rhoda.

"We had a royal progress," laughed Craque-o'-Doom: "the populace followed us."

"A lot of the town boys," explained Captain Mills, with a lingering shade of annoyance. "They tagged the carriage as if we'd a live boa-constrictor or an ape inside."

Louise telegraphed by a look to Jennie her concurrence with the boys' opinion. But Jennie was scanning the little man's face with astonishment that she could do so without screaming. It was rather a pleasant sight than otherwise.

"You couldn't put any heroism in the hero of such a scene, could you, Miss Jones?" said he. "I understand you are one of those fortunate people who go about making mental photographs for reproduction in letters."

"Do you call that fortunate? Why, I have often thought my lot a miserable one. If you would only be kind enough to say you envy me, now!"

"Certainly I envy you such resources."

"Good! I always wanted to be envied. It has been my dream to stalk about the world so fortunate and immaculate that everybody who saw me should turn fairly green. To that end, I am always magnifying my good luck and concealing my crosses. But don't ask me to have any opinions about heroism: I don't think I like it. It's a strained, uncomfortable effect; it's stagey. Heroic people seem to stand under colored or calcium lights in a tableau with the curtain just going down."

Craque-o'-Doom laughed.

"Ah, I *like* such things!" exclaimed Jennie spontaneously.

The dwarf half turned his face toward her with respectful attention. But Louise, with nervous precipitation, sprang up and begged Captain Mills to come into the other parlor and try a duet with her.

"Craque-o'-Doom plays capitally," exclaimed Tom, moved by the obtuse zeal

of his sex.—"Come on, old man, and give the girls some music."

"If they will remain seated here and not watch my contortions at the piano," he replied, with a delicacy which touched Louise, "perhaps I can entertain them."

"Please do," murmured the young ladies.

"But we may applaud?" said Rhoda.

"I am not accustomed to applause," replied the dwarf, smiling, as he rose.

Tom and he went in to the piano, and they heard him rolling a hassock to the piano-stool and saying, "I have to mount these revolving light-houses carefully, you know." Then the keys responded to such a touch as had never before visited them. He began playing a movement from Liszt's "Tarantella."

"I don't know what that is," murmured Jennie. But Rhoda Jones sat rapt. His execution was wonderfully brilliant, yet of so sympathetic a quality that a listener was always strangely moved by it.

Tom stood, with one hand on his hip, at the end of the piano, and watched the dwarf's lithe, floating fingers with interest. He would have preferred a good tune to which he could pat his toe in accompaniment, but it gratified him to see a little monstrosity like Craque-o'-Doom so well up in a higher kind of gymnastics. It escaped his observation that Tamsin Chenoworth's younger sister was at the long veranda-window flattening her cheek against the glass in a vain effort to see who could be creating such sounds within.

When the selection was finished, a feverish hand-clapping in the back parlor succeeded.

"I shall not touch that piano again while I am here," said Rhoda decidedly.

"Isn't it queer he can play so?" whispered Louise.

As Tom moved out of the way, Tillie, on the veranda, got a look at the dwarf wriggling off the piano-stool. She gave a jump which landed her in the path, took to her heels, and banged the gate behind her in a mad flight toward home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IF London has not the fascination of Paris, one need not love it to feel that it is the greater city in something more than area. Its vaster and more ponderous movement and the depth and impenetrability of its life affect one with a much more serious interest than the superficial gayety and decorative opulence of the French capital. The blackened fronts of the buildings, the yellow-gray atmosphere, and the smoky sky are not exhilarating. The distances and the traffic are so enormous that they are inconvenient. It is a common thing for Americans to positively dislike London and to querulously protest against its proportions and its gloom. But the contemplation of it which first excites wonder soon leads to another feeling. The history and complicated life of the city become apparent and articulate. The mind passes beyond the confines of brick and mortar and sees what lies beneath; and when this is once realized the city acquires an introspective attractiveness which is apt to be somewhat melancholy.

But there are certain points of view from which its external magnificence alone is impressive, and from which it is picturesque,—a quality that cannot generally be claimed for it. The best of these is Westminster Bridge when Parliament is in session, especially on one of those fine nights which do not often bless London. The bridge is wide and crowded, and the string of lamps along the parapet projects uneasy reflections on the Thames, which flows black and silent under the piers, coming from a valley as lovely as any in England to wind through the heart of London, then to strike out through quiet marshes and by many a pleasant spot to the sea, some forty miles beyond. The lamps on the Victoria Embankment also throw a long line of golden bars on the dark water, and about a mile northward a series of bluer and more piercing lights,

subdued by the yellow haze, stretches across Waterloo Bridge. Between this and Westminster the buildings fronting on the river are high, and many of them are handsome; but they are dark at night, and behind them the course of the Strand and of Parliament Street is traced in the upper air by the nebulous belt of the reflected glare.

Let us imagine ourselves standing in the middle of the bridge, with the traffic whirling by us and along the Embankment. Just across the way is the superb pile of the Parliament buildings, covering about eight acres, with the clock-tower at the northern end containing "Big Ben," the horological idol of the cockneys, whose booming record of the hours can be distinctly heard as far away as the Whittington Stone on Highgate Hill, and whose immense face, seen from Trafalgar Square, hangs in the air like a ball of fire. The course of the river at this point is north and south, and the Houses of Parliament front upon it. The buildings are exceedingly beautiful, and their bulk is relieved by sculpture, spires, buttresses, and the fretted masonry and gilded vanes of the Tudor-Gothic style. Behind them is Westminster Hall, and a little farther away are St. Stephen's Church and the Abbey. This is the most imposing architectural cluster in the city, and at any time of the day it is a gratifying and exalting sight. There is always a good deal of motion and bustle in the neighborhood, and the traffic seems to have a special urgency and dignity. During a night-sitting of Parliament, however, the picturesqueness is increased, and we feel ourselves to be at the very heart of the far-reaching empire. The House of Commons has been called "the most ancient and most honorable assembly in the world" by a member of it who is never loath to criticize its faults; and any Anglo-Saxon—even a Bostonian nursed in the shadow

of Faneuil Hall—must admit some awe before this fountain-head of constitutional government, which has shaped the law of his race. The pleasure which the architecture of the buildings affords is supplemented by the reminiscences they call forth of the long chain of events by which the character of the government has been formed and the supremacy of the crown adjusted to permit the sovereignty of the people.

After dark a lantern on the highest point of the tower burns while the "honorable House" is sitting, and this, as we have said, is the most favorable time to see Westminster and to feel the charm of its associations. The palace-yard in front of Westminster Hall blazes with lamps, and vehicles enter and leave it with occupants who, from the degree of attention they receive from the spectators, may be judged to be members, and perhaps Cabinet ministers. But the spectators have no privileges, and their curiosity is piqued rather than satisfied by a passing glimpse of Mr. Gladstone or the Marquis of Hartington, which the helmeted policemen allow them before dispersing them with a constantly reiterated command to "move on." The public offices are guarded by the military, but the Houses of Parliament are intrusted to the police, armed with no more formidable weapon than a truncheon; and these officers are picked men, who zealously keep the yard free from idlers. The bayonet and scarlet coat are prohibited, with a sensitive appreciation of their inappropriateness to the surroundings of an assembly in which antagonisms are limited to reason and debate. Outside the yard the spectators have more liberty to congregate, and there is usually a large number of them. Westminster at night is in fact one of the busiest and noisiest parts of the metropolis. There is an endless procession of cabs and omnibuses, and above their din and rattle the chimes of St. Stephen's throw out melodious peals. In the afternoon some of the members come down on horseback, attended by liveried grooms, or in private carriages, but most of them, especially at night, avail them-

selves of the democratic and always convenient shilling cab. As the evening advances, the traffic over the bridge decreases, but the palace-yard is still bustling. The lantern in the tower is usually ablaze at midnight,—sometimes long after the crowds have disappeared from the streets, and until the gilded tips of the Parliament buildings begin to glitter with the first rays of dawn. Beyond the glare of the lamps in the yard, and overshadowing St. Stephen's Church, is the Gothic bulk of the Abbey; and the proximity of this exalted sepulchre to the legislative halls is as an inspiration and an admonition. There is the arena wherein the struggles are to be endured, the honors won; here, the sanctuary, the deep sleep, and the gratitude of a nation speaking above the prejudices and jealousies of party.

The public are admitted to view the House of Commons on Saturdays, when there is no sitting, and at other times they are admitted to the Strangers' Gallery on the order of a member or of one of the ambassadors in London. Each member has the privilege of issuing a card for two persons every day the House is in session; but the gallery holds only two hundred persons, and when the privilege is fully exercised there are about six times more applicants than seats.

The simple elector who comes from quiet country ways for a London holiday usually secures a pass to the House of Commons from his representative, and, fortified with it, he boldly approaches the portals, foreseeing no difficulty. The public entrance is through Westminster Hall, which dates from the time of Richard II., and under this dark roof of chestnut, with its span of seventy-four feet,—the same that Charles I. gazed on when tried for treason,—he advances unmolested, gathering what edification he can on the way. At the end of the hall there is a high flight of steps and a magnificent stained-glass window, leading off to the left of which is a corridor with modern paintings of historic subjects filling the panels of the walls. Still he is unhindered; but, passing through a glass door, he enters

another hall, long and narrow, with statues along the sides, and a high roof, massively groined, from which fragile-looking chandeliers are suspended. The decorations have the embossed appearance of florid Gothic, and the oak and masonry are lighted up with touches of higher color. The floor is tiled in rich designs, and an arch at the farther end is bordered by arabesques of stone and niches filled by statuettes. All parts of the Houses of Parliament are lavishly ornamented, and this hall, covering the site of the former Parliament building, which was destroyed by fire in 1834, is one of the most attractive. The voices of Canning, Sheridan, Walpole, Grattan, Clarendon, and Hampden were heard here, and some of these orators are commemorated by the marble statues in the hall.

Wrapped up in reverie and in admiration of the many beauties of the place, the stranger is about to proceed, when a policeman accosts him, to whom he shows his member's order. "Sit down there, sir," the officer tells him, pointing to a long bench between the statues, on which perhaps as many as sixty or seventy persons are already seated, all provided with members' orders and all waiting for admission to the gallery, which is already full. He then learns how little his pass is worth. Possibly not one of those now in the gallery will surrender his place during the whole of the sitting; possibly half a dozen or less, not finding the proceedings interesting, or being called away by business, may come out; and for these five or six vacancies the sixty or seventy persons on the bench are candidates. Each of them has one chance in twenty of succeeding, and he is usually willing to wait for hours, buoyed up with the hope that good fortune will come to him. Appreciating the compliment implied in this patience, the honorable House took compassion on the strangers last session and voted to upholster the benches, which until last winter were uncovered and comfortless stone; more than this, they considerably resolved that the cushions should be of exactly the same color and quality as the seats in their

own chamber,—wherein was a subtle token of that sense of equality which becomes a popular legislature. If the strangers were admitted to the gallery in rotation, any one coming and finding a score or more before him would have no chance at all; but they are admitted by ballot, and in this way the man who presents himself at nine o'clock in the evening may obtain a seat before those who have been waiting since six or seven. The cards are taken from all of them and put into a glass jar, and as often as a place in the gallery becomes vacant the policeman shakes the jar and withdraws one of the cards, the person whose name it bears being entitled to enter the House forthwith. There is an amusing gleam of triumph in the eyes of those who are called, and a peculiar alacrity of movement; while those who are relegated to hope grow dejected as the hours creep on toward midnight.

Out of St. Stephen's Hall, where the balloting is done, the lucky ones pass into Octagon Hall, the name of which describes its shape, though its many beauties are not so easily comprehended. A high roof encrusted with mosaics spans the hall without a pillar to support it, and the groining is so elaborate and exquisite that it looks like filigree or lace. The windows are filled with stained glass. Four doors lead out of this hall,—one into St. Stephen's, one into the House of Lords, one into the committee-rooms, and another into the "lobby" of the Commons. The latter is the one which we take, and by it we pass first into a corridor decorated with large frescos of subjects in English history, and then into the lobby, which is a large square hall with another massively carved roof, the supporting shafts forming three large bays. Here the members congregate for conversation among themselves and with others. It is often the busiest part of the House, and at all times the scene is animated and interesting.

There are other means of reaching the lobby than the tedious process of a member's order. A stranger provided with an order for the Speaker's Gallery, issued by an ambassador or the Speaker him-

self, is passed into the lobby without being detained in St. Stephen's Hall, and is allowed to wait there until a seat is found for him. The visitor to the Strangers' Gallery is bundled somewhat uncereemoniously through the lobby and up a penal-looking staircase into the very incommodious quarters provided for him. The best way into the House itself is by the members' private entrance, which is a little to the left of Westminster Hall, and which leads by the cloak-room, once the cloisters of St. Stephen's Chapel. These cloisters were built about three hundred and sixty years ago, and were restored when the new Houses of Parliament were built, in 1834. The roof is superbly ornamented with what is called "fan-tracery," being covered with a series of delicate ribs which expand from the wall-columns in the form of a fan. The bosses in the centre of each compartment are enriched with heraldic devices and foliage, and some of the ribs are adorned with the square-leaved "Tudor flower." This entrance through the cloak-room is for members alone; but it seems possible for any one with some effrontery to walk in and deceive the doorkeeper, especially after a general election, when many of the six hundred and fifty-two members are new and unknown to him. If he should challenge any one without justification, the member challenged would naturally complain of the indignity; and so the doorkeeper has to trust to the honesty of the persons presenting themselves.

Formerly the members could be identified in a certain measure by the respectability of their dress and the air of social distinction which attached to them. They were all men of fashion, and most of them men of wealth. The author of "Endymion" informs us that twenty years before the period of that veracious history no man would have thought of coming down to the House except in evening dress. "The minister always came down in silk stockings and pantaloons or knee-breeches." But now the doorkeeper would blunder egregiously if he attempted to discriminate between mem-

bers and others by their attire. The House of Commons is no better dressed than the Senate at Washington, and its members are not generally conspicuous for the distinction of their bearing. The cut of their clothes is often so unorthodox that it would send a shudder through Poole. The swallow-tail is seldom seen, and the soft felt hat of democracy has become familiar on the head of the British legislator. These gentlemen coming from the cloak-room and chatting in the lobby have the careless and unstudied appearance, the affable and conciliatory manner, the ostentatious unexclusiveness, of American legislators. If the stranger expects to see an assembly of "swells," he is doomed to disappointment: what he will see is not at all unlike the scenes in the lobby at Washington, except that this hall of informal discussion in the English Parliament building is much handsomer than the one used for the same purpose in the Capitol, and we miss that abounding adjunct of American political intercourse, the spittoon. The Home Rule and Radical constituencies have lately done so much to alter the personal appearance of the House that the introduction of this useful and graceful object—which, viewed from the dome of the Capitol, gives the floor of that edifice a curiously embossed appearance—is probably only a matter of time and development.

The proceedings in the House of Commons, except in special instances, are opened at four o'clock, and at that hour, or a few minutes before, the hum of conversation in the lobby is hushed as room is demanded in a loud voice for "Mr. Speaker." All present deferentially uncover and stand aside as two gentlemen enter dressed in court-suits of black,—black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, shoes with steel buckles, exquisitely-frilled shirts, and gold-mounted swords in black sheaths,—one of whom bears the heavy gold mace which emblemizes the power of the sovereign and which Cromwell contemptuously called "that bauble." Following these is Mr. Speaker himself,—bewigged and be-

gowned, with his train-bearer holding up the yard and a half of silk which trails behind him,—and behind come the Speaker's chaplain and the Speaker's secretary. The little procession enters the House from the lobby by the door opposite the one which leads from Octagon Hall, and an usher then announces that "Mr. Speaker is at prayers," and a few moments later that "Mr. Speaker is in the chair."

The Speaker is the president of the House, and many privileges are conferred upon him. It is his business to protect the House from affront and to admonish refractory members, and in case of a "tie" he has the casting vote. He receives a salary of five thousand pounds, and when relieved of his office is usually promoted to the peerage, with a pension of four thousand pounds a year for two lives. Most of the servants of the House are generously treated in the matter of salaries, about fifty thousand pounds a year being distributed among forty of them. The chief clerk, Sir Erskine May, the eminent authority on parliamentary procedure, receives two thousand pounds a year, and the sergeant-at-arms twelve hundred.

The public are excluded from the House while the Speaker is at prayers, but, by one of those anomalies which give a humorous flavor to some forms of English legislation, the authorities do not recognize the existence of the Ladies' Gallery, and by this pleasantry the occupants of it are permitted to witness the spiritual recreations of the Speaker. When it is announced that he is in the chair, the Strangers' Gallery and the Speaker's Gallery are opened, and we may then enter. From neither of these can a good view be obtained, and the visitor finds the interest of the proceedings and his comfort increased if he has already made himself familiar with the building itself on one of those occasions when it is open to the public. When the florid beauties of St. Stephen's Hall and Octagon Hall and the sumptuous decorations of the House of Lords have been seen, the House of Commons, like the members in the lobby, is disappointing,

and the insufficiency of its size is at once apparent. It is nearly square, and the walls and ceiling are panelled with carved oak of a sombre hue. The windows are bordered with stained glass, in which the motto *Dieu et mon droit* is repeated sideways and lengthwise. There is also a large plate of delicately-tinted glass in the roof, through which the light falls with grateful softness. At the farther end of the hall from the entrance the Speaker sits in a canopied oak chair, and in front of him is the clerks' table, upon which rests the ponderous mace, bearing the initials C. R. (those of Charles I. or II.) and a crown. The benches upon which the members sit are placed four deep along the sides of the hall from end to end, and are upholstered in dark leather. Unlike the seats in the Senate or House of Representatives, they have no desks or tables attached to them; and if the occupants want to write they must use their knees. The benches on the Speaker's right hand are occupied by the ministerial party, and those on the left by the Opposition. They are divided—those on the right and left—by an aisle about twelve feet wide, and are intersected midway by a transverse passage called the "gangway," the members who sit below this, whether they are on the Conservative side of the House or the Liberal, indicating that they do not give unreserved allegiance to their party. At the end opposite to the Speaker is the bar of the House, two pillars united by a hollow brass rod,—and, excepting the clerks at the table, only members are admitted within this limit. Even the sergeant-at-arms and the deputy sergeant-at-arms are excluded and sit outside the bar, and if a letter or telegram arrives for a member it is passed along from hand to hand until it reaches him. Many traditions are perpetuated in the House of Commons at the cost of convenience.

A narrow gallery extends on all four sides of the House. That part over the Speaker's chair is given up to the reporters, and the accommodations are so limited that one man does the work for a score of newspapers. Behind the re-

porters a space is let into the wall and screened with ornamental iron-work, the purpose of which seems to the stranger to be ventilation; but as he looks at it closer he perceives indistinct figures moving at the other side of the screen, and if he inquires what it is he will be told by any one acquainted with the House that it is the "cage,"—a name appropriate in a double sense to the Ladies' Gallery, where feminine curiosity can only be gratified by the sacrifice of a good deal of personal comfort. The side-galleries are nominally reserved for the peers, but on crowded nights many members who cannot find room on the floor occupy them. The gallery opposite the Speaker's chair is divided into three sections, the front seats being intended for the attachés of the various legations in London, the seats behind these for persons entering with a Speaker's order, and the seats in the extreme rear for "strangers" or those provided with members' orders.

The ushers, who wear evening dress and large gilt badges hung round their necks, seem to feel that the dignity of the House rests on their shoulders, and they bear the responsibility with a lack of courtesy which, combined with the uncomfortable seat provided for him, is likely to put the spectator out of humor as, after coming up the narrow stairway from the lobby, he sits down in front of Mr. Speaker. The proceedings are usually so interesting in form, if not in substance, however, that he soon forgets his injuries in watching them. The rules of themselves and the methods of carrying them out curiously and intricately blend simplicity and utility with a hypersensitive regard for ornamental and imaginative tradition. Macaulay speaks of the House as adhering to ancient forms with the punctilious accuracy of a college of heralds; and this decorous perpetuation of what is practically obsolete leads to many cumbrous paradoxes.

The number of fictions with which the House deludes—or perhaps we should say amuses—itsself is amazing. Not only is the Ladies' Gallery treated as having no existence and its inmates

allowed to remain in it when the House is cleared of all others, even of the members of the press, but, by another hypothesis, the visitors licensed to attend by a Speaker's or member's order are only recognized as interlopers. Formerly, when the galleries were full any member could have them emptied by calling the Speaker's attention to the very obvious fact that "strangers were in the House," this notification being always followed by a request on the part of the Speaker that the strangers would withdraw. When a member now wishes for privacy and calls attention to the strangers, the question is put to the House as to whether there are or are not strangers present, and gravely negatived, though all the galleries may be crammed at the time. By another fiction the sovereign is supposed to be present while the mace is on the table, but not present when the mace is hung up near the seat of the sergeant-at-arms, as it is when the House is in committee of the whole. Another fanciful observance is the introduction of all members to the Speaker at the opening of a new Parliament, including those who have merely been re-elected and who perhaps have been members for a score or more continuous years. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Fawcett are each taken up to him between two members and formally introduced, the Speaker shaking hands and murmuring a few words of courteous greeting. The custom of searching the cellars of the House for gunpowder, instituted after the Guy Fawkes conspiracy, is observed in the first week of every January, and this year it was carried out with more than usual seriousness.

At the end of a session unreasonably prolonged,—as that of 1880 was,—when the business of the House is protracted and not interesting, when London is empty and the moors and lochs are inviting, many members are relieved from attendance, without affecting the vote of their party on any measure, by "pairing." In a number of *Punch* last autumn there was a picture of a newly-elected member luxuriating in one of

the magnificent suite of retiring-rooms which have earned the title of the "finest club in London" for the House. In an opposite picture he was represented at the end of the session, distracted and dejected, and evidently in a very different frame of mind as to the advantages accruing to members, because he could not find any one to "pair" with him.

An obstructive or disorderly member is disposed of by the Speaker's "naming him." This measure is resorted to only in extreme instances and after the Speaker's admonitions have been wilfully disregarded, as in the case of the Home-Rule members who were suspended in a body at a memorable sitting last January. "Mr. Wordy," says Mr. Speaker, if that happens to be the member's name, "I name you as having disregarded the authority of the chair." Forthwith one of the ministers declares, "I now have to move, according to the standing orders of the House, that Mr. Wordy be suspended from the service of the House during the remainder of the sitting." The question is put to the House, and, if concurred in, the Speaker urbanely requests Mr. Wordy to withdraw, and he is escorted to the bar of the House by that polite gentleman in knee-breeches whom we have seen carrying the mace, —the sergeant-at-arms.

These are but a few disconnected examples (which come to mind at random) of the fidelity of the House to usages which are sometimes remarkable for their simplicity and sometimes as antiques ceremonious and hypothetical as the etiquette of a Spanish court. The contradictions and the anachronisms relate only to minor affairs, however, and scarcely embarrass the business of the House, while from a stranger's point of view they increase the interest of the proceedings. Despite their existence, the constitution of the House is flexible, generous, and intelligent. Like an old tree, it has proved the soundness of its roots by the vigor with which it has received and nourished the many new branches grafted upon it.

The presence in the Peers' Gallery, one evening last autumn, of a certain

elderly gentleman must have been as full of suggestiveness to him as it was to the other persons in the House who recognized him, for he himself had been a leader in the proceedings of which he was now a spectator. Any one observing him without looking at his face might have taken him for some old beau, from the fastidiousness of his dress and manner, the lavender kid gloves which he wore, and the scant dark locks parted and drawn into ringlets with Philistine care and macassar. But to look into Lord Beaconsfield's face is to doubt that he was ever handsome,—the Adonis of the drawing-rooms of forty years ago, as some chroniclers have given us to understand. His face, indeed, has many of the least pleasant features of the Israelitish type, and is not improved by a tuft of beard worn close under the chin. It is sagacious, but unsympathetic and coldly cynical. Yet none of the spectators seemed more interested in the proceedings on the evening referred to than this political wizard, who, with little genuine affection for the people, but much cleverness in playing on their foibles, comprehends the power and aspirations of the House of Commons, and is the most discreet guide the assembly to which he now belongs could have in its somewhat delicate relations with that body.

His lordship has given us many vivid glimpses of parliamentary life in "Endymion." Says the old member, speaking privately to the hero in the House, "It is very different from what it was when I was your age. Up to Easter we rarely had a regular debate,—never a party division; very few people came up, indeed. But there was a good deal of speaking on all subjects before dinner. We had the privilege of speaking then on the presentation of petitions at any length, and we seldom spoke on any other occasion. After Easter there was always at least one great party fight. This was a mighty affair, talked of for weeks before it came off. . . . We were gentlemen, used to sit up late, and should have been sitting up somewhere else had we not been in the House of Commons. After this party fight the House, for the

rest of the session, was a mere club.'—'There was not much business doing then,' said Endymion.—'There was not much business in the country then. The House of Commons was very much like what the House of Lords is now. You went home to dine, and now and then came back for an important division. . . . All things change; and quoting Virgil, as that young gentleman has just done, will be the next thing to disappear. In the last Parliament we often had Latin quotations, but never from a member with a new constituency. I have heard Greek quoted here, but that was a great mistake: the House was quite alarmed. Charles Fox used to say, as to quotation, "No Greek; as much Latin as you like, and never French under any circumstances; no English poet unless he has completed his century." These were, like some other good rules, the unwritten orders of the House of Commons.'

There is plenty to do now, however: the business is far more varied and urgent than it was before the Reform Bill and the extension of the franchise. At four o'clock most of the members are in their places, and at this hour the Speaker cries, "Order! order! Notices of motion." This means that members having motions to make must now give notice of them, and the choice of the day on which they may be made to the House is decided by ballot. The members write their names in a book with numbered lines, and tickets bearing duplicate numbers are folded up and thrown into a box on the table. The book is held by the Speaker, and the clerk dips his hand into the box and withdraws the tickets one by one, calling the numbers on them as he does so. The member whose name is opposite the first number called has the first choice of the days on which he can make his motion within a month; the member whose name is opposite the second number called has the second choice; and so on until the box is exhausted. This part of the business done, "question-time" follows, and the ministers are then in their places to answer interrogatories of which notice has been previously given.

The ministers sit on the front bench above the gangway at the Speaker's right hand, and the faces of most of them are familiar even to a stranger. There is no mistaking this gentleman who is in the middle of them,—the possessor of a sad, white, intellectual face almost ascetic in its pallor, with white side-whiskers, and thin white hair falling from a broad projecting forehead as pale and as smooth as marble. He is above medium height, and, though broad-shouldered, has no spare flesh. His dress is a suit of dark tweed, with a simple morning coat, a high white collar, and an old-fashioned black silk stock. He sits with arms folded and his eyes fixed abstractedly before him, as if paying little heed to what is taking place, until a word uttered in some part of the House seems to startle him, and he comes to his feet with a response which shows that not the veriest trifle said has escaped him, and that his mind has been analyzing and reasoning while receiving. If he has not been recognized by his face, Mr. Gladstone establishes his identity when his voice is heard,—exquisitely modulated, never loud, and yet audible in the farthest corners of the House,—while he speaks with the measured and balanced completeness of phrase which belongs to literature, and with a fluency which never drifts into excess or fails to be luminous and consecutive. Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, sits next to him on one side, and on the other is Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland, who this session is scarcely less interesting than the Prime Minister himself. Mr. Forster's customary attitude is singularly expressive of the difficulties which have recently hedged him in. He has a rugged physique and an appearance of brusqueness, though his heavily-bearded face is attractive. He sits with folded knees and arms, with his chin resting on his breast and his eyes directed at the floor of the House: this is a posture which he seldom changes. He looks fagged out, dejected, perplexed,—a man in a dilemma from which he has so often unsuccessfully endeavored to extricate himself that despair has fallen upon him. The lugubriousness is

almost comical. Mr. Forster's hair and beard are all awry: his mental distress is reflected in the anarchy of his toilet. But, as a matter of fact, his dejection is not to be wondered at: he is at present the most abused man in Parliament. A sincere friend of the country which he represents in the Cabinet, the Irish party, which forced the government into coercion, criticises and denounces him with a bitterness which is not always within the limits of decency. Under this fire Mr. Forster sits patiently as we have described him, only now and then raising his eyes to stare at some speaker who casts another and heavier stone at him.

There is a portrait of John Bright in the New York Chamber of Commerce which was shown to a visitor one day with the remark, "Of course you know who *that* is?" "Oh, yes," he replied confidently; "that's John Bull." Mr. Bright, though now over seventy years old, is still the ideal of a prosperous English merchant in the prime of life,—placid, content, practical, and robust. He is not fiery, impulsive, poetic, and he has not, therefore, felt the strain of political life as Mr. Gladstone has. His face, with its youthful complexion, beams with mature contentment and the conviction of security which reflects a mind little inclined to hesitating misgivings. His manner conveys the impression of one who, if taking things seriously, takes them easily and deliberately. The short, sturdy figure is not in the least bent or stiffened by its years: it is carried erect and with graceful suppleness. Though quite white, the wavy hair, the side-whiskers, and the fringe of beard underneath the chin are abundant and carefully arranged. This primness and blandness of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is all the more striking in contrast with the distraught appearance of Mr. Forster, who sits near him.

Among the occupants of the front ministerial benches are Sir Charles Dilke, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade. The former said at a public meeting in 1871, "There is a wide-spread belief that a republic

here is only a matter of education and time. It is said that some day a Commonwealth will be our form of government. Now, history and experience show that you cannot have a republic unless you possess at the same time the republican virtues; but you answer, Have we not public spirit? Have we not the practice of self-government? Are we not gaining general education? Well, if you can show me a fair chance that a republic here will be free from the political corruption that hangs about a monarchy, I say, for my part,—and I believe the middle classes in general will say so,—*Let it come.*" Ten years of political life and a place in the ministry bring about many changes: we are not certain that Sir Charles would repeat now all that he said in 1871. Mr. Chamberlain has always been an advanced radical and secularist, and has done much in behalf of the working-classes of Birmingham, his native town, where his father once employed over two thousand people. Both he and Sir Charles Dilke are indefatigable workers, and they represent the extreme wing of the Liberal party in the ministry, which also includes the Marquis of Hartington, Sir W. V. Harcourt, Mr. Childers, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Fawcett (the blind post-master-general, and, like Sir C. Dilke, not a member of the Cabinet), and (in the House of Lords) the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, the Earl of Kimberley, Earl Spencer, Lord Selborne, and the Earl of Northbrook. The fusion of these various elements—affiliating by no common antecedents or class interests, operating from different motives, and guided by opposite religious views—into a concurrent and harmonious administration is a striking proof of Mr. Gladstone's power as a leader.

The etiquette of the House permits the members to wear their hats, except when passing or addressing Mr. Speaker; and this is a privilege of which nearly all avail themselves. They also study comfort more than appearances in the attitudes which they choose. They do not lie down or project their legs over the seats in front of them, but they sit



edgeways, stretched out in a sort of zig-zag, with feet thrust under the benches and bodies steeply inclined in another direction, with their thumbs in their arm-holes or hands dived into the uttermost depths of their trousers-pockets. Though one member always refers to another as "the honorable member," they are not invariably civil beyond this point. Not many of them can speak well or without a boyish hesitancy and embarrassment, but they are severe critics, and vent their disapprobation with juvenile boisterousness. Sometimes the boisterousness would become the Stock Exchange more than a legislature. When, at the opening of Parliament, they are summoned to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's speech, precedence, after the Speaker and the ministry, is nominally decided by ballot, as in the case of "notices of motion." The Speaker heads the procession, with the mace, his chaplain, and the train-bearer, followed by the ministry and the members in succession as the clerk of the House calls out their names. All is dignified until the Speaker disappears. The clerk then continues to call out the names, but no heed is paid to him, and the ballot is superseded by a physical struggle among the members for leading places. This, says one who has witnessed the proceeding,—which we have not done,—is vainly resisted by honorable and right honorable members, who, standing shoulder to shoulder, essay to guard the sacred person of the Speaker from physical outrage. At best, the Speaker invariably presents the appearance of being projected into the House of Lords as it were from a catapult, while behind, with a great noise, sweep in "the gentlemen of the House of Commons."

The House is usually full at "question-time," and the inquiries made cover a wide range of topics. One honorable member asks if it is true that a lady of the Sultan's harem who sought refuge in the British embassy and was given up has been strangled as an accomplice in a palace conspiracy. The Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs assures him

that such is not the case,—that the lady is well and happy and about to be married. Another honorable member inquires if it is true that a statue of the builder is to be put up in the new Law Courts. The Financial Secretary informs him that what was intended for a likeness of the architect has been carved on a gargoye; that the architect, however, does not recognize the likeness, but that, as another gargoye remains to be carved, it might be well to memorialize the builder also. Another honorable member desires to know if it is true that the Home Secretary has received a cable dispatch from a released Fenian convict in New York threatening him with extinction, and whether he has made any representations to the United States government on the subject. The Home Secretary, who is quite blithe, though plethoric of habit, replies that he has received a menacing telegram, but that as long as the sender keeps beyond the dominions of the Queen it is not worth while troubling about him. As to making representations to the United States government, he will not do that, as the United States would probably have most ground of complaint.

When all the questions have been made and answered, the House settles down to the evening's debate, and, as we have said, it does not adjourn until one or two o'clock in the morning. On one memorable occasion last winter it was in session for forty-one consecutive hours. There are at least seven stages at which debates on every bill introduced can be raised. First, leave to introduce a bill has to be applied for, and then it has to be read a first time. Next comes the second reading, which is followed by the motion for going into committee. Next comes the committee of the whole House, in which the bill is debated clause by clause, while each member may move an unlimited number of amendments and speak on every amendment any number of times; and when the committee has finished the bill has to be brought up in the report, and again there is unlimited opportunity for debate. Finally come the third reading and the vote; and even

now it may be sent back for amendment or rejected altogether. The Home-Rule members seized all these opportunities for obstruction last winter, and paralyzed the House, until relief was found in the famous "urgency" measure, by which, when a motion is made, after due notice that the state of public business is urgent, the Speaker may put the question forthwith, without allowing debate, amendment, or adjournment, provided that a majority of at least three to one vote in favor of the motion.

The impatience of the House is expressed in a murmuring cry of "Divide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide," which is repeated faster and faster as a prolix member occupies the time, until it sounds like the hum of a hive of bees. The division is the method of voting, and when it is ordered a sand-glass on the clerks' table is turned and an electric bell set tinkling all over the House, the lobby, and the retiring-rooms. The sand-glass takes two minutes to run out, giv-

ing all members who are absent time to come in. The House is enclosed by two corridors, known as the "division lobbies," and the members voting "Ay" go into the lobby on the right, while those voting "No" go into the lobby on the left. At the far end of each lobby is a wicket, and as they pass through their names are "ticked" off from a full list by two clerks. They are also counted as they pass by two tellers, one belonging to the government and the other to the Opposition. The figures from both sides are reported to the clerk at the table, who writes them down on a piece of paper, which he hands to the teller of the victorious side, and the latter reads them out to the House.

Here we must close. We have been discursive, but we trust that we do not leave the reader as weary as the members generally are when the lantern in the tower is extinguished to indicate that the House has adjourned.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

IN SEARCH OF A SOUL.

ONE winter, on that beautiful Campanian Riviera which rivals the one between Nice and Genoa, I met an American couple. They had previously occupied rooms above me in a *pension* on the road to Posilippo. I had never seen them, but when, strolling along the perfumed shore the first night of my arrival in Salerno, I heard the notes of a grand piano ring out with unusual force and meaning, I recognized the touch at once. They were much of an enigma to me, living in a small pink house perched on a violet headland looking down over a ruined Saracen tower, the husband with a magnificent piano, the wife with a very few books and an occasional visitor from Naples. Mr. Pyne and I became friends, or, to speak more precisely, companions. We took long walks together; we went to La

Cava, and visited the ancient monastery; to Minori, clinging to the mountain-side which thrifty hands have clothed with lemon-trellises to the top, a height of forty-seven hundred feet. We lounged among the frank, clear-eyed fisher-boys, who came from plunging their strong, straight olive limbs in the clear blue waves to mend their nets or dry their tackle and ropes on the sands. These ropes are made of hemp of an unusually vivid color, and look like strands of gold as they lie in the sun beneath the gray-green olives that furnish the complement of color. We followed all the windings of the rock-cut road on this enchanting shore, where one never knows whether one is at the heart of a mother-of-pearl or of an opal; we rounded every bright-sanded cove, and sallied out on every promontory which

held ruins, purple-and-gold-blotched, or showed some bold sweep of lone bright sea with tawny lateen-sails and the white-walled city gleaming afar. This coast is not much infested by Americans, who, as a rule, come only to La Cava, Amalfi, and the villages above it, and then take the drive to Salerno and the train back to Naples: so that Mr. Pyne and I were naturally thrown much together. But he never invited me to his house. We met at a caffè, or occasionally dined together at the Hotel Vittoria at Salerno. He was a great favorite at the table-d'hôte there. Several army-officers were among its *habitues*, their broad scarlet breasts sown thick with orders. They found Pyne odd, but that was all the better. Strange to say, it is among us democrats that all must cut their dinner-table coat and conversation after the same pattern or submit to be only tolerated. And Pyne's character and ways had the effect of genius, as if he regarded things from an entirely fresh point of view. He never offered to present me to his wife,—at which I rather wondered. I thought of her often,—the pretty brown-haired girl (I had seen her walking with him) up in her villa among the lemon-arbors. I wondered if she felt neglected. I said something about her one day as we were starting for a climb through the ravines. —“Alone?” said he; “yes, she is alone; but she reads and writes, and my tastes are not literary. I don't share much in her doings at any time.”

Such music as his I never heard,—a torrent of emotion, sometimes brooding like the dun cloud that hung daily over Vesuvius, sometimes tempestuous, and again soft and floating.

Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,
Budded and swelled, and, full-blown, shed full
showers

Of light,—soft, unseen leaves of sound.

Night after night, or during the long, still mornings, I lay on the cliff under his wall and listened to these heavings and throes of an imprisoned Titan. It was impossible not to hear in them the beatings of a life repressed in some way. But when I talked with him I could not

see what was repressed. Intellectually there was nothing; he had singularly few ideas, and very slow ones; he had not even the wistful intelligence of my great Newfoundland, and I saw no sign of such a heart of love as welled up in that poor brute, who so mourned that he couldn't speak. I thought Pyne selfish.

I connected the wonder with the lady behind the lattice. Of course I imagined a hundred solutions. One was that he had married her for money, and that she had found it out and made him feel it,—perhaps become a little shrewish. But this did not accord with the tableau I saw one morning from the crest of a hill commanding their belvedere. She was sitting at his feet, holding both his hands, looking up in his face with apparent devotion, and he was half turning away.

Then I settled down on the conclusion that he worshipped his wife as a divinity, high and apart, and as that sort of stuff is not good for human nature's daily food they didn't thrive on it; but this idea was put to flight by the asperity with which he spoke to her one evening when at last he had said to me, “Come home with me, and I'll play for you.”

As he pushed aside the long flapping blue blind of his *salon* and led the way in that evening, a light, running step came to meet us, and a voice exclaimed, “Oh, Lucien! I'm so glad you've come.” The words were nothing, but the tone and manner proved that Pyne possessed a true staff and benison, and the look that brightened out of his usually dull eye made me sigh, envious bachelor that I am! He put his arm about his wife's waist and kissed her tenderly, and then presented me. She was a tall, slender young woman of twenty-two, with exquisitely fine hair and a changing complexion that made her intensely attractive. When, after a while, her husband opened the piano, she was standing at the end of the room, sorting some photographs, and he called her, “Come here, Elena, child!” She did not move, and he called again, “Elena, come here!” She shrank evidently and looked around as if to escape, and he peremptorily repeated, “Elena, come here; don't you

hear me?" Still she lingered, and came at length only, as it seemed, because she thought it more graceful to obey. He met her with a frown, grasped both her hands, not gently, and seated her in an arm-chair, saying, "Sit there, where I can see your face."

She succumbed to the spell of the music at once. The player began with a motive from Beethoven, but soon it was his own soul that spoke, a plaint, an appeal, a beseeching,—stormy, incoherent, sullen, arrogant, and dying off at last in infinite pathos as from "the depths of some divine despair." In ten minutes his wife's cheeks were colorless, and she was cold and trembling. Then her head bowed forward, and the tears rolled fast and bitterly. Pyne rose, closed the piano, and without a word went out on the balcony. She followed him, and as he leaned over the railing put her arm round his neck and kissed his brow. So far I saw, spying through the window; but when she stooped and put her head underneath his arm so as to creep as close as possible into his embrace, and pressed her lips to his, I thought I had better go. I don't think either of them noticed me as I lit my cigar and strolled down the zigzags, watching the torches of the fishing-boats sparkling like stars in the bay. Those stars signalled that patience of hope which beautifies and sweetens drudgery. What did the stars of heaven shine on within the magnolia-scented villa I had left? A great craving, almost hopeless, but persevered in like a dying gasp for water. This countryman of mine pleaded for his boon, whatever it was, in the only language he knew. The following was the background I filled in later on.

There had been enough antecedents and proprieties about Mr. Pyne's advent into Boston society to save him from being considered an adventurer, but it was as a prodigy—a musical prodigy—that he was allowed to inhale that rarefied air, under the eye of bland observers who studied him, even welcomed him, as a phenomenon, but were never carried out of themselves. Apparently, this suited him very well, for he made no preten-

sions to genius or the kind of consideration accorded to it. His music was something outside of himself, and it was astonishing how little changed by it he himself was. One imagines a certain sensitiveness in even the wires that thrill beneath a master's fingers, in the wood of his instrument that vibrates responsive; but with Lucien Pyne the clasp of the chain was wanting. The sweet influence rained not on his own soul. Had he a soul? some people asked. Was he anything more than a machine? an inspired idiot? Some admitted him to intimacy under protest, others wouldn't do it at all. He was rude, uncouth, roofed in by sense; he had the most meagre book-learning or culture of any description with which to circulate in society. The only hopeful point about him was his unrest.

"Will you play to me, Mr. Pyne?" said Miss Hazen one afternoon. A stormy sky was trying to clear in a struggling way; its baffled efforts were dispiriting. Miss Hazen had stepped in from the piazza and roused Mr. Pyne, who lay at full length on a lounge.

"Shall I play for you?" he replied.

"Would you really like to hear me?"

"Certainly I should."

"Are you sure?" he repeated, with a fierce look from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Yes," returned Miss Hazen wonderingly.

"What shall it be, then?"

"Something of your own. Whatever you like best to play."

"Whatever I like best to play?" he repeated, breathing hard. "Are you sure that is what you will like best to hear?"

"Yes," said Miss Hazen again positively.

"Very well, then," he answered; "but on one condition,—that you will sit there;" and he wheeled a large chair close to the piano and seated her in it.

"Odd creature," thought Miss Hazen, and then she remembered other abrupt and passionate words and looks during the months she had known him, between which she now caught a thread of connection. These hazy recollections formed an undertone to the music.

An hour passed. Floods of meaning, of cry, of passion above and beyond words, filled the room. Miss Hazen always took everything on the bare nerves, and was moreover—fresh, or rather languid, from a high-pressure Boston winter, full of intellectual excitements as well as gayety—keenly magnetic. The sun as it rolled down reached a belt of clear, pale-green sky on the western horizon and streamed through the bay-window in masterful effulgence, and then the music rose in might and self-assertion. Little spicy odors from the flower-beds stole in to add their complement of strength to the thrill of the hour. Ellen Hazen lay back in the arm-chair, trembling before the swell of the unknown power. Body and spirit seemed melted together. She felt, thought, with every fibre.

As the last note died away, she lay with closed eyes and the tears rolling down her cheeks. Pyne rose and came to her, wild-eyed, pale, almost haggard. He stood over her and held out both his hands to her, and she involuntarily lifted both hands to him. He bent down his lips to her face, and she raised hers to meet them. There were a few inaudible murmurs, then Pyne seated himself in the chair from which he had raised her, and drew her to his knee and folded her to his breast. Her face lay on his warm neck, while she was only conscious that some power had pushed her to a crisis in her life for which she was unprepared. As the shadows grew in the room she began to shiver, even in her lover's arms.

That evening Pyne's manner and looks roused the suspicions of Miss Hazen's friends. She was "dealt with," questioned how far things had gone, her hesitation was misunderstood, all she said was misunderstood. She was exhorted never to speak to him again, and, when she refused to promise, they took the matter into their own hands. The result was that her uncle announced to her that Mr. Pyne had agreed to give her up on condition of one last interview; "and I suppose that's fair enough," concluded the worthy Beacon-Street man.

Ellen reddened, but said not a word. It was not that she dreaded any painful blaze of emotion in herself. Rather did she fear there would be none, that only cold burnt-out embers would be on the hearth which yesterday's sunset had seen so glowing. Then she would be shamed. Were they to kindle even a little, yesterday would be justified to her, but—

Pyne was playing when she went down for the interview. He did not stop. As she stood by his side, light poured into her mind, freely flowing into all its recesses, showing her that here was her helper across the threshold of the world of cognitions and joys above the senses she so longed to enter. When he rose and put two hands on her shoulders and looked into her face, saying, "Do you reject what I told you last night? do you take back what you told me?" she faltered not, though her eyes fell.

His grasp became exultant.

"If—" she began.

"No! no conditions!" he interrupted fiercely.

"You must, you must! time, more time!" she answered, retreating from him.

"Do you think," he said, "that I want time to consider if you can be anything to me? If I do not take possession of you now, at once, we are useless to each other. Don't ask me how I know this; I do know it. Are you not," dropping his voice, "are you not mine, to be wooed, to be won some day? Tell me!"

She laid her hand in his.

Was it Beauty and the Beast? Was there on Ellen's side that unquestioning fond submission of the heart which alone could make the thing understandable? It was love of the nerves. If people began to say, What does she see in him? they stopped short, for it was not certain she saw anything.

Weeks went on. Pyne passed much time in playing to Miss Hazen, especially triumphant, powerful passages that swayed her whole soul, again perplexed, doubtful strains that took hold even tighter. "Music is my language," he told her. "I can't speak any other, and I don't know exactly what I want to say in that,"

he added in a sad, puzzled tone, and then, to her surprise, broke into tears. Thick, hoarse sobs came fast. "I know," he muttered, "I am uncouth, and—and vulgar."

"No, no! not that!" exclaimed Ellen.

"I'm an awkward lout," he continued, "and unfit to make love to any woman. No woman could ever like my ways."

"I do; I do like them," said Ellen, trying to comfort him.

"Do you mean to say you were never disgusted with me?" raising his face suddenly and looking close into hers. She reddened. "Ah—h!" he growled bitterly.

"No, no! how could I think of that, when I love you?" exclaimed Ellen.

"Do you? do you?" was his answer. "Oh, if you did! if you did! for myself!" in a wistful, gentle tone.

Ellen's heart tightened around him as never before. She drew his black head down to her breast, and, as he lay there panting and muttering to himself, she felt as if she held a dumb animal.

After this he played to her incessantly. Her nerves were bare to the music. It drained her vitality; she grew pallid and thin and weak. Her father made a plan to take her travelling,—anything to break the spell, to save her in spite of herself. Then came Lucien's arrogant "I will not permit it." Once, when they were staying at the country house of her uncle, who was one of Lucien's patrons, he refused to play for a whole week, and Ellen was found sitting on the floor outside his locked door, tears streaming down her cheeks and her frame limp and strengthless.

It was two years later that I met them on the enchanting shore of the Gulf of Salerno. After the evening on which Pyne admitted me to his eyrie on the cliff, his wife often came with us on our rambles. She was no dreaming, brooding girl, as might have been supposed, but her New-England training had made every fibre functional, every nerve vitalized. She showed for her husband a gentle, warm affection that might have satisfied any man, I thought; but Pyne did not seem content. The only means he knew to get the something more he

desired was to play to her. And she clung to his love and his need of her as all she had on earth, creeping into its very heart, wrapping it round her, holding it tight, as I had seen her do the first night I met her. But there certainly were moments when she flung it impetuously off, disgusted with him and with herself. He was singularly neglectful of small attentions and fondnesses, or of any effort to meet her intellectually. I wondered he did not see that the vibration of her soul under the spell of music was often painful, and that at best it gave him only a partial, vacillating empire over her. Yet what other adequate mode of expression had he? He felt this perfectly, and he dropped words which showed me also a vague but deep-seated knowledge that only by binding another soul to his could he have any chance to get—what? he did not know, nor I either, but something for lack of which his existence was formless and inconsequent. What he was to get out of life—the message which the universe has for every man—he could not take directly; a veil was over his heart at the reading of that law; it must come through a medium, through clay "tempered with tears of angels," and a mind that Love had welded into his. And Lucien was keen; he hearkened for the true ring of the note. Mrs. Pyne herself, I knew from words as well as manner, thought she loved her husband, regarded herself as giving him the loyal devotion of her whole being.

An incident came,—a revealer. One night in May a storm swept the coast. The old olives bent in the blast, the tall cypresses wailed as they "wrestled like Jacob of old with the angel," the tufa rock caved in in many places, letting citron-gardens, pomegranate-plantations, or a giant carob-tree slide down on the houses below. The waves dashed and leaped with a malignity undreamed of, like the cruelty often so swiftly rising to the surface in these soft bright Italians themselves. In the morning I drove Mrs. Pyne along the shore as far as Citara, a fishing-village we knew well. Mr. Pyne had gone out in a boat the after-

noon before, but news had reached her that, seeing the storm coming, he had put into harbor. The news had not come very direct, and I rather wondered that no shade of anxiety dimmed her countenance. The sky was cloudless: the many little headlands shone like topazes in the sun. The village had received its stroke from the hand of God. The population was gathered in the gold-sanded cove, amid pieces of wreck and spars and tackle. There was little noise: the men stood peering out to sea; the women had their bright shawls wrapped round their heads and held in their teeth, for their hands were clasping the brown, clear-eyed children who were many of them fatherless now. The entire fleet of fishing-boats had been exposed to the storm. A few had been heard from as having found shelter, but those which had come in were battered, dismantled, leaking, ruined. Some had lost overboard one or two men, some half their crew. One old man came urging his boat to shore with set face and grim, strong strokes that seemed to dig the waves. Alone,—he who had gone out the day before with two straight young sons! His neighbors plunged in up to their waists and helped him draw the boat up, helped him out, for he staggered as he confronted a tall, swarthy woman who lifted both arms above her head and cried, "Where are my children?" As he moved toward her she would have thrust him away, but one look into his eyes brought a swift change, and she fell on his neck.

The *parocco*, with his broad hat and flapping skirts, moved from group to group. An Englishman from the *Albergo dei Cappucini* at Amalfi was there with a spy-glass. It was in a frame, and he had set it up in a clear place and directed it on a little schooner struggling in the offing. He was intent and busy with it, heedless of the men who were watching him, trying to read his face, their vivid glances darting back and forth from it to the schooner while they quivered with eagerness. Their fortunes, their daily bread, were in that vessel, but they never by word or gesture moved to

interrupt him. At length he turned around: "Here! don't some of you fellows want to look?" Then every scarlet cap was raised gratefully, and they crowded around.

Coming in on the tide were the fragments of a boat. All were watching it as every toss and shake of the waves brought it nearer and nearer. Three women knelt on a ledge a little apart, bending down to see beneath the fringe of olive-trees that encircled the hill. These were the three whose husbands' boats had not been heard from. One of them was a widow that morning, as they would know when those planks came to land. Another had a baby in her arms. The third, Toinette Barodi, was a tall, strong-made girl of sixteen who had once lived with the Pynes. She stood up straight, fingering her coral necklace swiftly. They watched, straining their eyes in silence. Not until the fragments came on shore could any streak of paint, any mark, any curve, be distinguished to identify them.

Suddenly a swirl of the waves threw them up high and dry, and the three women sprung up, flung themselves upon them, and actually fought to know their doom. One fell back, wordless. The second clasped her baby tighter to her breast, and in her eyes and Toinette's relief and thankfulness shone alone for a second,—but only for a second. Quick as lightning they turned to the stricken one and caught her in their arms.

The swoon was deep. They propped her up in the lee of a boat, dashed a shellful of sea-water in her face, and Elena Pyne crept in beside her on the sands and chafed her toil-worn hands. When she revived she sprang to her feet and tossed both her arms aloft toward the heavens, so blue and so pitiless. I thought she was about to break out into wild imprecation; but the *parocco*, who had come softly behind, pulled his crucifix from his bosom and held it up before her. "Ecco! figlia mia!" The hands which had been raised for cursing darted forward and clutched eagerly the feet of the large white figure on the cross.

After the poor widow had gone home,

Toinette turned to Mrs. Pyne: "The signora too! Il signor is not come?"

"No; but I've heard of him," rejoined Elena, "on the way to Amalfi. He has landed there, I've no doubt. He's all right."

Toinette looked at her fixedly. The signora was easily reassured. I, too, glanced at her. Something of the kind seemed to strike her. She turned and walked slowly away along the glittering sand, looking down thoughtfully. Then she paused and looked up at the low black arch through which the widow had disappeared. Did she shrink from such love with such risks? No; there was a keen dart of envy. There grew upon her a strange abstraction in the very centre of this upheaval of human passion into which with her whole soul she had entered. Her heart was shown to itself.

She was very silent as we drove home. All sights and sounds of earth, sea, and sky, in which to a wonderful extent our life was lived on this magnetic coast, were voiceless to her now. "What selfish beings we are!" she remarked, as I helped her out of the *calessino* at her own steps. "I declare, I have hardly thought of those poor women since we left Citara. Are you shocked at me?"

"No," I replied; "I am not surprised."

"You think I am uneasy about Lucien? I am not. Someway, I never think of anything happening to him. Not that he has great resources or readiness, for he has not; but Providence seems to watch over him. A sort of inspiration guides him, as in his music. Yet"—musingly—"Heaven's gifts come through earthly means, as of old through angels."

"Pyne hasn't far to look for his angel," I said.

Elena stared at me till I was ashamed of the commonplace compliment. Then she threw back her head quickly: "Excuse me: I was thinking."

Just then Lucien came up the stairs in the rock, and his wife sprang to meet him joyfully; but she soon subsided into unusual silence. I detailed our adventures at Citara, while she sat by, hardly

speaking, and looking up to fix on her husband eyes like "wells of melancholy."

Lucien felt some change, and grew moody and irritable, as he usually did when anything puzzled him. I went away, seeing that Elena was trembling before the revelation that had come to her. Would the love of the nerves, the spell that had enthralled her, be as a mountain-pass through high-rearing peaks and trembling shadows to the broad, rich, sunshiny plain of real love? or would it prove a fatal road, which only returned upon itself? Would she find her husband's dire need of her the most winning thing conceivable? She was abstracted whenever I saw her for the next few days.

The Pynes were restless people. After this they moved, and found apartments at Ravello, above Amalfi, and, as it was getting warm at Salerno, I went with them. We explored Amalfi thoroughly. Its interest is entirely mediæval. The Romans knew nothing of this side of the cape. I became much interested in this Athens of the Middle Ages, and in the Norman princes, who, as usual, came to help and remained to rule. "History," says somebody, "if you live where it was created, is a far subtler influence than you think." I proved this with Pyne, who followed me around, strangely attentive to churches, ruins, etc., though vacant of all knowledge concerning them.

"Is this fine?" he asked me one day when we were looking at something in the cathedral at Amalfi.

"No," I answered; "it is not a high work of art. It is quaint."

"Materials very precious?—those purple pieces and dull little bits of blue they call lapis-lazuli? I'm sure that gold is only gilt, and very thin."

"I don't suppose it would fetch much in the market."

"Well, what makes people come and stare at it so?"

"It's the association, historical and other." He looked at me blankly.

"It's very old," I continued, "and one thinks of the scenes that have gone on around it, the changes it has seen, the people that wrought it." And so I went on in a halting way, trying to waft the

impalpable charm of the past near the grasp of his consciousness. I warmed with my subject, but, though he faithfully seconded me, I forced no barrier, I knocked in vain at a closed door.

When we came out on the piazza, I continued my history-lesson. It was a festa-day. The peasants, in their brilliant kerchiefs and shining silver ornaments, gay leggings and jackets, were scattering swift glancing lights and dazzles all about the small raised square. Behind a table a woman was selling medals, crosses, big silver hearts; a stalwart fellow was announcing a Pulcinello-show by the fountain in the centre; spangles, tinsel, festoons of artificials, swung and danced everywhere; the bells jangled loudly; at one corner a procession was passing, white-robed girls singing joyful hymns, boys decked with pink rosettes, church dignitaries in red and blue, all chanting. Before me sprang up vividly a day in the twelfth century, not effacing, dimming, or shrivelling this jewel of the present, but piercing through its glory and sheen like fire from the heart of an opal. So uprose the "tender grace of a day that is dead." Was it dead? No, rather dreaming, nestling on its own foot-worn stones, beside its own carven marbles and its lancet arches, beneath its changeless blue sky and the scintillating outline of its gorges and precipices, among bells and floating music, amid deep-eyed priests with soutanes rusty even then, its barefoot pilgrims in white winding lines up the cathedral-steps and across the pavement within to the Apostle Andrew's tomb,—waiting, waiting ever to blend with to-day, to press up through this present substance a flush and pomp from times when this republic rivalled Venice and led the navies of Europe,—when pilgrims eminent as St. Francis of Assisi flocked to its shrine.

"And what brought all these pilgrims here?" asked Pyne. I had been airing my ideas to him while we leaned against the wide portico, with columns and architrave evidently the spoils of some more ancient building, and hearkened to the Church's undying refrain of praise

yet soulful in the nineteenth century. "What did they come for?"

"I suppose," said I, remembering my companion's extremely practical turn, "they came to get miracles done: they were worked here."

"Do you believe in miracles?" asked Pyne.

"H'm!" I said. "The bones of St. Andrew might be as good as the shadow of St. Peter, and that, you know, we are told in the Bible worked wonders. The mould that gathered in the coffin of St. Andrew was once sold as a cure for disease. I don't know—these things might be; whether they are or not—"

"Let's go back into the church," said Pyne.

We went, and he examined the high altar, now a blaze of light for the festa, and noted attentively the gilded ceiling and mosaic arabesques and carvings. The clear-cut stone foliage that had wreathed the pillars was grievously defaced, its points were all smooth now,—I remember it imitated the sharp-pointed leaves of the Spanish chestnuts on the hill behind the town,—the delicate spirals were distorted, the vigorous twining and cling of the garlands spoke but to an observant eye.

"San Andrea qui?" said Mr. Pyne to the sacristan.

"Surely," was the reply. "San Andrea is here, but his tomb is below in the crypt,—if the signori will have the goodness to descend."

Down-stairs was a colossal bronze statue of the apostle, and the altar—after Fontana—was really fine. Pyne seemed much impressed—for a tourist. He was very grave. "I say," he whispered, "he is really buried here?"

"I see no reason for doubting it," was my reply.

We got on our donkeys and rode up the stair-streets toward Ravello. The road often passes *through* the arcaded houses in a rich, damp, golden gloom. Rich brown faces, turbaned in scarlet, appeared and disappeared at the lattices, looking smilingly at us. We saw all their housekeeping. Knots of smooth, olive-faced urchins ran by our side chattering.

Our little donkeys cantered on, their legs working daintily as if with springs. They went up-stairs most deftly, we sitting in our saddles as if on rocking-chairs. They seemed without the stubbornness incident to their race, and only exhibited a gentle persistence in bringing us where they knew we should enjoy being. At every double in the winding path we came out on a shelf commanding a view of the sea, lit from beneath, it seemed, and of the iridescent headlands with the "wild sea-light" at their feet, and the gorge, thick with aloes and cascades, through which we had mounted. Then would come another turn through the sweet-scented grasses and the cactuses, or across a bridge over the ravine, and another lapse, sweet and slow, into fresh beauty. Pyne had a mysterious pleasure in Nature. No striking things affected him, only subtle harmonies, gentle, noiseless changes, delicate pulses of light, finely-tempered effects of atmosphere, of sky and sea; and the same with the reflected charm of Art. Not by the senses, not by the intellect, did he appropriate them, but through another channel, a vein of perception running along like quicksilver, sinuous, gleaming, and fine. We went on without speaking for some time, I thinking of the great world of the past closed to him, and wondering how it seemed to have everything behind one cut off, to be like the first man. He burst out abruptly, as we passed a monastery, "I wish I could get a miracle done!"

"Do you think the priests do them?"

"Don't they?"

"No; and you don't think so."

"No; but isn't there something with some influence?"

"They talk about the power of prayer. But I believe you must have faith."

"Faith that your prayer will be answered?"

"No, not that it will be, but that it may be,—that that is possible."

"Those old people down there you talked about had faith, then?"

"I suppose they had."

"And did they always get answered?"

"I am afraid not."

I turned and looked at Pyne. Be-

wildered and bitter, he was glancing from point to point of the prospect, the tender-curving beach, the mountain-side terraced from top to bottom with golden beauty of lemon and flash of pomegranate, the translucent sea running in to kiss the feet of the amber-misted capes, while along the horizon went a procession of glory-smitten clouds. "I declare to you," he said, grinding his teeth, "sometimes I feel so angry at all this! It won't speak for me!—it won't teach me to speak! How long has that rock stood there?"

I followed his thought. "When that crumbling tower in its shadow was new and solid and bright, and long before; it stands yet the same. But, Pyne, in the midst of this lavish display of beauty why take an unsympathizing rock for an emblem? or, if you must, why disregard the very first thing on it that meets the eye, the lichen and mosses? Surely they are gentle and refreshing and helpful."

"Oh, my God!" interrupted Lucien, "it is decay and disaster and defeat that they flourish upon. Look! it is in that yawning crack they gather thickest, that ugly scar they cover up. See where that great bit has fallen off on the other side; there are the fragments down among the prickly-pears in the gully, and the mosses are trying to smooth the edges, to put a smiling face on it, the hypocrites! They can't do it!—ruin,—defeat! And the God that made all this, that made me! I tell you, Stanton, I want—I want—I can but try, did you say? Come on! what are we loitering here for? My wife will be impatient," he added bitterly.

Opposite Ravello—that is, on the opposite bank of the Dragon's Gorge—stands a little chapel most fortunately placed. It "composes" singularly well in a picture, and also in a metaphysical way, for hither the billows of beauty and charm roll up from all sides and beat softly at the door to higher development, ampler speech, purer effulgence, a complement of all previous joy, and a vestibule to the Shekinah beyond. The interior, with its bars of dust where the sunbeams enter the ever-open door and float up to the altar just as do dusty

every-day needs, brings up no contrast, as in some chapels. All within blends with all outside in a sweet continuity,—no check or chill to the most jubilant mood. It is just a welcoming and ripening and transfiguring of the hour, more or less complete according to one's docility. Such is the character of everything on this Riviera, one is apt to think. Between us and the glory beyond there seems no step, only a lapse; and toward it the rainbow-footed workers by this sea are leaders, close-copying, glad, and swift, as they delve and build and adorn with rich and delicate truth and softness of caressing touch. Far along the chapel-path one sees the little red lamp ever burning. Every afternoon, and at many other hours, a girl's tall slender shadow intercepts the rays of benison, and if she gathers some of them into herself it is but fitting, all the country-side would say. It is Bianca Fransioli from Atrani. She is a devotee, an example of that simple, serious living in the supernatural one sees only in Catholic countries. We should be thankful that the evidence of its possibility is preserved to us there. "Nostra Signora protect her!" her brother says; "she is better acquainted with the saints and angels than she is with us."

One afternoon when I came up, Bianca, to my surprise, was not at the sanctuary, but on the rocky knoll outside, talking to Lucien Pyne. He seemed to be asking counsel, and she giving it, simply, but with her eyes, which were truly "homes of silent prayer," fixed wonderingly on him. So much I gathered as I passed. An hour afterward I was seated with Mrs. Pyne on the cool loggia of her palazzo, and, using a very good field-glass, I saw the same figures distinctly. Thinking that perchance a little spark of jealousy would be Pyne's best ally, I handed the glass to Elena, remarking on the gracefulness of the girl and speaking of her companion as of a mountain-youth. "It is Mr. Pyne," said Elena quietly.

The girl's figure, tall and swaying like a calla lily, was well relieved against the skyey distance, soft yet distinct, that clearness without sharpness to be seen

only in Italy; behind her, as she stood looking toward the sea of molten silver, was the yellow pile of ruin of the Camaldolese monastery and one of the slender towers they stretch the nets from to catch birds in spring; farther off, a line of jagged pink precipices. About her was a perfect tourbillon of tints, shinings from citron-arbors, glows from pomegranates, beams from jasper mountains.

"Bianca's advantages are great," pursued Mrs. Pyne, after a steady survey through the glass. "To have had always this mother-of-pearl dissolved in one's daily *vino rosso*!"

I couldn't decide what this cool talk meant.

One day I met the parocco of Citara coming carefully down a rock-cut stair near his house. Since the rueful day among the fishermen he had always saluted us kindly.

"Your friend il signor Pyne puzzles me, signore," he said, as I turned to walk with him. "Also, he is very persistent. He tells me that he wants to get a miracle done, in answer to a request he keeps secret. It requires a miracle, he says. Truly his faith is edifying—yes!"

I could not help laughing as I answered, "Padre mio, I am afraid I am in some sort responsible for this. I told Signor Pyne the other day about the miracles at the tomb of San Andrea in the old times, and he asked me then if he could not get one done."

"Yes," said the parocco, rubbing his chin: "he seemed to think that I had some way to manage it. He talked with a little strangeness, I thought. I could but tell him to pray for it. What do I know? All things are possible with God. Our Lord may see fit to honor His apostle once more. Would the signor have the condescension to enter my poor house?"

I went in, and sat down in the little *salotta*. The familiar look of the room brought a pleasure, for it was exactly the same as one sees in priests' houses all over the world. There were colored prints on the walls,—the Seven Sacraments this time,—a crucifix, a holy-water stoup, a wax Bambino, rough chairs, and a table.

The sacristy of the church adjoined it, and through the half-open door I could see the flapping robes hung against the wall, the best altar-ornaments on top of the old cracked press, and the well-worn *prie-dieu*. The door on the other side of that room opened into the church, and afforded a vista of a row of tapers burning before the Madonna, each in its little red glass.

"*Ebbene*," said the parocco, seating himself and stretching out his well-stockinged leg, "I could only tell him to go and pray there," pointing through the open doors. "He dropped some strange words about not knowing how."

"Your pardon, riverenza," said I: "it may well be that he does not know how to pray at such an altar."

"Do I understand you, signor? Is he not, then, a son of the Church?"

"No; he is nominally a Protestant. He was brought up so."

"*Dio mio! Dio mio!* and he comes to me. This may be God's way of bringing him into His fold. I must not discourage him."

By this time arrived the bottle of *Lagrime Christi* the curato had told his *donna di facenda* to bring, and we adjourned to the pergola on the rock. When I rose to go, he laid his heavy hand on my shoulder: "Pray, figlio mio! There is a soul to be saved,—a life! You prayed, we all prayed, for those fishermen when they were toppling on the waves there. Then lives were in peril; it is now a life."

"I believe you, my father."

"Do you know what this thing is for which he requires a miracle?"

"I cannot say that I know, and it would not be right for me to tell you what I suspect."

"Bene, figlio mio, bene! All the same we can pray. I will say mass every morning this week for him. Truly his faith is wonderful, though very ignorant."

During the next few weeks Pyne followed Bianca Fransioli around like her shadow, though always at a distance. When she knelt at the sanctuary on the cliff in the afternoon he generally knelt at the door, motionless, brooding. At

early mass, at which she invariably assisted, he was always present, kneeling in a corner. Sometimes Bianca would cross over to him and seem to be teaching him. Whenever he met the Blessed Sacrament being carried to the dying (there was much sickness in the valleys that season) he would kneel down in the dust and bow his bare head as reverently as any Catholic, and then follow it with a beseeching gaze.

"Courage! courage, my friend!" the parocco would say with sparkling eye when he witnessed these manifestations. "We shall win yet. He does it all under a cloud. But God is teaching him. A miracle?—yes!"

"How can you talk to that girl so fluently?" I asked Pyne one day. "I didn't know you understood their horrid *patois*."

"I taught it to myself, for a purpose," he said, looking askance at me. "You remember that day we were down at the festa in Amalfi?"

"Yes."

"I have learned it since then; seven weeks, isn't it?"

"The devil must have helped you, then," I said, "for it is the meanest kind of Italian,—thick and puzzling."

"Do you think it was the devil?" he growled.

"You needn't be so cross about it; maybe it was only one of his imps."

"Does that look like one of his imps?" pointing to the perfect figure of Bianca mounting the steep path.

"No; she is more like an angel of light," I said.

Poor Lucien turned his mournful, agitated face full upon me: "Yes; she knows about all good things. You'd take her for a guide, wouldn't you?"

"That would I, Pyne. But see here. Heaven has given you—"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted he, rapidly. "My wife—I know all you can tell me. Let me alone, for God's sake! You never were, never could be, in my case. You know nothing about it."

One afternoon Bianca Fransioli glided out of the mountain-chapel and said

gayly to Lucien, "Signor, I know now what you must do. You must offer something that costs you some trouble, some self-denial, some suffering, perhaps. You have said the prayers I told you? you have made the Visits?"

"I have. I do."

"And I have said them too. But you must make an offering to San Andrea,—candles, flowers, money, if you will, but something more,—a sacrifice that costs you something. It is to honor the saint; and besides, signor, there may be some great sin not yet expiated. If this were done, Our Lord might grant you what you want."

"What could I do?" asked Lucien.

"It is not for me to tell a signor like you. But this is what you must make,—an offering that costs you something. And listen, signor: you must not any more follow around a poor girl like me. It is not fitting. Soon the neighbors will talk. We hill-girls must not have a whisper against us. My brother Luigi, he would kill me sooner than such a thing should come. Do you hear me, signor? you would not injure me, would you?"

"You are right," said Pyne; "you are right. I will do it no more."

"And I will say the prayers for you all the same, every day," returned Bianca.

As Lucien turned down the path on one side of the cliff, up through the bushes on the other burst a woman with a thick veil over her face. She caught Bianca's hand in both hers, a hard, tight grasp. There were a few rapid, panting, imploring words, and then the young Italian drew her hand proudly away: "And does a lady come to a poor *fanciulla* like me on such an errand? Do you think I would listen to words of love from your husband? Signora, I am a *poverina*, but I am not to be insulted. You have no right! Men are weak, you say, and God has given me a beautiful face. What of all that? Of such things we never spoke. Signor Pyne saw me praying, praying often, and he thought I could teach him something, that I had some power, some knowledge. I have told him what seemed to me true. Signora, do his countrywomen, do your

countrywomen, never pray? Do their own hearts never send them to the altar to pray for their fathers, their brothers, or some one dearer, as we do? Couldn't —couldn't a woman of his own land," and the Madonna-faced girl looked delicately away, "tell him how? Is it that they can *do* so much more for those they love? We *poverine* can do nothing but pray. The signor wants something,—I know not what; without it his heart is stifled, it cannot beat, he is shut up in prison. Signora, he never insulted me, as you have done."

"With all my heart I beg your pardon!" ejaculated Elena.

"All the same," continued Bianca, "I have this afternoon told the signor that he must seek me no more."

"Forgive me! forgive me!" said Elena, sinking slowly down till she knelt on the rock, with her arms crossed on her breast, overwhelmed by her pettiness and vulgarity in contrast with this simple mountain-girl whom the angels fed and guarded. Bianca waved her hand pityingly and walked away with the air of a queen.

Pyne now began to make frequent trips to Naples. His absences were long, lasting two or three days. He always came back much fatigued. When at home he passed hours kneeling in the cathedral. Mrs. Pyne regarded his devotional tendencies with quiet attention. Before her interview with Bianca Fransioli I had sometimes caught a look of contempt on her face, but now, never. There was certainly an air of lofty superiority, much as a bird may feel looking from its clear elastic medium on the earth-bound. She never exchanged words with him about it; this I knew. A curious reserve had grown up between them. Pyne was gloomy, often forbidding. He rarely played any more. The fable of one winning a soul through suffering came into my mind. Sometimes I doubted, as I watched, whether Elena did not already love him as much as she could love any one. Woe for him if this were so!

One night she crept up to him in the loggia where he was, not resting, but sit-

ting in the tense way habitual with him now, sat down at his feet, and, clasping his knee, looked up in his eyes with most pleading, wistful tenderness. He turned, and, taking her face between his hands, gazed down into it by the light of the full moon. Of late a fixed, resolved look had replaced his former half-bewildered, indigent expression. This relaxed a little as he gazed long and unwaveringly, as if trying to warp his soul into such relation with hers that all there should be illuminated for him. Apparently he could not succeed, for he turned away with a sigh, and poor Elena snatched his hand and pressed it to her cheek and lips.

"I am so homesick," the poor girl confided to me the next day. "I want to go home. I want to see them all. I have no friends here. We are alone, Lucien and I."

"Perhaps," I said, "America would be the best atmosphere for you two."

"We thought not," she answered quickly, and then stopped and colored. "Do you think I am morbid?" she continued.

"I did not say so."

"Do you think Lucien is?"

"No, by heaven!" I exclaimed. "His instinct has pointed him to the highest truth."

Mrs. Pyne turned and looked at me seriously. "Do you mean those prayers he says, those churches he frequents?"

"I do not."

"I wish I could see them all at home!" she added, after a pause, reverting to her first sigh.

"Mrs. Pyne, take my advice: don't go yet. Don't—don't turn to any other interests just now."

She looked at me fixedly.

"Things work themselves clear sometimes, only we mustn't put anything in their way."

Elena turned pale as death. She clasped both her hands together and said in a low voice, "They never will, I am afraid, without a miracle."

I started.

Soon afterward Pyne suddenly announced that he had made arrangements to move in to Naples for the winter.

Elena said not a word. She seemed indifferent to place and circumstance. She watched her husband incessantly. He was evidently getting her soul into as much of a fog as his own. Yet she was not the one to harbor hazy feelings, this keen, alert, positive New-England nature.

One afternoon we heard the soft thud of a donkey's hoofs on the path. "Eh!" screamed Pasqua, Mrs. Pyne's maid. "Behold the parocco of Citara! Surely he is come to say an addio to the signora, the beautiful little angel! [he was six feet high.] Ah, but a blessing from him is worth much, he is that holy!"

He held Elena's hand long, searching her face. The clear brown eyes met his steadily, but apparently he found not what he sought. He dropped her hand, murmuring, "It is a pity! it is a pity!"

I walked with him to the church where Mr. Pyne was practising. We stood still, unnoticed by him, and the deep tones of the priest rolled in on my brain, borne on the flood of the mighty diapason of the organ, and accentuated by each crisp quiver of meaning. Singularly they thrilled through me as we stood in the damp still nave, the grim stone lions at our feet, in the organ-loft a sad wanderer from over the sea pouring forth an infinite asking. The priest bent his lips close to my ear, his thin, powerful fingers grasped my shoulder, his voice dropped to the lowest whisper at every pause of the music. I thought with his mind, I looked with his eyes on the wide sea of life and eternity. Paltry and passing showed the interests of my world. "My son, I ask you not to lose sight of him. There is a life at stake: I told you so before."

"What can I do, my father?"

"Something may be given you. You at least have the faith. Go with him to Naples. I have prayed, I have struggled. It cannot be all in vain. I tell you, souls like his must have a religion. A film is over his. He escapes from it only in the world of music—listen! But, bah! one cannot live in music. Say he does not get this miracle he talks about."

"You may say so, my father," I returned.

"Ah, you unbeliever!" and he shook his head with a smile, "In that case he will abjure *tutto—tutto*," spreading out his ten long fingers. "He will blaspheme: is it not so?"

"Very likely, my father."

"And for always,—die so, perhaps?"

"Very likely."

"Then, my son, behold what is before you: a destiny to be redeemed. *Dio mio!* his battle will then be with the evil spirits. Who can tell what a helping hand might do!" and the olive face worked eagerly. "He has prayed long and much, and so the demons will be the angrier and hold the tighter when comes the hour of his disappointment. Listen to that!" as there burst forth long swelling chords, laying sure, hot hands on harmony's inner soul. "Now he soars on those wings; with faith, I believe he could mount where you and I can but dimly see. Promise me not to leave him."

I promised; yet I laughed at myself as I took my way to a gay dinner-table at Palazzo Ruffo that night, thinking of the rôle thrust upon me.

However, I went to Naples. We all found lodgings in Santa Lucia, where violet, dreamy Capri rose directly opposite our windows. But no peace was here, I found. Mrs. Pyne disappointed me. The cry came up very often, "I want to see them all at home!" I thought it weak. I do not think so now.

Pyne was away from home more than half the time.

"Do you know where he goes?" she asked me.

"No," I answered; "I can't dog his footsteps."

There was a tacit sense of some approaching crisis. Lucien was pale, absorbed, more like other people in demeanor, but he was receding farther and farther from us every day. And the strangest thing of all was that he was entirely above us now. With a swift, noiseless rising he had passed us. We both felt it. Did he owe it to the reflection of his purpose and employment, whatever that was? Into his sphere he could not admit us even if he would. Here, too, the clasp was wanting.

Months went by. Lucien grew thin and worn. He often came home in the morning after evidently sleepless nights. He was bowed down as with some burden too heavy for him.

One day I passed on the Toledo a half-dozen of those shrouded brethren who carry the sick to the hospitals, and through two holes in a brown-linen mask beheld two eyes I knew. It is next to impossible to recognize the eyes of your most intimate friend, seeing only them, but about these I was sure. I faced round and watched the coarse gowns, the bare feet, the heavy tread, the dreary, close-covered burden. This, then, was Pyne's employment,—nursing the sick in the hospitals: hard, depressing, often repulsive. This had withdrawn him all summer from the violet verge of paradise, this had stolen his color and sapped his strength. This was his offering of suffering to propitiate heaven to give him what he wanted, to gain the miracle. By heaven! it appeared to me sublime. A young man, rich, handsome, a general favorite, in the gayest city on the continent, with one talent to make him universally sought after, to win him public laurels whenever he would,—ignoring all, and offering his life and strength, in simplest faith, to gain his wife's love. Superstitious? absurd? I say it was sublime.

One day Pyne staggered home, stricken with fever. Elena and I nursed him, alone. And then arrived two of the first physicians in the city to proffer their attendance, in recognition of the heroic and unshrinking labors of Signor Pyne in the hospitals for many months. They evidently regarded it as a case of exalted devotion and enthusiasm, and were rather puzzled about some chance developments they noticed.

Pyne soon ceased to recognize any one. From his rambling talk Elena learned the secret of many months. I knew the night it was divulged. From that hour she hung over his wasted, withering frame with the most yearning tenderness; she kissed his worn, roughened hands; she lavished her strength on the most menial offices. If the self-abnegation of the wife

of Admetus had been possible, she would have been capable of it.

One night (it was a hot night in June) the palazzo lay breathless in the moonlight. The doors and windows were open, the great portone stood wide, and the cool sea-wind swept up the marble stairs, clear up to the third piano, where lay the sick man. Outside, the intense, sharp cries of the Marina had sunk away. The last cadence of the *stornelli* had ceased, the torches of the melon-sellers had flared out. Huge shadows, like black reclining towers, kept ward over the wide, bending street. For one hour before the dawn the noisiest city in Europe was still.

"Doctor," whispered Elena, "will he never know me,—never speak to me again?"

"Signora," said the pitying Italian, "when he wakes from this sleep, if he knows you it will be for an hour, perhaps, and then you must give him up. If he does not know you, he will live, but it will be in a land that is not ours, where we cannot come. Do you understand me, signora?"

"He will be insane!" groaned Elena.

I went down into the street for a little fresh air. As I passed the portico of the church of San Francesco I saw a tall, black-robed figure lying on its face with outstretched arms before the principal door. It rose and confronted me. It was Padre Giacomo.

"I passed the palazzo at midnight," he said. "I looked up at the lattice. I saw a dim light. All was quiet. I came here to pray for him till morning. Come, my son, the hour is at hand. Perhaps God will give me this soul."

He strode up the street, and I followed him to the palazzo as the first rays struggled up in the east. We found Pyne raised in bed, held up in his wife's arms. The countenances of both had been touched with a transfiguring, radiant finger.

He met Padre Giacomo calmly. The latter sat down and talked with him quietly for a few moments, and then withdrew across the room, not to interrupt the precious moments of Lucien's communion with his wife. They made

giant strides, gained vast territories of mind and feeling, in every breath.

At length Lucien turned to the priest: "Father, I made my offering, and God has taken more. He has taken my life. I am dying."

Padre Giacomo went swiftly to the bedside: "Dying, my son? What is death?"

Lucien continued, a wave of anguish foaming up over his face: "I wanted to get a miracle done, and one told me how; and I have got it done—and when? Is this mercy? Is this justice?"

"My son! my son! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Lucien gathered all his strength and raised himself erect, tossed his white wasted hands aloft, and cried, "He has mocked me, His creature!"

Padre Giacomo hastily made the sign of the cross over him.

Again came the bitter cry from the blue lips: "He has given it to me when I can no longer enjoy it. He puts it in my hand and then snatches it from me."

The priest turned us all out of the room. As we went I saw him kneel down by the bedside, his hand clasping the crucifix at his breast. I don't know what he said, what petitions he sent up, what offerings he made. I know he considered it an hour of battle. Thank God, it was an hour of victory; for when he came with wan, exhausted face to call us in again, Lucien lay sad but patient, murmuring, "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

Elena sprang to her place by the pillow. We all sat down to watch my poor friend's gradual, slow sinking away from us, from life, from love. He had been baptized and had received the last sacraments. A half-hour passed, and the stillness was broken by a loud noise. It was the sudden falling forward on the floor of the priest's tall, gaunt frame. "Do not mind it," he said, as I raised him. "I have tasted nothing for forty-eight hours. If I had a bit of bread, perhaps. Wine? no; that is pleasure. I will not take it."

The long, hot day wore on, and another. At sunset on the third we knew that Lucien would live. As one risen

from the dead, over whom had passed that mystic, transforming wand, we received him. Not with tumultuous joy. We were awed. Did we also believe in a miracle? God knows.

Lucien was the most humble and grateful of all, though exulting in his new-fledged powers of intellect and emotion. With no timid foot he stepped into the joyous rush. When he got better it was evident that Elena needed a change. The shock had been very great to her, and they went to Ischia for the summer.

I believe it was not till after many months of feebleness and alternation that Lucien understood that Our Lord would indeed exact a deeper sacrifice than he had expected,—that this bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh was to be for him not only a medium but an offering. Truly he was to learn and mount by means of his wife's love, but he was to yield that love to plead in a higher sphere, perhaps to burn down thence to him, piercing the walls of sense. Nay, not only out of her love was he to get his expansion, but out of her life itself! Could she, a woman, assist at a sacrifice without a sword piercing through her own soul?

When he knew this, he dashed into a boat and rowed over to Sorrento and walked across the Piccolo Sant' Angelo, a frightened spectre, to Padre Giacomo. He spent the night with him, and brought him back the next day to Ischia, where the father stayed three days with him. None knew what passed in those hours when the grave priest, whose hold on the only Hand that guides through mystery was so close and strong, went down into the depths with the son of his faith.

I saw Elena Pyne once more. She lived till the spring. What she was allowed to do for Lucien in that time was almost unlimited. She had indeed come to rejoice in being fine and delicate in impulse, subtle of sympathy, harmonious in development, lavish and responsive in temperament,—all for *him*.

I was in Vienna when I heard of her death. Pyne never wrote to me, and, though I wrote repeatedly to his bankers, I could find no trace of him.

The next winter I happened to be in a little town on the coast of Calabria, —Tropea, I think, was its name,—and strolled at twilight into a church attached to a Carthusian monastery. I was tired, and sat down on a bench just within the door. Soon there floated above my head, as if from a great distance, the low tones of the organ. They floated on, fuller and deeper. They enveloped me as if a garment had been thrown over my head and fallen down all around me in straight, close folds. Pathos, yearning, hope, a quaver of agony with a thread of submission running through it, a beating of wings against bars,—what did not that organ breathe! I was spell-bound, motionless. My limbs would no more have supported me to rise and seek that white-robed player than if they had been paralyzed. Yet I knew, undoubtingly, who it was, and I so longed to look into my friend's face! The strains welled on, low and broken, a chord struck here and there. The echoes caught them up and tossed them among the arches, and to join them came through the open door the solemn beat of the waves against the limestone cliffs,—almost the only sound heard at that hour in the little malaria-bitten place.

The unseen musician kept on, letting his soul speak, till a bell struck in the convent, when he rose and closed the instrument. I heard a door open,—saw a gleam of light through the oaken screen; the door shut with a spring.

I went round to the door of the monastery, and, asking for the Superior, made some inquiries. He told me with a fine smile that even if he could give me information it would be of no avail, for no communication with the outside world was permitted. Something I gathered of the severity of the rule and the high reputation of the house for sanctity.

As I stumbled down the lava-paved street I turned once and looked up at the grated windows, where Aspiration is being peeled of every integument, cleared of every blur, compressed and subtilized, that, drying up all mourning before it, it may crown itself where mortal love is glorified into eternal.

A. GRAY.

OYSTER-CULTURE.



DREDGING IN AMERICAN WATERS.

THE close of a season in which the supply of oysters has been unusually large, the quality uncommonly fine, and the price comparatively low, would seem a time ill chosen to urge upon the attention of the national Congress and the legislatures as well as the people generally of the Atlantic and Gulf coast States the consideration of the subject of oyster-culture. Most persons might be disposed to dismiss the question by saying that there is no such thing as oyster-culture in America; and they would be right, for the system of transplanting from distant natural beds of one section to fattening-beds conveniently adjacent to large markets does not deserve to be considered as farming in any legitimate sense. Nevertheless, the subject is one to which attention has been called at various times by men of far-seeing minds who are engaged in the oyster-trade or interested in the general subject of pisciculture; and it is one which must eventually force itself upon

the consideration of this people, as it has already done upon that of the authorities of older countries. It would therefore seem to be a subject worth discussing and acting on in season, since it is calculated that within a generation from this date the natural oyster-beds of America will have been exhausted. This broad assertion will not surprise those who can remember that thirty years ago the Southern oyster was unknown in Northern markets, and who know that now we have no other. Since about 1860 every natural bed of the North has been practically exhausted, and serves now merely as a fattening-bed for the Southern transplanted oyster; while the area of the Virginia waters—estimated by Governor Wise in that year at one million six hundred and eighty thousand acres, containing about seven hundred and eighty-four million bushels—has been greatly reduced, an estimate by the officers of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Exchange of Norfolk putting it at only

six hundred and forty thousand acres, with a deposit worth about ten million dollars. Governor Kemper in 1870 estimated the value of the oyster-fisheries of Virginia at twenty million dollars annually,—evidently an overestimate. The most trustworthy reports at hand are those of the oyster commission created by Virginia and Maryland in 1868: their figures show that in the Maryland half of the Chesapeake eleven million five hundred thousand bushels were gathered, worth, at twenty-five cents per bushel, two million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and in the Virginia half ten million bushels, or two million five hundred thousand dollars,—a total of twenty-one million five hundred thousand bushels, or a business of five million three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Twenty-five cents does not represent an average price: at the close of the season they sold for fifty and fifty-five cents per bushel. This was exclusive of the amount taken by the twenty thousand inhabitants of the islands and shores of the bay, and by the numerous piratical "pongy-" (or pun-gie-) boats, which dredged and tonged without license and in defiance of the police-boats maintained by both States



DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

at once to drive off unlicensed fishermen from a distance and to prevent trespassing by the fishermen of either State on the grounds of the other. Twenty-five millions of bushels will probably

fairly represent the number taken in 1868, and ten million dollars their value at the beds.

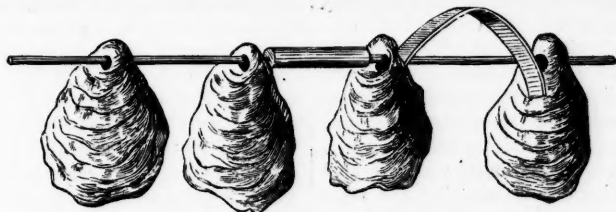
It has heretofore been difficult to awaken interest in this subject because of this apparently inexhaustible supply of the bivalve found in these and other natural beds of the Atlantic coast; for the bays of North Carolina and South Carolina as well as of the Gulf States are full of them. But there are numerous indications of the rapid depletion going on, and the reasons for anticipating early exhaustion are as plenty as blackberries. We may find an unerring indication in the advance in prices. In 1861 they were to be had at the Virginia beds for fifteen and twenty cents per bushel of two hundred to two hundred and fifty oysters; in 1868 they advanced to double that rate; and now they frequently fetch as high as seventy-five cents, when, of course, over-dredging brings down the price again to about fifty-five and sixty cents per bushel. In 1861 they sold at the wharves in New York at one dollar per bushel wholesale, and retailed in the restaurants at twenty cents per dozen, or three dollars and fifty cents per bushel; whereas now we pay one dollar and fifty cents at the wharves, and forty cents a dozen, or seven dollars a bushel, in the restaurants. Official statistics of the general trade are very difficult to obtain, but there are data to justify the statement that in 1859 the trade of the country was about 20,000,000 bushels, or 4,000,000,000 oysters, worth, at twenty-five cents, \$5,000,000 at the beds, or, at one dollar a bushel, \$20,000,000 at the wharves; while in 1873, with the same catch of 20,000,000 bushels, the income, by increase of price, had advanced to \$29,250,000. In 1876 the catch was much smaller, but prices had sustained the aggregate of the trade of the country at \$25,000,000.

It is almost impossible to obtain trustworthy statistics of the trade of the principal cities or of the various bays in their vicinity which serve as fattening-beds, for no State or city government has collected the necessary data. I have been able to collect some curious facts, but

they are indicative only. New York undoubtedly does the largest business of any city in the country. Its oyster-houses, or restaurants, are several hundred in number, there are two wholesale markets devoted exclusively to the trade,

and large shipments of oysters in the shell are made to the West and to the interior of the State.

There are some two thousand five hundred oyster-boats, manned by eight thousand half fishermen, half sailors, en-



OYSTERS SUSPENDED IN WATER.

gaged in the New York trade. About \$3,000,000 is invested as capital in the business. The whole city trade is probably \$13,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is with the West. The annual consumption of the city is about 800,000,000 oysters, or 4,000,000 bushels, a year, averaging between the wholesale and retail rates about two dollars and fifty cents per bushel as the consumers' expenditure,—say \$10,000,000. About twenty thousand persons are employed in the trade, besides those who bring the oysters to market. The fattening-beds are all within a radius of fifty miles of the city, but nine-tenths of the oysters used come from Virginia and Maryland waters. Of these fattening-beds, Newark Bay conducted a business in 1874 of about 3,000,000 bushels,—among other incidents, sending seven thousand bushels to stock a private farm in France. Patchogue, Long Island, on the great south bay, has a trade of \$50,000 with New York City. Islip, on the same bay, has two thousand acres planted, worth about \$250,000. The traffic of Fair Haven, Connecticut, amounts to a very large sum annually.

The most trustworthy statistics of Boston indicate a consumption and trade there of about 1,000,000 bushels, representing \$2,500,000; fifty vessels, averaging one hundred and forty tons, carrying about three thousand bushels each, and manned by eight hundred and forty men, constitute its oyster-fleet.

Philadelphia's trade is about 800,000 bushels per year. The trade of Baltimore is somewhat peculiar. All the others conduct business on about the same plan as that of New York; Baltimore's trade, on the contrary, is in canned oysters. This business is its largest single interest at this time. It sprang up about 1840 to 1845. At that time the only packing-house was that of Bodman, a Frenchman. Now there are fifty-five houses, of which the largest use from five thousand to seven thousand bushels per day, or about 5,000,000 per season. The trade amounts to probably \$6,000,000 at this time. Four hundred vessels, manned by eighteen hundred persons, bring oysters to Baltimore: they average six hundred bushels to the load, and make two trips a month. Five thousand persons are employed in the packing-houses, of whom one thousand are women. The "shucking" of oysters is almost an art in itself, and an expert hand will open fifteen to seventeen in a minute, which is faster than they can be eaten. Many large packing-houses are located on the islands in the bay, almost over the natural beds from which they draw supplies. There are three at Crisfield, Maryland, each very extensive, and each built on piles above two fathoms of water, which has been displaced by empty shells. Most of the Crisfield oysters go to Philadelphia and New York, and can hardly be said to be a part of the Baltimore trade.

Oyster-packing is the exclusive business of the population—eight hundred—of Solomon's Island, at the mouth of Patuxent River. In 1869, according to Governor Kemper, of Virginia, 5502 vessels, with a capacity of 18,876 tons, were engaged in dredging in the waters of Virginia alone.

Other indications of depletion are found in the recent passage of State laws prohibiting fishing with such instruments of death and destruction as the dredge, and limiting the fishermen to the use of the "tongs" and "forks." The catching of oysters solely for making lime of the shells and a fertilizer of the fish—which barbarity and improvidence was lately common—has also been prohibited under severe penalty. Still another indication—probably the most curious and significant of all—is found in the frequent conflicts of States, towns, and individuals for the possession of disputed beds. These conflicts take various shapes, are annually renewed in some quarters, are prevalent in several localities, and have come to be generally spoken of as the "oyster war,"—much as we speak of the "Indian war," no matter what tribe we may happen to be robbing and murdering at the moment. The oystermen have to protect their beds not only from prowlers, but from each other. The once-sacred landmark of the bushy-topped pole, which fixed the boundaries of adjacent beds, is disregarded if opportunity offers. The fishing-smacks go armed with more deadly weapons than "tongs" and "forks," and rival claimants indulge occasionally in the still more dangerous contests of the courts.

The causes of the depletion thus indicated as going on are innumerable. The oyster has numerous marine enemies,—as will be noticed farther on,—all of which are destructive to it in its natural and unprotected state. The beds of the far South, especially those of the Gulf coast, are often destroyed by crevasses. Along the South Atlantic coast the natural beds are often so thick—the young attaching themselves to the parents—that only a thin upper layer or crust of oysters sur-

vive, those at the bottom being smothered or lost in the mud and sand. It frequently happens that in the higher latitudes of the North entire plantations are destroyed by simultaneous low tides and cold weather, the oysters being laid bare and frozen. Shifting sands along the Long Island bay shores frequently settle down on large oyster-plantations and destroy them absolutely: a recent occurrence of this sort at Rockaway did damage to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars in a single night. Errors in packing for transportation, delays on the trips, carelessness in planting, and bad systems of dredging, are other but minor causes of the depletion.

The railways have in the last twenty years multiplied the demand for oysters many times over: it is impossible to say how many times. The over-dredging which exhausted the French and English beds in such a short time began when the railways opened new fields to the oyster-dealers. It is just so in this country. It was once advanced by an Eastern gentleman as an argument in a discussion with the late Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati, that the West could never be a great section of the country because it produced no oysters; but since that time the railways have taken the oyster-beds to the West. Their extension has opened a market for fresh oysters in all the large cities, even as far as San Francisco, and the trade in canned oysters has penetrated to the remotest interior villages. We are exporting oysters in the shell to Europe and re-stocking English and French oyster-farms with seed superior to their own natives. Official tables of the Bureau of Statistics give the following figures of this trade with Europe:

Year.	Barrels.	Value.
1876 .	42,839	\$214,196
1877 .	52,124	250,620
1878 .	78,612	393,061
1879 .	90,663	453,306

Totals, 264,238 \$1,321,183

But the primary cause of the threatened destruction of this industry is the failure to cultivate the oyster. The natu-

ral beds of the South are now called upon to supply the whole nation, yet no attempt is made at cultivation there; nor have any efforts been made to restore our Northern beds. Yet complete exhaustion of the Southern beds can be prevented, and the superior breed of the American oyster preserved, by its cultivation under scientific regulations and the protection of well-enforced laws. The conditions which now threaten this industry in this country are precisely the same which fifty years ago destroyed the beds of Europe; and in the end we shall have to resort to the identical means which were employed eighteen hundred years ago to restore the beds of Italy, and which are now being employed to re-stock the waters of France and England. We have, however, the advantage of their discoveries and inventions and experience to guide us, and we shall be wise if we study and profit by them before the breed of our native oysters is weakened as those of the old country have been.

Before narrating what these experiences have been, it will be necessary to touch very briefly upon the natural history of the oyster, as established by the latest authorities. It is still a disputed question whether or not the oyster is an hermaphrodite. M. Jean Jacques Coste, of the French Academy, and professor of embryology in the College of France,—the man who, as the Government commissioner for many years, has restored the depleted fisheries of France,—is now generally credited with having established the dual sex of the oyster; and Professors Karl Möbius and Hensen, of Schleswig-Holstein, have sustained him in this view.

However this may be, it is agreed that, whether the ova and spermatozoa are ejected by the same animal or by different ones, impregnation ensues after leaving the shell by contact of

the floating "spat," as it is commonly called, on the surface of the water. Both emissions are light and rise to the surface, to be carried away by winds or tides. After impregnation ensues, the ovum gains a greater specific gravity, and gradually sinks until it is either destroyed by natural enemies, attaches itself to some fixed object in mid-depth, or reaches the bottom. If the bottom is muddy and overgrown with sea-weeds (other than sea-moss, which is at once protection and food for the young oyster), the egg dies: the young bivalve must have a clean bed to lie in or a clean object to cling to. If the spat falls upon its parent bed in large quantities and attaches itself to the mother-shell, the "squatter," as the young is called, eventually destroys the parent growth by smothering it. Many Virginia beds in very calm waters are thus injured, only the upper layer of oysters being available for seed, the others never attaining an age when suitable for food. In transplanting, thousands of oysters are killed from this cause alone. The spat of many beds near the ocean and



MOTHER-OYSTER DESTROYED BY YOUNG.

subject to strong tides and exposed to strong winds is lost by being carried or driven out to sea. When the egg has attached itself to some object, it never leaves it until torn from it. It is there-

fore a vital principle in the culture of oysters that the spat should be early caught and provided with a clean resting-place. Beds of a depth of from seven to thirty feet, near the mouths of fresh-water streams emptying by sluggish currents into salt-water bays, are the most favorable to the growth of oysters. Marl bottoms are the best.

A medium-sized oyster, the year after its birth, will produce a million young. There are, however, many different estimates upon this point. I quote Coste and the German authorities previously named where they agree, but it must be remembered that they speak of the small European oyster. The liquor in which the oyster lies in its shell will show, under the microscope, countless eggs, each of which, under favorable circumstances, ought to produce an oyster. But of the million eggs ejected not one-tenth are ever impregnated naturally, and of those impregnated only an infinitesimal fraction ever attain edible maturity at three years of age. Some authorities place the number as low as twelve to the oyster. The spawning season is in June and July. It is not customary, with us, to eat them either in these months or in May and August,—the “*r-less*” months,*

* Regarding the eating of oysters in the summer months there are some curious legends. The English proverb, “In the *r’d* months you may oysters eat,” had its origin in a Latin rhyme of the Middle Ages:

*Mensibus erratis
Vos ostrea manducatis.*

Notwithstanding the natural laws against eating in the *r-less* months, there was once an old popular belief that whoever ate oysters on St. James the Apostle’s day—August 5th—would never be without money. This superstition is dead now, but until within a very late period St. James’s day was observed in London by a custom connected with the shells of oysters, if not with the oysters themselves. St. James is supposed to have been slain in Jerusalem, his body carried by Spanish converts to Spain, and a shrine erected over it. The pilgrims who resorted to this shrine wore in their hats a scallop-shell as a badge. On the recurrence of this day—which is also the opening day of the oyster-season in England—London boys and girls were accustomed to build small pyramids of oyster-shells, placing a burning candle within what they called the “Shrine of the Grotto,” and beg pence of passers-by with the cry, “Remember the grotto, please!”

—but they are eaten abroad in May, and the English season begins on August 5th of each year.

During the spawning season the oyster becomes very thin, but fattens rapidly after the spawning season is over. As soon as the young oyster reaches a place to which it can attach itself, it begins to grow its tiny shell for its own protection. The growth is very rapid. From the minute particle scarcely observable in the mother-shell, it grows in three months to the size of about one-eighth of an inch across the shell. In five months it is half an inch across; in eight months it has nearly doubled in size; and in twelve months it is an inch and a half long and ready to spawn. We see it at all ages and sizes from three years upward on our tables. The illustrations on the opposite page, which are life-size, will indicate the rapidity of development. Fossil shells which were two feet across and which indicated the age of one hundred years have been found, and in the marl beds of the Chesapeake it is not uncommon to meet with shells measuring fourteen inches.

There are many other peculiarities of the animal which would be very interesting, but, as there are disputed points involved, and their recital is not necessary in this connection, I refrain from alluding to them further; but I am tempted to add a word about oysters as food. There is undisputed authority for saying that they are most nutritious and digestible if eaten in the only proper way,—raw, in their own liquor, without salt, pepper, vinegar, lemon-juice, or seasoning of any sort. They should be thoroughly masticated. The liquor is not a purgative: it promotes digestion. It is not salt water, but millions of eggs in an unimpregnated state. It is dangerous to eat them in the spawning season. They should be “stabbed” in opening: the man who breaks the edge simply robs you of the liquor. Physicians of all ages have recommended raw oysters as a general remedy. Dr. Leroy d’Etiolles, the famous French surgeon, was accustomed to attribute the foundation of his great physical strength to

the two dozen raw he always ate before breakfast. Dr. Lenac has pronounced them the most nourishing food in existence. Seneca admits eating several hundred each week, and then is moved to exclaim, "Oyster, so dear to people

of taste, thou dost but excite instead of satisfying the appetite!" Horace repeatedly acknowledges his love of them. Cicero wrote his orations fortified by raw oysters. Dr. Thomas Percy, the author of "Reliques of Ancient Eng-



OYSTERS AT VARIOUS STAGES.

lish Poetry," describes the beneficial and strengthening effects of oysters on soldiers weakened by loss of blood. Dr. Pasquier says, "They may be given with great advantage to persons of intemperate habits, who by inefficacious medical treatment have fallen into debility and lowness of spirits." He also recommends them for gout. And Ambroise Paré, physician to Charles IX., and the only Protestant whom that king endeavored to save on St. Bartholomew's day, highly commended smashed oysters as a poultice.

The oyster-beds of the Mediterranean were exhausted in the first century of the Christian era, and probably before that time, for it is known that the Romans as early as A.D. 20 imported oysters from points as distant as Great Britain. A little later, toward the close of the first century, they were brought from Latium, and were also cultivated at Lake Lucrine, now called Lake Fusaro, a salt-water lagoon on the Neapolitan coast. According to Pliny, Sergius Orata, a Roman millionaire, whom Cicero designated as the "Master of Luxuries," had a palace at Baia, or Bajæ,—a sort of Newport of ancient Roman days, situated on Lake Lucrine,—and here he established beds in which to grow and fatten the oysters for his own and the imperial tables. His method has come down to us through illustrations on ancient Roman vases, which indicate that very nearly the same system was employed by him as that which is in vogue now

at the Italian oyster-farm at Lake

Fusaro. The system of catching the spat—which is, as indicated previously, the only serious difficulty in the culture of oysters—employed at Lake Fusaro and in all the Italian salt-lagoons is that of building pyramids of loose stones, on which the oysters about to spawn are carefully laid, and then surrounding the pyramids with numerous poles driven at intervals to catch the spat as it floats away. These poles can be drawn up at any time and replaced without disturbing the young oysters until they are old enough to be removed to fattening-beds, there to await their turn to be placed on the pyramids just before the spawning season. Frequently as many as ten thousand young attach themselves to a single stake. The Italians also employ fascines, which consist of fagots of wood strung together and fixed in the lake at various points, to catch the floating spat which may have escaped the stakes surrounding the pyramids. I know little that is trustworthy of the statistics of this industry in Italy.

Germany has done little or nothing in the way of oyster-culture. There is a government farm in Schleswig-Holstein, from which is furnished the "Holstein oyster," a fat, thick, and tender variety, with very thin, greenish-blue shells. It is seldom exported, except to Russia. The natural beds are not very extensive,

though there were in 1876, according to Professor Möbius, forty-seven of these, seven by twenty-two miles in area, and containing about 5,000,000 full-grown oysters. From data furnished by the government inspection of these beds, Professor Möbius found that in 1852 for every one thousand full-grown oysters there were four hundred and forty young, in 1869 two hundred and eighty-two, and in 1876 only one hundred and seven. There is reason to believe that the decrease in France and in England was as rapid as this, and every reason to suppose that it is so with us. Berlin, Brussels, and the region north of those cities depend for their supplies chiefly on the Ostend beds, the famous oysters of which are really natives of Scotland. They undergo some change in color when planted for fattening in the shallow beds of Ostend. They are very full and fat, though small, being only half the size of an ordinary American, but they are highly prized on the Continent.

The failure of the oyster-beds of Great Britain and France began to be observed almost simultaneously, probably because both countries drew largely from the Channel beds. The same causes which are now threatening our supply destroyed their beds. When the railroads were first introduced, the number of oyster-eaters greatly increased in localities which had been previously too far removed from the beds to be profitably served. The fishermen drew too liberally on their natural beds; they even succeeded—in England at least—in securing the removal of legal restrictions as to the season for fishing; and the consequence was the rapid exhaustion of the beds on the English side of the Channel. In 1832, according to an English government report, Jersey, one of the Channel Islands, exported 208,032 bushels of oysters and employed two hundred and fifty boats, fifteen hundred men, and one thousand women and children. In 1850 the trade amounted to almost nothing, and in 1860, after several years spent in reviving it by artificial cul-

ture, only 125,718 bushels were exported.

At Cancale, an oyster-fishery of France, the yield fell off from 71,000,000 in 1847 to 20,000,000 in 1854, and, in the absence of any method of artificial culture there, to 16,000,000 in 1859, to 9,000,000 in 1861, to 2,090,000 in 1863, and to 1,100,000 in 1865. The report which gives these figures states that not only were no efforts made to restore the beds, but that the French laws on the subject were not enforced, because the fishermen were too poor to build beds and buy the necessary implements. The natural beds of Arcachon, near Bordeaux, were popularly supposed to be inexhaustible; the waters were so protected from winds and tides that the spat naturally fell within the bay, and the fishermen believed that the beds annually renewed themselves. Yet over-dredging to supply the suddenly-increased demand which sprang up after the introduction of railways so completely exhausted these the richest beds of all Europe that in 1861, when the first efforts at restoration began by clearing a portion of the bay which had once been the best bed within its area, not a single live oyster was found.

Let us see how the English set about restoring their lost fisheries. It was wholly by private enterprise. The English government has taken no part and little interest in the movement. It does not even regulate the business by law, except under an act of George IV. making it a misdemeanor to trespass on another's bed and imposing a penalty for not destroying the starfish when caught. Ireland has an enactment for the encouragement of oyster-fishing, but it simply regulates the renting of lands bordering on the sea to fishermen disposed to plant oysters. The consequence of the inaction of the government is that, while the entire English, Scotch, and Irish coasts are dotted with private miniature oyster-farms, there are only two extensive farms in Great Britain, and the methods of culture at these are inferior in the vital point of securing the spat as it falls. It is still left to chance.

The principal oyster-farm in England is at Whitstable, in Kent, southeast of London. It is maintained by a large number of dredgermen, who own the fishing-grounds. They form also a co-operative company, and work their numerous beds as common property on shares. They have their business rules and regulations, and even their own laws and customs. Being of simple tastes, and obtaining large pay for not very hard labor, they are a happy and contented community. It is perhaps owing to their contentment that they introduce few or none of the improvements for catching the spat. When it is considered that there is a stock of brood-oysters always on hand at Whitstable of not less than 125,000 bushels, or 2,000,000 oysters (fifteen hundred, in round numbers, of the English yearlings are estimated to the bushel), it is amazing that no steps have been taken to control the fall of spat. Nevertheless, the Whitstable farm is tremendously profitable. It needs must be, when the carelessness of the men in securing the spat of their own stock compels them, in years when the fall of spat is unfavorable, to spend as much as \$150,000 for brood-oysters for re-stocking the beds. London requires an annual supply of about 750,000,000 oysters, a good proportion of which is furnished by the Whitstable farm.

The next largest English oyster-farm is at Hayling Island, where there are about fifteen acres of ground constantly covered with young oysters. Very little difficulty has been encountered in securing the spat at Hayling, as the beds are amply protected. Among other extensive private farms in various parts of the United Kingdom are those of the Conway and Feversham* com-

panies, near London; those of Carlingford Bay, near Dublin; the Red Bank Burrens of Clare, on Galway Bay; the Colchester, Helford River, Milton, and Edinburgh "Pandores." Formerly the Carlingford oysters—black-bearded, delicate, and fine-flavored—were plentiful; but ignorance and over-dredging exhausted the beds and destroyed the variety. About ten years ago a company was commissioned to re-stock Carlingford Bay,—with what success I do not know. The Redbanks are thought to be very superior, and M. Coste, on first eating them, is said to have enthusiastically exclaimed, "Chickens!" The Colchester and Feversham oysters are transferred from the French coast for fattening. The Milton is a native oyster. The name has been corrupted into "melting hoysters," the Miltons being hawked about London under that title, and they are thus alluded to in one of old Dibdin's comic songs. While most other oysters come into market on the 5th of August, the Milton natives do not appear until October. They continue in season until May 12th, and are at perfection about Christmas; and it is this breed which plays so prominent a part at country Christmas feasts and in the London sales at that season.

The Helford River oysters originally came from the Cornish coast. A fisherman of that region, named Tyacke, started for London with a boat-load, but found, on reaching Helford River, that they were thin and unfit for sale. He obtained permission of the owner of some ground near the mouth to lay down his cargo to fatten them. It was granted, and the water was found to be unusually favorable to their rapid growth. This the land-owner also discovered, and when Tyacke proposed to reload, his boat with his bivalves he was warned off as a trespasser. That stock formed the beginning of these now-productive beds. The best of the Scotch oysters are known as "Pandores," which are very large and fat, and are said to derive their superior

* Both these companies have done much in transplanting American oysters. The Conway company lately advertised to furnish "private consumers with American oysters delivered free by rail to any part of the United Kingdom, with an oyster-knife and recipes for cooking in the delicious ways known in America added gratis;" but these supplies, it was admitted, were relaid and fattened in English waters. The price asked for them was only twenty-four cents per dozen,—about as cheap as they are to be had at home. An Anglo-American oyster company which pro-

posed to transport American oysters for sale in the English markets was formed in 1872, but I do not know its fate.

taste from the nearness of the beds to the Prestonpans salt-works. From these beds the famous green Ostend oysters are obtained.

This brings us to the French farms and system, where we must finally go for any valuable information on the subject. And it would be a wise provision of Congress if a proper commission were sent to study the system and the practical results of French ostreiculture, as well as the laws and regulations governing pisciculture generally.

The fisheries of France were totally exhausted about the year 1845. Four years later the attention of the government was called to the success of Remy and Gehin, two Vosgean fishermen, in breeding fish by artificial means; and in 1852 the first fish-breeding establishment of France was built, at Huningue, under the direction of M. Coste. He had hardly begun his labors here in hatching trout, salmon, and other edible fish for re-stocking the French streams when his attention was directed to the discoveries and developments of a peasant of the Ile de Ré in the fattening of oysters. This island is just off the French coast, near Rochelle, and has been inhabited for many ages by hardy fishermen, who until a late period confined their labors

to the ordinary methods of fishing. The Ile is low and flat, and a great part of it is covered at times by the tides: so that its borders are literally mud-banks,—the very worst possible foundation for oyster-beds. But there has existed for years a natural bed of deep-sea oysters near the Ile, but inaccessible to the fishermen with their limited means of dredging; and from this bed the spat in the spawning season was frequently driven by favorable winds, to fall on these mud-banks. One of the Ile de Ré fishermen, who was also a stone-mason, named Hyacinthe Bœuf, more observant than his neighbors, gathered a number of these embryo oysters, which had fallen at high tide on the stones in his yard. Building and cleansing a small park, which he connected with the sea by a canal, he deposited therein all the spat which he could find attached to movable objects. He gathered all the spat which providentially came to him, but still he never dreamed of catching the spawn of his own beds. The second season he built a second park for a second crop, and subsequently a third and a fourth, thus keeping the oysters of different ages apart. The third season he sold thirty dollars' worth of his first catch, which paid his expenses for the whole.



FASCINES SUSPENDED IN LAKE FUSARO.

Meantime, his neighbors had begun to imitate him, and under his instructions the whole population gathered spat and fattened oysters for sale. Parks were built in every part of the island, irregu-

lar in shape and not very conveniently arranged, but productive.

It was shortly after Bœuf began his work that M. Coste visited these farms. Then he began to apply to the accidental

discovery of the stone-mason, as he had done to that of the peasant fishermen of the Vosges, the scientific knowledge of the naturalist, which has since multiplied the value of the original discoveries ten-thousandfold. He discovered the "mystery of the spat," and devised means to

catch that of the oysters in the parks, and thus relieved the fishermen of Ré from dependence on the mysterious bed at sea. He tried the Italian plan of stone pyramids, and it worked well. He adopted the fagots which Bœuf had used to catch spat on the coast, and they



OYSTER-PARKS AT ARCAÇON.

worked still better. Later on, hurdles were introduced and the breeding-parks were increased. In 1862 there were three thousand five hundred parks, growing 150,000,000 oysters, worth \$500,000, and giving employment to about two thousand five hundred persons of both sexes and all ages. There are now about five thousand parks and *claires* (for fattening) in the Île de Ré, employing about eight thousand persons and producing about 150,000 bushels, or 225,000,000 oysters. In 1875 the profit from the industry in the Île de Ré alone was more than half a million of dollars. This may well be believed when Paris alone consumes three millions a day during the season, at the uniform price of one franc ten centimes or twenty-two cents per dozen for what costs only about five cents at Ré.

Subsequent to the operations at Ré, about 1858, the French govern-

ment undertook experiments in the Bay of St. Brieux, on the coast of Brittany. Ten longitudinal beds of about two thousand five hundred acres were laid out in the bay, the bottom being covered with old oyster-shells, and fagots arranged like fascines. About 3,000,000 oysters from the coasts of Great Britain were planted in March and May, 1859. Six months later the fascines were taken up and stripped, and an average of 20,000 young oysters were found on each. In a single bed of three hundred fascines there were found one year later 6,000,000 yearling oysters, from one to two inches in size, worth, at the then market rate, four dollars per thousand, or twenty-four thousand dollars. This bed had cost forty-four dollars and twenty-five cents to build; but the cost of the seed is not stated. It is immaterial, however; for the sale of the brood six months after it was bought and



after one spawning must have paid the cost of transfer, interest, etc.: so that the sum indicated over and above the cost of labor was clear profit. The figures given are on the authority of M. Laviciare, Commissary of the Maritime Inscription, dated 1860. It may be noted here that the French are chary of giving figures on this subject. Professor Möbius, in 1876, stated that the beds of St. Brieux had not answered all sanguine expectations and proved to be highly successful and profitable, owing to the presence of quicksands and marine enemies. On the Ile d'Oleron, in the same part of Brittany, are grown great quantities of the green oysters of which the Parisians are so fond.*

M. Coste's discoveries and experiments at Ré and St. Brieux agitated not only the French Academy and scientists generally, but the French government and people also. Napoleon III. took an interest in the subject, and, in 1861, M. Coste was given a wider field for his experiments. He selected, as the site of immense breeding- and fattening-farms which the government authorized him to build, the Basin of Arcachon, an arm of the sea, thirty miles distant from Bordeaux, and peculiarly sheltered from the storms which are so fierce in the adjacent Bay of Biscay. A survey was made, and three reservations for government beds were mapped and staked out, and were called Lahillon, Grand Ces, and Crastorbe. They were disconnected. The spaces between were reserved for rental, preference being given to the native maritime population, who had formerly followed the business of dredgermen, and these were obliged to cultivate under government instructions and regulations on Coste's plan.

Coste began in 1861 with Lahillon, because, as he said, that was the most difficult of the three sites selected. The soil was a mere slime, which, uncovered

at low tide, became thick mud; it was covered with an undergrowth of marine plants destructive to oysters, and the living natural enemies of the young bivalve were innumerable. Over-dredging had produced these results by turning up the soil. The area of the Lahillon bed was nine acres: it was laid off into thirty-four squares. The soft mud was cleared off, being partly used with stones to build the walls of the various beds, each of which is strong enough to serve as a foot-road. Firm soil was reached, and the new bottoms were thickly gravelled and the marine plants and animals exterminated. The other beds, Grand Ces and Crastorbe, were more extensive in area, more suitable for the purpose, and more readily prepared. When finished, the three reservations presented a series of enclosed squares of water, some of which were designated as *parcs* for breeding, and others as *claires* for fattening. The entire area, including the imperial park adjacent to Lahillon, was twelve hundred acres.

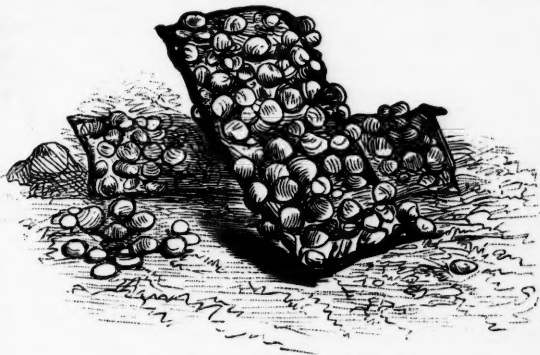
Stocking the *parcs* began in the spring of 1863, from nine thousand to thirty thousand brood being laid in each, according to size, and the whole aggregating 2,000,000 oysters just ready to spawn. Although the oysters of these *parcs* are now called natives (the *gravettes* of Arcachon are in high favor in France), the original stock was really from several sources, including Fusaro, Ré, St. Brieux, and Ostend. Of course no hidden supply of spat was to be depended upon at Arcachon, as at Ré, and it was no part of M. Coste's plan that it should be. He had left Ré with the idea of using poles, stones, fagots, etc., but his own and other fruitful minds invented other devices. He never, however, abandoned the fagots, which are simply bundles or hurdles of twigs bound together with wire and hung at intervals from chains stretched across the *parcs*. Among the appliances used to supplement these, some were of the most primitive character, such as broken crockery, bottles, old boots, and other debris for which oysters have a natural affinity. But many were of ingenious

* Sarah Felix, sister of Rachel, the great French actress, when in this country conceived a great liking for American oysters. She has of late years established an oyster-park on her lands near Havre, and cultivates the American delicacy with great success, as do many of her neighbors.

design and careful make. One of these, the invention of Dr. Kemmerer, consists of a tile coated with a thin but tenacious composition, which can be readily peeled or stripped off like the bark from a tree. On this convenient though rude stretcher-like implement many thousands of young can be conveniently carried by two persons from one *parc* to another without injury. "Oyster-hives"—another invention much used at Arcachon—are a series of wooden boxes, containing drawers the bottoms of which are perforated and sparsely covered with gravel and natural bottom, chiefly marl. The spat, sinking, may pass through one or more of the perforated drawers, but the lower vessels catch and retain it, and when old enough the oysters can be readily removed to the upper trough or nursery. M. de Lagillaraie secured patents in 1875 for a system of suspending oysters in water in a manner which renders them easily accessible for inspection or removal. The oysters thus wired may be secured to trellises or placed in submerged cages. Many inventions of rakes, tongs, and dredges were also introduced. There are said to have been at one time in the nursery at Lahillon more than four hundred various kinds of spat-collectors; but the tile and hive are preferred. As many as three hundred young oysters in their first season have been stripped off a single Kemmerer tile, and it is not uncommon to find as many thousand on a single hurdle of fagots. These figures are not improbable when it is remembered that eight thousand infantile oysters can be retained on the space of a cubic yard.

The greatest cost of producing oysters artificially on the French system is the labor, which is constant. The laborers of Arcachon are divided into groups and classes. The more intelligent and experienced are detailed to separate and

classify the oysters during the dredging process and to change the young to different *parcs* according to size and condition. They throw out also the dead and dying, and designate the fish and insects which are destructive to the oyster, in order that they may be killed. At ebb-tide the main force of laborers turns out to work the grounds laid bare, removing all accumulations of mud and relieving such oysters as the dredging process may have placed at a disadvantage at the bottom of a heap. Others inspect the spat-collectors to keep them clean; others gather the infants for removal to the greeneries or fattening *claires*; still others attend to these removals; while another class make a



DR. KEMMERER'S TILE LADEN.

special business of removing the seaweed. In this way, on the three government farms and the many smaller ones rented by individuals, the whole population of about ten thousand, except those who cater to summer visitors, are engaged in this industry.*

* It is customary for the government to give up certain of the *parcs* at Arcachon to the ravages of the inhabitants for one hour of low tide each year. The *parcs* selected are usually remote from each other, so as to prevent crowding. The whole population resolves itself into a predatory band, and lines of the fishermen, their wives, sons, and daughters, form on the mudbanks to await the signal, given by the firing of a gun. The scrambling in the beds on wooden shoes fifteen inches wide (worn to prevent sinking when walking), the sprawling of those knocked over in the rush, and the fighting of boys for the possession of an oyster seized by several at the same time, are indescribable.

In 1875-76 the Arcachon farms sold 196,000,000 full-grown oysters, at five dollars a thousand, or \$980,000. Its trade at this time there are no means of determining, owing to the reticence of French reports. But it may be surmised from data as to St. Brieux and Ré already given. In 1862, as we have seen, the product was nothing; in 1863 the two million of brood planted had yielded about 25,000,000 young oysters, which a year later spawned. If they produced in like proportion, their yield must have been about 300,000,000. According to the best estimates, the result would have been, if the 2,000,000 had been left to propagate naturally, that the first year there would have been an increase of 200,000 young, and the second year there would not have been over 2,500,000 in the beds.

An idea of the immense productiveness of farms like those of the French may be had from the following figures, which are official, and apply to the construction of the most unfavorably situated beds in France, those of Lahillon. For convenience' sake, I have reduced the figures to American currency, and for comparison have made an estimate as to the cost in America of the same material, tools, and labor, placing the latter at one dollar and fifty cents per day, which is five times the price paid in France, and above the rate for which the labor required can be obtained here. All the other estimates are equally liberal, the cost of the seed-oysters being placed at seventy-five cents per bushel, their value as two-year-olds at one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel, and their product when one year of age, and before they have spawned, at seventy-five cents per bushel.

COST OF A NINE-ACRE OYSTER-FARM.

	France.	America.
Clearing and diking . . .	\$560	\$2500
Tools	40	200
Spat-collectors, hives, etc. . .	80	300
Seed, 500,000 oysters . . .	4000	2000
Houses, boats, etc.	200	1000
Keepers, 4 guards	520	2000
1000 days' labor	300	1500
Totals	\$5700	\$9500

RETURN OF FIRST YEAR.

	France.	America.
500,000 seed-oysters . . .	\$4,000	\$3,112
Their progeny 1 year old, 5,185,262—say 5,000,000 —worth	40,000	19,444
	\$44,000	\$22,556
Deduct expenses	5,700	9,500
	\$38,300	\$13,056

It will thus be seen that, notwithstanding the cheapness of oysters and the high price of labor with us, the profit of a small farm would be about one hundred and thirty-five per cent. on the investment. If the original seed were kept for another year, the result, on the American scheme, would be about as below. I have made the calculations at reduced prices, inasmuch as the production at the rate indicated in any locality would affect the price instantly:

COST.

Expenses, first year, as above . . .	\$9,500
Interest, two years, on seed . . .	240
Interest, one year, on value of the progeny	1,200
Labor for second year	3,500
Additional tools, hives, etc. . . .	500
Total cost two years	\$14,940

RETURN.

500,000 seed, 2500 bushels, three years old, @ \$1.50 per bushel . .	\$3,750
5,000,000 progeny, 25,000 bushels, two years, @ \$1.00	25,000
25,000,000 progeny, 100,000 bushels, one year, @ 50 cents	50,000
	\$78,750

This represents a profit of five hundred and forty per cent, and may appear ridiculous even to the most sanguine. But the official figures of the Lahillon farm show on a single year's investment an actual profit realized of six hundred and seventy-two per cent. We should probably have to make some allowances for risks which they do not run at Arcachon from cold weather; but every exhausted bed and every bed in which we now fatten the Southern oyster can be recreated on these or very nearly these profitable terms, if only we go at it promptly.

W. F. G. SHANKS.

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"YOU will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked admiringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, then at her daughter-in-law, Mary Hope, whose honey-moon was at its full.

"I am so glad!" said the young wife. "What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honey-moon in the East."

Dick Hope at that moment sprang out of his buggy lightly, and gallantly extended a hand to his wife.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary Hope. "I am not such a helpless creature that I can't get in myself;" and she stepped lightly into the buggy with a merry laugh.

Mrs. Hope the elder gave an approving nod: "It's just as well to let Dick know you can help yourself. These Western men—"

"Need managing like other men," interrupted her daughter-in-law with another laugh.

Old Mr. Hope, coming down from the stables at that moment, eyed the horse, buggy, and harness (Dick had expended seven hundred dollars on that turn-out), then stood patting the horse's neck kindly. He was an admirer of fine horses, and his judgment was sought far and wide on all points of horse-flesh: "There's fine mettle here, Dick."

"I know it," said Dick proudly.

"Cheap at four hundred," said Mr. Hope. "Have you tried her yet?"

"I think she's good for two twenty-one without much of an effort."

"Why, isn't that a fast horse, Dick?" asked his wife, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Just middling," answered her husband. "We have them out here faster than that."

"It is fast," said his father. "We

used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling what's in a horse. I like this mare very much. If it was anybody else's, I'd—"

"Come, now, what would you give, father?" said Dick banteringly.

"It's all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least."

"A hundred more wouldn't buy her, father. Just say to anybody that covets my new mare I won't take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why, she goes like the wind."

"That reminds me, Dick: you'd best take the road round by Drake's."

"And lose a good half-hour," said Dick.

"That's a long way round, father," said the elder Mrs. Hope.

"You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It doesn't matter going. If it should blow, you'll find it safest."

Dick, who was adjusting a strap, looked off east and west, smiled in a satisfied way, and observed, "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"Nor I," said his father; "but no one knows anything about the wind here. I'll never forget the sweep I got twenty years ago coming over Pringle's Flat."

"That is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least trifle anxious as she turned to her husband.—"Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, it blew my wagon as far as from here to the barn,—blew the horses off their feet, tore up trees, and lodged me against a rock that saved my life."

"That must have been terrible," said Mary Hope.

"Don't let him frighten you," said Dick smilingly: "lightning never strikes twice in the same place. I'm all right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for you. Are we all ready now? Basket in, mother?"

Mrs. Hope nodded gayly, Dick lifted the reins lightly, and away the new buggy with its happy occupants sped over the prairie.

It was early morning. The fingers of the dawn stretched upward, dissolving the shadowy mist that hung over the prairie and the thin line of woodland that lay away off to the west like a fringe on a neatly-cut garment. The young wife inhaled the perfumes exhaled from the flowers, filling the atmosphere with rich odors. There were lines upon lines of variegated tints above the horizon. Such a sunrise Mary Hope had never looked on except among the mountains. There were tints of crimson, amber, and gold, and above all white pillars rolled majestically,—palaces more magnificent and stately than any that the human mind could conceive.

"How grand!" she said, as Dick looked smilingly at her.

"The mind of man cannot measure all its beauties," said Dick, as he lighted a cigar and settled himself down for some "solid enjoyment."

As the red and golden glories stretched above the horizon, a light breeze sprang up, fanning Mary Hope's cheeks, caressing her hair lightly, and sighing through the thin selvage of trees which Dick's father had planted along the roadway before his son was born. The god of day wheeled his chariot aloft, radiating, as only the summer sun can, the rarest tints of amber and crimson and gold, until the purple glories, rolling aloft like great billows, gradually arched themselves into the semblance of a gateway, through which Mary Hope caught, in fancy, glimpses of the celestial city. She did not speak, but sat perfectly quiet, drinking in the beauties of the most beautiful morning Dick Hope had ever witnessed in the West.

"There is Pringle's Flat," said Dick suddenly, pointing ahead.

"Surely we have not come seven miles, Dick?"

"Scarcely. How far is that ahead?"

"Is it a mile, Dick?"

Dick laughed loudly: "It's nearer four."

"I don't understand it."

"That's what the smart hunters from the East say when they shoot and miss their game. It's the atmosphere, Mary."

"It's a small place," said his wife, as she looked forward to Pringle's Flat, lying a little below them. Beyond it there was a ribbon of molten gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. "And that is the river."

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," said Dick Hope, "when I want to introduce you to some of the nicest people in this end of the State."

The people Dick referred to received the young couple in a manner that made Mary Hope's cheeks glow with gratification. Her husband was a man universally admired,—as fine a specimen of his kind as was ever produced west of Pringle's Flat. The bride, during the two hours they remained in the town, created a ripple of talk. There was something about Dick and his wife that made people turn to look at them. When they drove away, a score of friends waved good wishes and tossed kisses after them.

"Now for Dan's Rock," said Dick, as he gave his mare the rein and cast a backward glance at Pringle's Flat. "Pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty!" said his wife. "Why, Dick, it's lovely! See the light on the church-windows: it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it! Why, it is like a town that has grown up in a night, it is so wonderfully clean and neat,—just what a painter would make if he were painting towns to please people."

"I'm glad you like it. That reminds me: do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming,—the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Why, Dick?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went East for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour. "Now for a trial of your strength," said Dick, as he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assisted his wife to the ground where they were to lunch.

"Must I climb up there, Dick?" said Mrs. Hope.

"That's the programme,—what we came out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see it for yourself. Do you know you remind me now of Parthenia fetching water from the spring?"

"Parthenia tamed her husband, didn't she, Dick? I'm glad your mother saved me the trouble."

That was a lunch Mary Hope often recalled in after-years. Dick persisted in forcing all kinds of dainties upon her, "Irish fashion," as she said afterward. It was the first time she had ever had him to herself in the glad day with no curious eyes to peer on them, and she subjected her lord and master in her turn to such straits that he gladly cried quits as he put his hair out of his eyes and viewed his tormentor.

Then they slowly mounted the massive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a view! A sweep of forty miles in one direction, east, and almost as grand a view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife the glasses as he lighted a fresh cigar: "Do you see that hill away off to the left there?"

"Hasn't it a curious shape?"

"That's where the wind comes from. They manufacture it up there."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"There's a valley back there that extends full forty miles northwest, where you come to prairie-land like ours back of Pringle's Flat, only there is ten times more of it. The wind rolls down the valley and plays the very deuce with things on the river about the Point. Sometimes it rains, and then you'd think the heavens were emptying: all the water in the valley sweeps down below us here, fills the valley where it narrows there like the neck of a bottle, and then

—look out for trouble. I saw it once: that is all I want to see."

"Is it so awful, Dick?"

"It is really awful, Mary."

"And now it looks like—like the plains of Egypt. I can't conceive of anything disturbing the perfect peace of this beautiful scene. See that cloud away off there, Dick."

"About the size of a man's hand? I see it."

"It's the only speck in the sky," said his wife.

"It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he kissed her standing on the very top of Dan's Rock. "Do you know it is time we were moving now?"

"We have only been here a little while."

"It is three hours since we stopped at the foot of Dan's Rock."

"My goodness, Dick!"

"That's what I'm always saying to myself when I think you took me before all the other fellows."

"It can't be."

"Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch.

"It's the grandest day of my life, Dick. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He gave her his hand and helped her down the rough places. Once in a while Mary would stop to gather bits of moss and flowers as mementos of a red-letter day. At least an hour was consumed in the descent. Then they got into the buggy and turned homeward, but not on the road leading past Drake's.

"We want to see all that can be seen, don't we?" said Dick.

"By all means," answered his wife, as she tied her hat loosely and prepared to enjoy the drive home. "But didn't your father tell you to go home by Drake's?"

"The other is the better road."

"You know best, Dick."

Dick's mare went at a slapping pace. "She smells oats," said Dick.

"Look at Pringle's Flat, Dick."

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"There is not a leaf stirring, one would think. It looks so restful over there! It might be a deserted village."

"It *does* look unusually quiet, now I notice it. But then this sun is terrible. See if you can find *our* house over there, Mary."

There was a long silence, then the young wife gleefully pointed out the house, and there was another long silence, which was broken by Mrs. Hope saying suddenly, "What is that curious sound I hear?"

"I hear nothing."

"There! Do you hear it now?"

Dick inclined an ear. They were fairly clear of the rough land at the base of Dan's Rock now, and the mare was trotting rapidly. Suddenly her driver's firm hand brought her upon her haunches. Dick listened intently. His wife was right: her ears were keener than his. There *was* something in the air.

At that instant Mary's hand clutched his arm convulsively as she cried out, "Oh, Dick, what is that back of us?" She was looking back with horror-stricken eyes and pale lips.

Dick turned. A cloud like a black wall was rushing down on them: it seemed to Dick Hope's eyes as black as ink. An awful fear possessed him. There was a hush, a stillness, in the air as chilling as the terrible cloud behind them. "Go 'long!" he exclaimed desperately, cutting the mare fiercely with his whip.

The mare shot out like an arrow, and at that moment another sound smote their ears,—a sound that was like the crash of worlds. The mare plunged, reared, then resumed her onward course. Her owner had lost all control over her.

But one thought animated Dick Hope as he clasped his wife with his right arm, while he held fast to the reins with his left hand, shutting his teeth like a vise. That thought was, "Pray God we reach the river-bottom!"

The earth groaned under their feet. A sound like the rush and roar and scream of a million locomotives deafened them. Dick Hope instinctively turned and clasped his young wife in his arms. He did not see the mare: he saw nothing but his wife's face, and something in it struck terror to his heart. His own

was as ashy gray at that moment as his young wife's when she turned her last appealing look upon him and moved her lips. His one prayer was that they might die together. It seemed to them then that all the sound in the air and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick Hope felt himself lifted up and flung like a flake through the air.

When he recovered his senses he was lying where he had prayed to be,—in the river-bottom, with his wife close beside him. The awful storm did not divide them. The tornado, like a raging beast, had simply taken them up in its teeth, so to speak, tossed them aside, and pursued its path. Where they were lying the water was so shoal that it scarcely covered them.

Dick sat up and spoke to his wife, but she did not answer. Then he put one hand up involuntarily, in a weak, helpless way. There was blood on his face; he could not see; his eyes were full of sand. He struck himself in despair, and, again grasping his wife, said in a hoarse voice, "You are not *dead*, Mary?"

Whether it was the water from the river he dashed into his face or the gush of tears that came into his eyes, Dick does not know to this day, but suddenly his eyes became clear, and he could see his wife lying with her face next him and the water washing her long hair over her breast. He lifted her up. He felt her hands, her cheeks. Then suddenly he summoned all his remaining strength for one supreme effort, and dragged rather than carried her up to the dry shelving beach under the bluff. Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and looked at her husband. Then she put her hands slowly up to her face and covered it.

Dick saw the tears coursing down her cheeks. "*Don't!—don't*, Mary!" he said.

"I can't help it. I am not crying with pain or grief: it's because you are living,—because we are both spared."

Dick's strength returned to him. He stood up and looked about him. Until that moment he did not know that he was coatless and without vest or shirt:

he was naked. He pressed his eyes with his hands and looked down on himself like one wakening out of a dream. He looked at his wife, still sitting with her face covered with her hands: "Mary, we are almost naked. There is nothing on me, and your dress is in ribbons." He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his head: "I don't see—any sign of—the—buggy or horse." Then he cast his glance at the bluff back of them. "Come, let us go up on the bank."

He had to carry her.

"It is the horrible fright, dear Dick. I'll soon get over it," she said when he set her down gently on the level ground.

"Mary, look over there. Do you see anything? My eyes are so full of sand, so sore, that I can't make it out quite. Everything looks blurred."

She did not answer him. It was not because her eyes were not clear. As she looked wonderingly, her hand, that had never relinquished her husband's from the moment he seated her on the prairie, clasped his convulsively. Then she uttered a loud cry.

"I—I expected as much," said Dick, speaking more to himself than to his wife. "Nothing—nothing man ever made could stand before that storm."

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed sobbingly, "there is nothing left of the town,—not a house. I can only see a heap here and there,—something like fallen chimneys, and smoke and fire."

"That's the end of Pringle's Flat, Mary."

He looked back over the prairie,—back to the fringe of trees that skirted a portion of the road near the base of Dan's Rock but a little while since. He could not recognize the place he had looked on a hundred times. The trees had disappeared: they had been swept from the face of the earth. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across to where Pringle's Flat had stood in all the pride of a new Western town. Dick Hope suddenly knelt by his wife's side, still holding her hand, saying, "Let us pray."

Among all those who witnessed the awe-inspiring tornado that swept Pringle's Flat until not one stone stood upon another, killing, maiming all living creatures in its path, none have such vivid recollections as Dick Hope and his wife. When they refer to their experience on that terrible day, they speak in a low tone, reverently, as though standing in the presence of the dead.

DAVID LOWRY.

TWO LIVES.

ONE restless, ardent, changeful as the sea;
 One peaceful as a sheltered mountain-lake.
 The same fierce storm, whose faintest voice can wake
 The one to passionate grief or joy, will be
 Unto the other but a breeze to make
 Light ripples o'er its clear tranquillity.
 One reaches to all shores, and would be free
 On every fair and shining strand to break;
 One nestles in its narrow bounds, and seems
 Content to mirror its own hills and skies.
 Yet still the sea's low moanings never cease;
 Still the calm lake grows tremulous with dim dreams;
 'Neath passion and repose vain longing lies;
 One knows no ecstasy, one knows no peace.

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MADAME JAUBERT.

IN Alfred de Musset's posthumous works there are several charming letters addressed to his "godmother," the tone of which leads one to suspect that this spiritual parent was young and attractive and that the title is not to be taken literally. Paul de Musset's memoir of his brother reveals the secret of the relationship. Alfred de Musset's "godmother" was Madame Jaubert, a pretty woman of society in Paris, who had a pleasant house—how else is the word *salon* to be translated in its social sense?—frequented by both brothers and by many other men of distinction. She had a knack of giving nicknames, and bestowed more than one upon Alfred de Musset, who in return called her *marraine*. This lady has lately thrown open the shutters of her *salon*, letting in a broad and not altogether becoming light upon its inmates, herself included, but giving a number of personal recollections and impressions and new anecdotes of persons at whose names the public pricks up its ears. Madame Jaubert may be vain, but she is not egotistical; she does not tell her readers much about herself, although she contrives to let them know by the mouth or pen of her friends that she has—or had between 1835 and 1855—golden hair, dark eyes, a fairy-like figure, and a small foot: that she is a good musician is frequently implied, that she is a woman of sense and wit is apparent. Nevertheless, the book is ill written, heavily padded, and poorly put together: the recollections are disjointed and desultory, the style is loose and inverted, like a German's. So much for Madame Jaubert's physical and intellectual qualities: some of her moral ones may be inferred from her revelations about her dead friends. Heinrich Heine, soon after making her acquaintance, laid his book on Germany at her feet with a note in which he pays the most graceful and fanciful compliments to those members: "Is it the foot

of an Undine? It glides like the wave, and might dance on water. Or does it belong to a salamander? . . . Perhaps it is the foot of a gnome: it is small, pretty, slim, and delicate enough. Or the foot of a sylph? The lady is really so ærial, so fairy-like! Is she good-natured or ill-natured? I cannot tell; but the doubt torments me, frets me, weighs upon me." Madame Jaubert adds that this last question was the one she asked herself about Heine on their first meeting, as he struck her as wanting in good nature, "a precious quality, and in no wise excluding malice, which may be considered as the plaything of the mind." The reader will be able to answer the question after reading Madame Jaubert's reminiscences.

The roster of Madame Jaubert's acquaintance from 1835 to 1855 is a melancholy list of the brilliant lights which have gone out in the last quarter of a century. The artists Eugène Delacroix, Chenavard, Auguste Barré; Berryer, the famous lawyer; Rossini, Bellini; Lanfrey, best known as the historian of Napoleon I.; Augustin Thierry; Paul and Alfred de Musset; Prince Belgioioso and the Count d'Alton-Shée,—superb dandies of a lost type, who possessed all the gifts of nature and civilization, were handsome, high-born, well-bred, the one endowed with a delicious voice and talent for music, the other with a ready tongue and pen; a bevy of women of fashion, chief among whom were the Princess Belgioioso and Countess Kalergis, whose position in the great world of Europe makes them almost historical beauties,—all these appear in Madame Jaubert's pages, and all are gone.

Berryer is the most prominent figure, and perhaps the most interesting, because the best known as a public man and the least as a private actor in social dramas or scenes. Madame Jaubert shows him to us as she knew him in the intimacy

of country life at his château of Augerville,—an old place which he had bought in Touraine amidst the royal châteaux and associations which commanded his fealty. Here he exhibited the double nature resulting from the innate discrepancy between his moral and mental being: he was aristocratic in his tastes and instincts, liberal in his ideas and views, independent in character and action, submissive almost to superstition in spiritual matters; uniting the pride and self-reliance of a self-made man with the loyal sentiments of a true Legitimist, the fussy satisfaction of a new landed proprietor with the easy, simple dignity of an hereditary lord of the manor. His appearance corresponded to this duplex nature: he was of middle height, broad-shouldered, full-chested, thick-necked, while his fine head and expressive face, with its brilliant dark eyes, aquiline nose, and white teeth, had the beauty and distinction which generally come from old blood. The act of speaking in public ennobled his bearing: he seemed taller, and became imposing from the loftiness and mobility of his countenance, his simple, temperate gesticulation, and his sonorous, vibrating tones. He had extreme enjoyment of his own eloquence: Prince Belgioioso, whose magnificent tenor voice Berryer was once envying, asked him if he would be willing to exchange his own gift for it. "No!" cried the orator: "that would be ingratitude to heaven. . . . When I am carried away by passion and swept along in the torrent of my own words, I feel physical transports as keen as if I were clasping a woman I adored to my heart. And the intelligence! What joy to listen to one's self with surprise and to take part in the astonishment of others, to share the sensation one is creating!" He was no less remarkable as a talker than as a speaker. He was perfect as a host, abounding in resources and devices to interest and amuse his guests. If agreeable people were expected and did not arrive, he redoubled his attentions, and supplied their place so well that they were not missed, and this without effort, neither oppressing nor seeming oppressed. He possessed the

highest quality of hospitality,—that of letting his guests alone: they might do anything they pleased, or nothing if they pleased. He was enabled to accomplish so much by the method which regulated his existence: under the most arduous stress of business he was never hurried; he divided his time between the courtroom, the legislature, society, his clients, friends' cases, love-affairs, so that each had its place in his life, and while occupied with one claim he seemed to forget—he certainly made others forget—that he had any besides. Nobody heard him ask, "What o'clock is it?" yet he was punctuality itself,—never missed an appointment, never left a letter or note unanswered. His order was as complete as his system: he could put his hand on any book in his library in the dark, or send somebody else to find it by designating the compartment and shelf. This sufficiency for every demand is the most complete proof of enormous force perfectly regulated and controlled; his moral and intellectual powers moved hand in hand. He was reticent without being mysterious, and expansive without opening his inmost self.

As a very young man, before choosing his profession, Berryer had at one time a leaning toward the Church, at another toward the stage. He was a fervent Roman Catholic, with the peculiar temperament and elasticity of conscience which render perfect sincerity of profession compatible with great laxity of practice. The career of a pulpit orator attracted him extremely, yet every time he heard an actor or an actress of talent he imagined the stage was his vocation; he always remained excessively fond of the theatre and of people connected with it. His dramatic readings were among the choicest diversions of Augerville; he sometimes also took part in private theatricals with great spirit and cleverness. On one of these occasions he acted at Baden in a little piece of Scribe's called "First Love," taking the part of father to the Countess Rossi, who played the heroine. The countess, formerly the celebrated Sontag, positively refused to appear unless M. Berryer would support her, in revenge for which

he played her a little trick. From the time of Sontag's marriage until Count Rossi's ruin compelled her to return to the stage, few persons heard her sing. I do not know whether the difficulty came from her husband or herself, but it was very seldom that she would let herself be heard, either at public or private charity concerts, in society, or even at her own house, although she gave money liberally to benevolent objects. An American lady was once on a visit to the Rossis with a party of their friends: everything was done to make time pass pleasantly, except what they all most desired. One evening, by way of amusement, each was required to say what his or her one wish would be if a fairy should promise to grant it. The wishes were as many and various as the members of the circle. When the American's turn came, she said, "Mine would be to hear Madame Rossi sing." In reply to this graceful indiscretion, Count Rossi ordered the music-room to be lighted, and the guests listened to that enchanting voice which alone of all the voices of the North has united the perfection of the organ with the perfection of method and vocalization. To return to Berryer. In "First Love" there is a scene in which the heroine, trying to win her father's consent to her marriage, begs him to tell her if there is anything she can do to give him pleasure. Berryer, having taken the orchestra into the plot, drew from his pocket the cavatina of the "Barber of Seville," one of Sontag's most famous songs. The countess demurred a moment, while Berryer carried on a lively improvised dialogue, until, seeing that she was entrapped, she yielded with that bewitching grace which made her so irresistible in the part of Rosina, and at the first notes of *Una voce poco fa* the elegant audience burst into transports of surprise and delight.

Berryer, with no pretensions to being a musician, was fanatical about music, as the Italians say. Music was one of the favorite pastimes at Augerville: there were always musicians, amateurs, or artists among the guests. Berryer, though he did not know a note, took

extreme satisfaction in singing whole operas through, each part in turn, accompanied by some fair pianist. He had a passion for Rossini's music,—divine melodies which appeal to the simple emotions of pleasure or pathos,—and he protested against the accent of suffering which perpetually recurs in Chopin's. "Unhealthy music! That Pole is a devil," he would exclaim: "he breaks open tombs and wakes up the dead."

From Madame Jaubert's account, it seems probable that Berryer's enjoyment of music was sensuous rather than intellectual or sentimental. For painting and the other arts he had neither love nor understanding: the only good picture at his country-house was a small copy of Gérard's "Entrance of Henri IV. into Paris," the value of which, to him, was its historic and political significance. One of his women-friends wrote to him from England at the time of Queen Victoria's coronation of seeing at a ball the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult sitting together on a divan above which hung a portrait of Napoleon; he replied with enthusiasm that it was a subject for a picture,—a picture by Delacroix! To those who know the romantic, imaginative genius of the latter this remark tells the whole story. It was repeated to Delacroix, who observed that the subject appealed to the intelligence, but not to the artistic sense.

Berryer had a weakness for women. At nineteen he married a pretty girl of his own age, which did very well at the time; at fifty he was in the fulness of his fame, good looks, sap, and spirit, and incessantly occupied with relations of every sort to the other sex,—love-affairs, flirtations, friendships, those more delicate and subtle affinities which Alfred de Musset, quoting from a friend, called the by-roads between love and friendship, and those intimacies in which the brain has more share than the heart, and of which Madame Jaubert remarks that men sometimes enjoy the credit of them without the profit. Meanwhile, his too contemporaneous wife—a woman of much personal attraction even at that age, good-humored, indolent, extrava-

gantly fond of music, and slightly satirical—prided herself on being neither deluded nor jealous, and could furnish a list of her husband's fair acquaintance correctly classified. Berryer was so little cumbered by the estate of matrimony that he sometimes passed for an unmarried man with people who had known him for years. "What!" cried Rossini upon hearing of Madame Berryer for the first time; "is my friend Berryer married? How delightful! Only to think that he too has a lawful wife,—a legal spouse,—just like me!"

Although Berryer had not a *salon* in Paris, he gathered a delightful and heterogeneous society about him in the country. Among them were naturally the jetsam and flotsam of the wreck of the old monarchy, clinging to frail spars of hope or intrigue, dignified, faded apparitions with the wit, grace, and foolishness of the fallen dynasty. Their manners and habits preserved the combination of refinement and license characteristic of the old aristocracy before the Revolution, when they held themselves wholly above conventional restraint and propriety. One of Berryer's country neighbors was a very old Marquise de Talaru, formerly Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, who lived at the château of Chamarande. She had been a court beauty, and retained the imperiousness and freedom of court beauties in the last century. She was in the habit of sending for M. Berryer peremptorily upon any emergency. One day he received three notes from her in quick succession, and hurried to Chamarande in some uneasiness. The major-domo met him with an exclamation of gratitude that he had come at last, as the marquise was ill from waiting. Berryer, more and more anxious, was ushered into an immense dimly-lighted apartment, in which at first he could discern nobody. But a voice cried, "Is it you at last, mon cher? Such suspense is killing!" He then perceived the marquise seated extremely low,—sunk, as it were, in a billow of white muslin, out of which rose her pretty little powdered, painted old face surmounted by a hill of white hair, on

which perched a hat with flowers and feathers. "Don't pay any attention, my dear; it's to calm my nerves: waiting makes me so ill! I sent for you about the new diplomatic nominations announced in this morning's paper:—two bumpkins, one for ambassador, the other for secretary of legation! The government has done this to humiliate us. I shall write to my husband to resign his embassy and to state the reason. I shall write to the king, and you must carry the letter." The absurdity was rendered doubly preposterous by their both being Legitimists, without the slightest influence, and in open opposition to the government. In the vehemence of her gesticulation she made a violent splash. "Don't mind me," she said: "I am only taking a sitz-bath to quiet my nerves.—Marianne, bring some hot water: the bath is growing cold."

As a contrast to such guests came the brothers Musset, Paul and Alfred, of whom, when somebody objected that it was extravagant to have them both at once, Berryer said that Alfred enjoyed nothing so much as Paul's cleverness, and that Paul was never so happy as when Alfred was enjoying himself. Berryer, who had a horror of growing old, told Alfred that when he read his verses he was ready to exclaim, "We young fellows!"

Madame Jaubert publishes more than twenty notes and letters of Alfred de Musset's, which show the poet as a spoiled child more than in any other character. She knew him from his early days, before his great popularity, when he was better known in society for his waltzing than for his poetry. "I was struck by his aristocratic air," said a young lady after meeting him for the first time. "His glance is really flame, and the pouting expression of his full red lips gives great effect to the sudden lighting up of his face when he laughs." The most capricious March sky with its clouds and bursts of sunshine cannot give an idea of the changefulness of the poet's moods and countenance, says his *mar-raine*: it was not easy to escape the cloud, but very easy to dispel it. His inter-

course, his mode of listening, of comprehending, of stimulating the mind of his interlocutor, belonged to himself alone: Madame Jaubert compares it to the excitement produced by coffee. His letters to her, both in the present volume and in his posthumous works, are natural, fanciful, and flashing with wit; they are chiefly about himself and his love-affairs, and, unless there is another package for one of Madame Jaubert's friends to publish after her death, her godson never disappointed the hope expressed to him by her husband one day, that for *his* sake the poet might not become too rakish. Few people can talk with as much ease and unconstraint as Musset wrote: his familiar letters are like the freest chat, and lose none of their literary merit thereby. The most frequently recurring topic in the present collection is the Princess Belgioioso, an intimate friend of Madame Jaubert's. The princess was by birth Marchioness Christine Trivulzio, a great heiress, belonging to one of the noblest families of Milan, and a woman of extreme beauty and intelligence. She was married at sixteen, and her husband was obliged to leave Italy for political reasons. They lived for many years in Paris, where they drew about them the fashion and talent of Europe and were constantly appearing in the most romantic adventures and situations. Romantic, ascetic, æsthetic, as the princess was, she was a complete woman of the world. Heine was once at a dinner-party at her house at which Victor Cousin was also one of the guests: when dinner was announced the philosopher rushed across the room, striding over stools and sofas, to offer his arm to the lady of the house. "You want to involve me in a war with Russia, M. Cousin," said the princess, and with a sudden undulation she took the arm of Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, who was present among other great people, any of whom of course had precedence over Cousin. The princess, who affected singularity and superiority, held herself upon a pedestal, from which she liked to look down on an adoring multitude. According to Madame Jaubert, men, in her estimation, all belonged

to one category, divided into three classes: *he was, he is, or he will be*. Her beauty accorded with this attitude: she was tall and very slight, with regular features, a pale, clear complexion, dark hair, and immense dark eyes with motionless eyelids, which contrasted curiously with her dimples when she showed the small teeth which Musset compared to white orange-flower buds set in red satin. Her character presented the same contrasts, as she united some of the instincts of a mediæval saint with those of a poet or artist and those of a coquette. But pride, ambition, and a necessity to dominate were her ruling passions: although she and Musset had a powerful and perpetual attraction for each other, he would not consent to be one of the crowd, nor she to give him a higher place. Hence arose accusations, recriminations, ruptures, and reconciliations. Musset, while constantly protesting the sincerity of his Platonism, was irritated by being taken at his word; the princess, professing a sublime elevation above terrestrial affections, resented his showing a livelier interest in other women. The climax of this—a *finis* there never was—came from a childish incident. Musset accepted the princess's challenge to make a caricature of her, which she boasted had often been vainly attempted and could not be done. Musset was clever at these risky jokes, and succeeded. As he might have foreseen, her susceptible vanity and self-conscious ideal were wounded; and she was not slow in taking her revenge. Musset said of himself that he was not tender, but excessive. He wrote her a letter which he describes to his *marraine* as coming from the bottom of his heart, and the princess replied by one which he said was written "with a pride of one hundred and twenty degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a coldness of eighty degrees below, making altogether a horsepower of two hundred." On the receipt of this cruel epistle he confesses that he wept as in his best days, and gives a droll description of himself in his anguish and of his woe-begone aspect afterward. In a subsequent letter he reminds Madame Jaubert of the lithograph of a wounded

soldier coming sulkily out of battle rubbing himself and grumbling, "I won't play at that game again." In a later letter he threatens to write a story founded on fact, with some real details, called "The See-Saw," on the theme, "I love you if you don't love me; if you advance, I draw back." Although he made fun of himself in his misfortunes, the wound smarted, and he retaliated by a poem called "On a Dead Woman."

Yes, she was fair, if fair the white,
Marmorean, dumb, eternal sleep
The sculptor's monumental Night
Hides in her chapel's sombre keep.

And she was good, if goodness be
With passive hand to scatter gold,
Though God the deed nor bless nor see,
Nor own as alms such bounty cold.

She prayed, indeed, if two dark eyes,
Now bent on earth with pensive air,
And now uplifted to the skies,—
If that alone be counted prayer.

She would have wept, if the white palm
That on her breast so coldly lay
Had ever felt the precious balm,
The dew divine in human clay.

She might have loved, perhaps, but pride,
Like to the useless taper placed,
In funeral rites, the pall beside,
Guarded her heart's hard, sterile waste.

She has not lived, and she is dead;
She only lived to outward view;
And from her finger drops unread
The book whose text she never knew.

This appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and roused much comment and curiosity. Musset fancied that the princess alone would know for whom the portrait was intended; but others guessed it and fomented her resentment. In time she forgave the poet, and he did his best to make amends by suppressing the verses: they were not republished until after his death.

Urania, as Musset sometimes called the Princess Belgioioso, with all her devoutness and disdain, was not safe from the shafts of her satirical admirers. Heinrich Heine was another friend who had his aspirations and his grievances. At the beginning of his mortal illness he said, "I am the very skull and cross-bones the princess wants." Madame Jaubert gives a lamentable picture of poor Heine

in his slow death of many years,—his *moribondage*, as he called it. It is painful and pitiful in many ways, most of all in regard to his wife, of whom he was enamored and jealous to the last degree. She was a young Parisian of the working-classes, who had been his mistress, and whom he married on the eve of a duel, wishing her to be provided for in case of his death. But Madame Jaubert thinks that the idea of making her his wife must have been present to him for some time before, as he had sent her to a boarding-school. Whether the experiment at education began too late or she was not of the right stuff for it, Juliette never acquired book-learning enough to read even the newspaper to her husband after he lost his sight. She never read anything of his; she did not know that he was a poet, or what a poet was. "She has a vague notion that my name appears in some review, but she doesn't know which." She was, at any rate, an affectionate, patient, intelligent nurse; she kept his sick-room sweet, bright, and the perfection of neatness, surrounding him as far as she could with flowers, sunshine, and fresh air. Ten years after their marriage she was still a young woman, plump and full-faced, with large black eyes, thick hair, a fine set of teeth and a laughing mouth, and small shapely hands,—a real type of the Parisian seamstress. Her voice, which was high, clear, and sweet as a linnets', was a perpetual pleasure to Heine, who declared that its tones had recalled him to life more than once during his long agony after his soul had actually taken wing. Nevertheless, even in such a touching reference he could not help ridiculing her. One night a terrible crisis of suffering brought him apparently to the last gasp; his wife held his hands in hers, chafed and kissed them, bedewed them with her tears, and he heard her murmur to herself amid her sobs, "No, Henri, no! you must not, you shall not die! Take pity on me! I lost my poor, dear parrot only this morning, and if you die I shall be too wretched!" He told this story with immense enjoyment, imitating poor Juliette's lachrymose tone as she

pronounced the name of her parrot. Madame Jaubert remarks with acuteness that this incident appealed directly to what she calls the poet's humoristic nature, so that he was at once affected by his wife's grief and amused by its expression. This equal sensibility to the comic and the pathetic is characteristic of the finest temperaments; and Madame Jaubert's comment recalls some of Thackeray's in his lecture on Humor and Charity.

The reader may recollect that Heine's acquaintance with Madame Jaubert began with doubts on each side as to the other's goodness of heart. Perhaps her unwearying kindness to him and consideration for his wife during the miserable decade of his dissolution satisfied him on this point in respect to her. She was puzzled to the last by the innocence of evil intent which he exhibited in his most biting attacks, and his asseverations of entire kindness toward people whom he had scalded with the ebullitions of his wicked wit. He invariably concluded a compliment with a sting and coupled a word of affection with a jeer. If his mockery had consisted only in making fun of his victims, if his irony had been tempered with mercy, one might understand his professions; but the cruelty and corrosiveness of his sarcasm make his own estimate of it incomprehensible. Yet he had so little notion of its effect on others that he unhesitatingly asked favors of people on whom he had emptied those acrid vials. On such occasions Madame Jaubert would remind him of passages in his writings. "Oh, he cannot have taken offence at that: we are friends." "But that's the very reason," she would reply.—"Bah! everybody knows me. I am carried away by my sense of the ludicrous, the picturesque, the symbolic: it is my nature." One day, losing patience, she said, "Well, then, you are like the toadstool in the fable, which when reproached with being venomous replies, 'It is my nature.'"—"Bravo! Exactly!" said Heine, delighted. The episode of his acquaintance with the Countess Kalergis illustrates this curious disposition

or delusion. This lady was a Russian of high rank, a niece of Nesselrode's, and conspicuous for many years in diplomatic society for her beauty, talent, cultivation, and modes of pleasing herself. The friendly hand of Madame Jaubert depicts her as a sort of snow mountain or ivory Colossus, with violet eyes and the coloring of Titian's golden-haired models. A clever woman who did not profess to be her friend told the writer of this article that Madame Kalergis was the only person she had ever known to whom affectation was becoming: "She did nothing naturally, yet one could not imagine a more charming way of doing and saying everything: she made it seem the *only* way." There was a great deal of nature, however, in her impulses and proceedings. She was fond of celebrities, and prone to fall in love; in short, she could not keep her hands off a distinguished man. She showed a marked preference for Berryer, who shut his ears and eyes, early experience having taught him to beware of Russian ladies as apt to be spies. At another time Alfred de Musset was the object of her magnificent coquetry or susceptibility. Her passion for General Cavaignac in June, 1848, when he was the hero of the day, was a matter of public notoriety. His mother, on her deathbed, made him swear never to see Madame Kalergis again: the latter was in despair, and for a time lost her sleep entirely and supported life on green tea and cigarettes. When this formidable lady took it into her head that she must know Heine, he was already half dead, and desired to be let alone by all but old friends. As she insisted on Madame Jaubert's presenting her to him, the latter tried to obtain the introduction by reading to him his friend Théophile Gautier's verses to Madame Kalergis, "The Symphony in White Major." Heine assented unwillingly. The countess came, put forth all her charm and grace, and begged permission to come again. The second time Madame Jaubert did not go with her, but she called the next day to hear what the poet had to say about her friend. "She is not a

woman," he exclaimed; "she is a monument,—the cathedral of the god of Love." Thereupon he recited a poem called "The White Elephant." It is long and fanciful. The gist of it is that the King of Siam had a white elephant which he prized above all his other treasures: the elephant had a palace of his own, roofed with golden tiles and carpeted with Persian shawls, a body-guard, and a retinue; he was fed on the choicest dainties and rubbed with the most exquisite essences. Notwithstanding all this, and more, he was a prey to melancholy. The king grew alarmed; he summoned his astrologer, who declared that the elephant was pining for a mate, and that there was but one mate in the world for him:

There lives in the North a woman fair,
Of mighty bulk and whiteness rare:
Your elephant is doubtless grand,
Yet all unfit by her to stand.

Compared to her, he seems but small,
A mere white mouse. She is as tall
As Bimha in the Ramejana,
Or the Ephesians' great Diana.

Oh, sympathy's mysterious law!
He thinks on her he never saw,
And in the moonlight oft, unheard,
Tramples and sings, "Were I a bird!"

This agreeable pleasantry, which continues for more than fifty verses, Heine inserted, in spite of Madame Jaubert's remonstrances, in the "Romancero," which was about to be published, and of which he presented a copy to Madame Kalergis.

A combination of reality and fancy even more than that of comedy and pathos is the die of Heine's genius, and seems to be an inborn tendency rather than a cultivated habit of imagination. He had a natural preference for what is odd and curious in the mental and material order of the world, but not for the wonders of science: he liked travels and tales of distant countries, singular religious and social customs, strange men and beasts. His principal diversion after he became house-bound was in reading travels and novels: with the progress of his disease these recreations were cut

down. As the hope of recovery became more and more faint, his chief anxieties were to insure his wife a comfortable subsistence and to spare his old mother in Germany the sorrow of knowing his real condition. He seldom alluded to his sufferings and infirmities except to jest about them; he never complained, and his greeting was lively and amiable no matter what his condition might be. He liked to play at being a heathen in his conversation and writings; but there was a real pagan fibre in him which vibrated strongly at the approach of death. In speaking of his duel he described the beauty of the site with rapture: "The sky was pure and blue; the apple-trees were in blossom; everything around me exhaled rural odors which quickened my vitality a hundredfold. I addressed an invocation to Flora and Pomona." There was a sort of halt in his malady when a new treatment temporarily restored the sensibility of some of his members and enabled him to go out-of-doors once or twice. He went into the statue-gallery of the Louvre, which is on the ground-floor, and remained entranced opposite the Venus of Milo. "Oh, why did I not die then and there?" he cried. "It would have been a poetic, pagan, glorious death, which I deserve." Then, after a short pause, he resumed: "But the goddess did not hold out her arms to me. You know her misfortune: her divinity is reduced to half, like my humanity; but, in spite of all laws algebraic and mathematical, our two halves could not make a whole." The Princess Belgioioso, who ministered faithfully to his agony, persuaded him to see the Abbé Caron, a favorite "director" of that day; but Heine only laughed at them both. He was grateful to his friends for their kindness, however, and repaid it by a cheerfulness and fortitude which never wavered to the last.

Madame Jaubert's reminiscences of Lanfrey are as interesting as any in the book, but more sober, from the character of the man and his uneventful life. If she should outlive the rest of her celebrated friends, she may publish a second series as entertaining as this.

RIVERSIDE.

IN the house which is my own,
Though no living eye can read
The invisible title-deed
Which makes it mine alone,—

In the room where my heart and I
In still communion sit,
Though as in and out we flit
None heed us passing by,—

I look from the windows three,
And pictures manifold
Of the new and of the old
With tireless gaze I see.

The river, near and deep,
With such endless music flows
That into my thought it grows,
And I hear it in my sleep.

The trees that o'er it bend,
Though rugged, old, and gray,
I have talked with day by day,—
With each as with a friend.

And yonder far-off range
Of hills have said to me,
In each change of destiny,
"Behold! we never change."

I have lifted up mine eyes
And drunk their deep repose;
I have shared the calm which flows
Both from the earth and skies.

From this window I have seen
Sunsets of pomp untold,
Islands of rose uprolled
From lakes of luminous sheen.

And, after the sunset, far
In the blue halls of the sky,
I have seen the young moon lie
In her cradle rocked by a star.

Again, and oft again,
From yonder window wide,
I have watched her like a bride
Walk heaven's resplendent floor.

Then the river in its dream
Was changed to a bridge of light,
And plume and banner white
Passed over its brilliant beam.

All this may strangers see;
Yet other sights remain,
Which shall be sought in vain,
For they only come to me.

The Indian's evening blaze,
Beneath yon broad-armed pine,
For me alone shall shine
Out of remembered days.

The true friend's signal-light
From the home across the way
Shall burn to life's last day,
Steadfast and strong and bright.

And if I look no more
At these pictures far and near,
Within are scenes as dear,
And I view them o'er and o'er.

For my shadow-sister stands
In the door, and her sweet dead eyes
Are filled with a sad surprise
As she touches me with her hands.

"Here I was wont to come,"
She sighs: "in the nights so still
I have wandered here at will:
Oh, is not this thy home?"

And phantom children glide
Across the fireside glow;
Their pale lips murmur low,
"Here we were born and died."

Nearer the voices come,
The faces grow more fair:
The loved and lost are there,
For to them it is my home.

O phantoms, pass not by!
O river and moaning trees,
My answer is on the breeze,
In the gloaming, "Here am I!"

None knows as I have known
The house by the riverside:
Nor years nor space divide
The spirit from its own.

FRANCES L. MACE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLORIDA.

IT is in the house of her friends that Florida has received her sorest wounds. Why is it that none of them can tell the sober truth about her? What is the glamour that she throws over all who love her, which renders them incapable of so representing facts as not to convey a false idea to those who have not come under the same magic spell? To judge from the reports of interested people and newspapers, Florida would seem to be a sort of fairy-land, an earthly paradise, where every one lives a life of pastoral poetry, in which golden fruits and shimmering flowers, bubbling springs and sweet-throated warblers, play all the principal parts; while, on the other hand, the story of some who "have been there" conveys a dreary impression of barren sand, uncertain temperature, fogs, chills, fever, poverty, and general forlornness.

It is very evident that disappointment has something to do with the reports of the latter class. They went to Florida expecting impossibilities. In this weary world people cannot get rich, even in an orange-grove, without working and waiting; and one would think that experience might have taught everybody as much as that. But who trusts to experience in the face of such seductive reports as have been brought up respecting this land of promise? Taken with just a single grain of the salt of common sense, the reports are all true; without it, they are utterly and cruelly false. And, since people will not use their own common sense in judging of them, it follows that in telling the truth after the fashion in which they commonly tell it the friends of Florida do a great wrong not only to individuals but to the State.

The fact is that the ordinary mind is incapable of understanding what really constitutes an earthly paradise. The training of Americans in general unfits them for the enjoyment of any Eden of which bustle and push, growing rich and

buying luxuries, are not the chief attractions. But if these are the joys of any paradise, they are surely not those of Florida. With her most exquisite pleasures money has nothing to do. They belong, without money and without price, to him who has the gift to enjoy them. But are all who come to Florida of the elect? Sitting on the piazza this soft April evening, one would be tempted to answer, "Yes." The long, slow waves of the broad St. John's are plashing silvery on the shore; flower-perfumed air breathes softly around us; the stars, all unabashed by the presence of the fair young crescent in the western sky, are making bright pathways in the water; a mocking-bird, who has tarried too long at his cups in the pride-of-India-tree, is pouring forth a rollicking song as he leisurely takes his homeward way, and as he tumbles into bed the whippoorwill takes up the note, not in the mournful cadence of the North, but shouting forth his "chuck-wills-widow" in madly mischievous glee. From among the "bonnets" of the creek the frogs are croaking and gurgling and barking as only Florida frogs know how, contributing to our pleasure, though we cannot tell why; and when, at last, our sable handmaiden brings us a basket of late oranges as her last office for the night, adding thus to the joys of sight and sound and smell and touch the last sweet luxury of taste, we feel that we are indeed in the land of "sweet do-nothing," the home of perpetual luxury and ease.

Was it only to-day that we were hunting squash-bugs in the burning sun? Was it but yesterday that the rain drenched us as we were setting out the orange-trees? Are we really at the present moment luxuriating in every sensuous delight, rapt out of ourselves, and hardly conscious of existence, or are we aching in every joint from weary unaccustomed labor, blistered and burned

and stiff and sore? Or is perhaps the very consciousness of aching weariness the one bitter ingredient which makes the cup of our enjoyment the more exquisite? For this fair summer night it is, at least.

But, since all are not of the elect, it would be well to consider what are the chances of wealth for the immigrant who brings to Florida little but the labor of his hands. To begin with, let me say that I believe all the flattering figures about oranges to be strictly true. Single trees do bring in a net income of from twenty to fifty dollars: ninety trees may be set to the acre; they have been known to bear in six years from the seed, in four years from the budded. Land is cheap, budded trees are not dear, the price of fruit is not likely to be materially lowered for many years: a bearing grove, well cared for, ought to be a source of income for three or four generations. But, oh! the toils and privations and sufferings of nine out of ten of those who go from the North to Florida to realize these golden promises! My heart aches to think of them, none the less because so many of them will be entirely gratuitous.

In the first place, because land is cheap and young trees can be bought at so paltry a figure compared with their future worth, the immigrant, especially if he is poor, will be likely to go far beyond his means in starting a grove. Then, again, the whole science of orange-culture is still in a tentative period. The fourteen years since the first orange "craze" have not been long enough to establish beyond dispute the worth or worthlessness of theories, and the most experienced orange-growers are the first to confess that they have still much to learn. What wonder, then, if the inexperienced finds himself unable to grapple with the mysteries of "die-back" and "scale," or becomes disheartened by the prevalence of "puppies," rust, or black aphids?

Then, the money all spent for land and trees, a large young grove requiring incessant care, and labor scarce and incapable,—for everybody who is willing

to work has a grove of his own,—how is a man to live during the six, eight, or ten years which, short as they may seem in looking forward to fortune, have each of them three hundred and sixty-five hungry days to live over? He tries farming, but, if the neighbors' cattle do not destroy his crops, drought or storm or something else does; he tries truck-farming, but his vegetables are too late in market to be profitable, if indeed the soil in which they were planted has not proved wholly unsuitable; and, meantime, his grove is suffering for want of his unceasing care. What wonder that, overworked, disheartened, weary of a monotonous and distasteful diet, he falls a victim to malaria, and pronounces the country uninhabitable, and all the fair prospects which lured him thither but so many treacherous deceits?

It is almost idle to say to such a one that his disappointments are the result of his own carelessness or over-confidence, to remind him that, vast as really is his knowledge of the science of farming or fruit-culture as compared with the ignorance and superstition of his "cracker" neighbors, he would yet have done wisely to heed their advice and follow their practice until experience had combined with information to show him a more excellent way. It will be useless to point out to him that it was his contempt of Southern shiftlessness and confidence in his own judgment which led him to undue exposure to a Southern sun, thus courting the malaria which he might easily have avoided, and that it was his own unnecessarily large undertakings with a view to future wealth which so limited his provision for his daily table-wants as to condemn him to the monotonous unvaried diet which he ought to know, if his ignorant neighbors do not, is the prime cause of the wretched health from which they needlessly suffer. And the worst of it is that there is now no remedy for his chief ill. At the present state of progress in Florida no one wants to buy a young grove. Bearing trees, with a secure income, or cheap land on which to lay the foundation of a fortune,

is all that is at present considered desirable. And so for years to come there is no help for him but heartless—almost hopeless—work.

And yet there are those in Florida, those who have learned the secret of paradisiac joys, to whom work is far more fascinating than play could ever be. There is an unspeakable charm in the brightness of early morning, coming not too early, as in the old Northern home, a crispness in the mellow air, a glory of Southern sunlight flooding all the earth, a melody in the morning song of birds, unknown to him who wakes to languor after the short summer nights of the North. And there is luxury in the enforced idleness of the long, lazy mid-day, in the clearly-defined contrast between the air of sunshine and of shade, in those hours when the wind sighs softly in the pine-tops and bees hum drowsily and birds are silent,—all save the tireless mocking-bird, never more gay and rollicking in his song than now. And then the new-born attraction in the thought of work, slowly awaking into existence as the sea-breeze rises and the sun declines, which prompts one to fling off delightful lassitude and hasten to more delightful toil, until the rosy light drops into the hollows of the river, and the sun sinks behind the pine-trees, and ducks come sailing into their homes under the bluffs, and birds rouse up to their evening chorus, and the little green frogs, coming up to take the air upon the swaying "bonnets" of the creek, lift up their voices to swell the song. The very poetry of labor is in this life. It is the earthly paradise indeed.

Even paradise could not be enjoyed without health; and the question of climate is, therefore, a vital one. Statistics show that the death-rate is lower in Florida than in any other State in the Union, notwithstanding that so many States send their invalids to live or die there. The disaffected do not attempt to deny these figures, but they make answer that there are circumstances in which death may be better than life, and that thousands in Florida are stretching out trembling, agonish hands toward the

King of Terrors and weeping that he escapes their impotent grasp. Indeed, a life of perpetual chills seems hardly worth the living; and there are many who do drag out just such a miserable existence. But if one were to go into the homes of such, the wonder would be that fever took so innocent a form. In any other climate, with such absolute ignorance of the common laws of diet, ventilation, and drainage, malignant typhoid, diphtheria, and all contagious diseases would run riot. As a matter of fact they are almost unknown. Yellow fever has never spread into any county, village, or settlement, and is less fatal in the cities than elsewhere in the Southern States. Even chills, though needlessly prevalent, seldom incapacitate men for their daily toil. While the State is so thinly settled there will be numberless undrained swamps and sluggish creeks, the rank vegetation of which will breed malaria. But every new clearing, letting in the sunlight, lessens this evil; and even now there are everywhere high, dry ridges which are perfectly healthy, and there are hundreds of Northern people who remain in Florida the year round with no thought of malaria. Nor need any one fear it—such is my deliberate conviction—who does not court it by overwork, anxiety of mind, unvaried diet, and careless living.

The matter of diet is an important one. In a country which will produce three crops of fresh vegetables a year, the tin cans which lie heaped in every vacant city-lot and which line the country roads present a problem only less interesting than that suggested by a "cracker" table, where "hog and hominy," varied by sweet potatoes, form the staple diet. Vegetables, however, will not grow spontaneously in the best of climates, and when every one is cultivating orange-groves who is not too lazy to cultivate anything, the crop is not likely to be large, except on the truck-farms. And, alas! the truck-farmers! They, of all men, have a right to be indignant toward those who have enticed them to Florida with a hope of thus making a living while waiting for their orange-

groves to bear. At the present day, at least, Florida is too far from market, means of transportation too doubtful and precarious, competition with other States, slightly behind her in climate but with better marketing facilities, too eager, to make this a safe dependence. In the vicinity of the cities, or near the great country hotels, trucking may be a help toward one's support, but such a market is necessarily limited. At best it is only the winter crop which is available, and as regards this the conditions are so different from those in the North, the deliberate growth of a Southern climate is so unexpected to one who is accustomed to the sudden leap into life of a Northern harvest, that failure and consequent heavy loss can hardly be wondered at. Yet even this is not utterly hopeless. There is much to be learned as to varieties of seed and suitability of soil, as to gathering, selecting, packing, and shipping; but even in the face of some sad experience I am loath to give up truck-farming as one of the inducements which at a future day, if not now, Florida may offer to the settler.

The alligator is the largest insect in North Carolina: we have it on the authority of a distinguished naturalist who not very long since held some official position with reference to the fauna of that State. Whether it be the largest in Florida or not I cannot say, but it is certainly not the most obnoxious to criticism. I would not here be understood to allude to the flea. His praises have been chanted in abler notes than mine, and we may be content to leave him alone so long as he will leave us alone. Nor do I refer to the rabbit, though his tricks and manners in a well-regulated "greens-patch" are enough to bring dismay to the stoutest agricultural heart. But by the Northern immigrant no member of the brute creation is so much dreaded as a snake. There are those who would have us believe that snakes are not as common in Florida as, say, in Dutchess County, New York, and there are others who deny that, beyond a chance "rattler," there are any from

whom danger is to be apprehended; but ask a dorky about it!

"Have you seen any snakes this season, Ben?" we ask that worthy, as we push out for a twilight sail upon the St. John's.

Ben shows his white teeth: "Done dug out a coach-whip 'hind de barn yes-day," he replies.

"A what?"

"A coach-whip. Dey beats you to deat'! Dat's why dey calls 'em coach-whips. Ef you was to meet two of 'em togedder—down dere by the ma'ash, say—one 'ud bind you han' an' foot, while de odder just beat you to deat'!"

"Oh! what are they like?" we ask in horror, privately resolving to gather no more flowers "down dere by de ma'ash."

"Dey's brown, wid a sorter blue-black head an' a white ring 'bout de neck. Dey's mighty pretty," says Ben meditatively, showing an æsthetic capacity of which we had not suspected him, "but dey'm drefful sassy!"

But then,—the weeds. Who talks of leisure while they are growing? And why should they not grow, when all outdoors beyond your fence-rails is one vast preserve of them? when every stalk bears a score of flowers, and every flower a hundred seeds, and every breeze wafts them abroad over the earth, and this not for a few short weeks, but summer and winter and the whole year round? You stick a few choice rose-cuttings down in a shady corner hard by the "ma'ash," and when you next visit them they are fast in the embraces of an inextricable coil of vines which in a few hours would have been their death. You prepare a bed of well-cured muck in which to sow your most precious orange-seeds, and, long before they will have dreamed of sprouting, wild coffees and marsh-lilies and young "China-berry" trees will have covered all the ground; you plant peas, and behold a row of "pusley;" you sow carrots, and crab-grass appears to be the result. Wherever you fertilize with unwonted care, there provident Mother Nature, with her usual doting partiality, sends her wildest, most graceless, ne'er-do-weel

offspring to flaunt their vices in your face.

But, ah, how pretty they are! Full half the gay vagabonds would be the darlings of our Northern gardens. Shall we mourn that bright-eyed phlox and perfumed honeysuckle and fairest lilies and frail convolvulus spring up spontaneously beneath our tread? that orchis flutters birdlike upon every breeze? that gladiolus gleams golden by the brook-side? that gay butterfly vetches hover over the sparse grass of the pine barrens? that pitcher-plants and mimosa

and violets cluster along the wayside? that even the "pusley" in our gardens blooms resplendent in rosy gold?

Though to the weary toiler in farm or garden they bring a frequent reminder of the primeval curse, yet even he, if a true child of this earthly paradise, delights in their beauty and sees in them an earnest and foretaste of the coming time, when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

A LUCKY MISFORTUNE.

AS Maggie Roland walked up and down the promenade at Heidelberg, in charge of the two overdressed children of Madame Poirier, many an eye rested kindly or admiringly—according to the age or sex of the observer—on the fresh-faced little English governess, who, in her modesty and simplicity, reminded one of the daisies of her native land. Her duties were not onerous. Mademoiselle Hélène and Monsieur Gaspard were to be daily coaxed through so many pages of "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Robinson Crusoe," and the like instructive English literature, corrected in their faulty rendering of the British tongue, and escorted on their daily strolls in and about the town. When these walks led through a shady lane in which the unpretentious studio of a young artist was the most salient feature, Maggie was in high spirits and happy as a lark; otherwise, her outings with the two children were very dull. Gaspard's infantile quarrels with the crossing-sweeper who had once dared to bespatter his velvet knickerbockers with mud, and who frequently called him a young snob under his breath, recurred with wearying frequency, and Hélène, oppressed with the care of her laces and

furbelows, had at the early age of eight lost all the childish unconsciousness which should have been her charm.

No, Maggie was not in love with her young charges, but she strove to do her duty by them, and on no account to let them suspect her dislike; and, besides, her salary as nursery-governess was generous, comparatively speaking, and Maggie was poor and homeless,—for the present, at least. When two years should have crept slowly by, a blissful release from the tyranny of Gaspard and Hélène awaited Maggie. In the little studio in the lane a merry dark-eyed fellow, with overgrown curly brown hair and clothes of a loose, ill-assorted character that would have reduced any right-minded tailor to despair, worked with a will at a picture that showed some touches of talent. It was an "Undine" sitting on a mossy bank dabbling her naked feet in a stream, and Maggie Roland's sweet face looked down into the depths of the limpid water. In fact, the same face might be found repeated in various expressions in many a nook and corner of the studio, for Maggie was the goddess of the place and of the artist's heart, and for her Otto Skavlan was putting his whole soul into his picture.

A good position in an approaching exhibition was assured to his "Undine," and, should he continue successful, a situation as teacher in London awaited him that would assure him a comfortable support as long as his energy lasted. Two years at most must elapse before his hopes could be realized and he could claim Maggie as his wife. With this happy prospect in view, it was no wonder that Otto worked away cheerfully at his picture, and it seemed always that his day's work was never so successful as when interrupted by Maggie's pretty face peeping in at the window, even with the drawback of the impish visages of the young Poiriers at her side.

To the world at large Maggie's engagement with Otto was a secret; one sympathetic school-mate in England knew of the girl's hope for the future; while Otto, also an orphan and too poor to be of importance to other relations than parents, asked no advice or approval in his choice.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in September; the Poirier family had gone to visit relations in Frankfort, and Maggie had been left at home, with the time of their absence her own to dispose of as she pleased. In company with her friends the Hermanns and Otto she had spent the swift hours of her holiday in that most satisfying of spots, eulogized by poets and painters for generations, Heidelberg Castle.

From the more prosaic delights of taking coffee within hearing of a good military band they had strayed through the old rooms, some roofless and bare to every invading element and deserted save by bats and owls, others stored with the pictures, statues, and treasures of an almost forgotten time, out upon the wide balcony, where in the shadowy past the courtiers and ladies of the castle had danced in the summer evenings, and down into the garden below, where the second bloom of roses filled the air with their delicate breath.

They stood at the end of the terrace, watching the moon as it rose above the Heiligenberg and cast its cold beams on the river below.

"Let us go," cried Bertha Werner excitedly. "The black water and the hard white moonlight frighten me; and I am sure I saw the ghost of the White Lady beckoning to us from the octagon tower: a misfortune will overtake us if we stay here longer,—already it is a bad omen to have caught a glimpse of that spectre."

"Nonsense, child! There are no ghosts in the castle, or anywhere else, save in the imagination of people like your worthy friend old Bärbele, who has crammed your head with fancies," replied Max, Bertha's brother, who, in his green velvet cap embroidered in gold,—as sign of membership in one of the most unruly of the student corps,—inspired his sister with admiration and awe.

"I at least," Maggie continued, "must go back to the town; not on account of the White Lady, but Madame Poirier might return to-night, and she would not soon allow me another holiday if she thought I had prolonged this one after sunset."

"It is a sin to waste one moment of this glorious evening within-doors," said Otto, reluctantly gathering himself up from the moss-grown log upon which he had been lounging. "I wonder if the guardian yonder will object to a song to cheer us on our downward journey," he continued, beginning in a fresh, powerful voice,—

"Sonnenlicht, Sonnenschein
Fällt mir in's Herz hinein."

Their homeward way led down over the rough cobble-stones of the rambling Schlossberg. From the gray old houses on either side, flooded by moonlight and beautiful in their harmonious irregularities, no light gleamed and no sound came; but as the wanderers neared the foot of the hill signs of life became apparent. The confused murmur of voices, the strains of a band of music, and a chorus of men's voices broke the silence at intervals, and through a dozen gayly-lighted windows one might see cheerful faces bending lovingly over mugs of beer.

"Our fellows have *Kneipe* to-night," said young Hermann. "I shall be fined

a thaler for being absent from their carouse; but this is no night to waste in an atmosphere redolent of cigar-smoke and beer. I have a suggestion to make."

"What is it?" the girls asked eagerly.

"You girls have often wished to see the inside of our club-rooms: now is your chance."

"Oh, Max, not at night, while all those students are there!" Bertha exclaimed, looking alarmed and delighted at once.

"Of course I won't take you in among those fellows," Max answered. "While they are assembled in that barn of a place,—which, to feminine eyes, has no attractions,—we can explore the other rooms that are worth seeing. We could not have a better chance than the present."

"But it is so late," Maggie said hesitatingly. "Madame Poirier might hear of it, and she would never excuse such indecorous conduct on my part: she is a perfect dragon of propriety."

"The dragon will not be enraged in this instance, for she need know nothing of where you have been this evening," said Max reassuringly. "Do quiet your conscience, Fräulein Maggie, and let me do the honors of our club."

Culprit-like, but delighted, the girls entered the hitherto mystical precincts; and the rooms, seen in the halo which surrounds a forbidden pleasure, seemed very attractive in their eyes. The garlands festooned about the embroidered caps and swords of departed students, the great drinking-horns hung in chains of silver and richly adorned and polished, the portraits of the different members of the brotherhood from its foundation in the past century to the present day, were all examined with great interest.

While the others were discussing the merits of a stuffed bull-dog, which with a combative expression kept guard over his master's gloves, Maggie had taken down from the wall one of the long thin swords used by the students for duelling.

Herr von Waldau, one of Max's colleagues, had joined the party, and was watching her intently. "Would the gnädiges Fräulein like a lesson in fencing?"

he asked, coming forward and taking down another sword.

"What a graceful exercise it is!" said Maggie, watching him intently, as the bright, flexible blade flourished about his head in a thousand dexterous passes.

"Will Fräulein Roland be my antagonist?"

Maggie advanced a few steps suddenly, and the next instant started back with a sharp cry, dropping her sword and pressing her handkerchief to her forehead. The white cambric was soon saturated with blood, the result of venturing too near the swiftly-revolving point of Von Waldau's sword.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" cried Otto, springing forward and supporting Maggie to a chair; for she looked very white and faint.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" exclaimed the student, throwing down his sword and coming forward with head bowed down, the picture of humility and contrition. "In my abominable carelessness, I have wounded this lady. I shall never forgive myself or forget this unfortunate evening."

"It was not your fault," said Maggie faintly: "I should not have stepped forward. How white and frightened you look, Otto! and, Bertha, your teeth are fairly chattering. I really am not hurt badly; but is the cut going to show very much?"

A buzz of excitement and inquiry arose among a half-dozen or so of students, who mysteriously appeared upon the scene to offer condolence and aid. Some urged her acceptance of a glass of beer as a sovereign remedy for all ills; others stood helplessly about, making useless suggestions; while Bertha, weeping bitterly, mopped Maggie's forehead with a wet handkerchief.

"The wound is little more than a scratch, thank fortune!" said Otto, bending over Maggie's white forehead with the damp curling hair pushed back from it. "As soon as the blood has quite ceased to flow we can put on a bit of plaster and go home. I think none of us will regret the departure from this unlucky place."

To reach home quietly and unobserved was Maggie's most earnest wish; she dared not yet think of the scene that would take place between Madame Poirier and herself on the following day. Oh that she had never ventured into that ill-fated club-room!

"Misfortune always overtakes whoever sees the apparition of the White Lady at the castle," said Bertha in awe-stricken tones.

"But I didn't see her, and I am certainly the unfortunate in this case," Maggie answered dolefully. — "Oh, Otto, what shall I say to Madame Poirier?"

"Say that you were hurt in a romp with the Hermanns: this is an instance where one must descend to prevarication. I will come early to-morrow to see whether or not that woman has dared to be impertinent to you."

When Maggie looked at herself in her little mirror before going to bed, her heart sank lower than ever: the wound on her forehead was quite two inches long, and must be many days in healing. The patch of plaster gave her a disreputable look, most unseemly in a steady-going nursery governess. The wound, if accounted for as the result of a romp with the Hermanns, was bad enough; the truth told about it was altogether too shocking for Madame Poirier's sensitive ears. Conscience-stricken over the planning of her first lie, Maggie fell asleep at last, to dream of being turned into the streets, a homeless wanderer, with a brand of disgrace on her brow.

Her evil resolutions were on the morrow set at naught; for, shortly after the household became astir for the day, a superb bouquet addressed to Maggie arrived. Accompanying the flowers was a card from Von Waldau,—the student who had dealt Maggie the unlucky blow,—reiterating his regrets for the accident, and hoping that she would later honor their club with another visit, to remove the evil impression of her first experience. The bouquet and its tell-tale message fell into the hands of Madame Poirier; and, irate at the laxity of the girl's conduct, she went directly to Maggie's room,

where her rage culminated at the sight of her battered countenance.

Madame Poirier's first words—"Mademoiselle Roland is mistaken if she supposes that she can spend her holidays rioting with students of a doubtful character and still keep her place as governess in a respectable family"—frightened Maggie's carefully-prepared falsehood from her head, and she told the whole truth about the unlucky scratch, throwing herself upon her employer's mercy.

But Madame Poirier was obdurate; Mademoiselle Hélène and Monsieur Gaspard could not be disgraced by being seen in company with a young woman wounded in a students' drinking-room; her example would be most injurious to the innocent children. Madame Poirier would be obliged to engage another governess, and Mademoiselle Roland would please arrange to quit her post as soon as possible.

Poor Maggie wrote a forlorn little note to Otto, packed her modest trunk, and, covering her ill-fated forehead with a thick veil, went to the Hermanns', to pour her griefs into their sympathizing ears.

"Confound that idiot Von Waldau for his polite attentions that have got us into this scrape!" said young Skavlan emphatically.

Decided measures must be taken to find another situation for Maggie, for she could not accept the hospitality of the Hermanns—also struggling with poverty—for longer than a week. Otto searched the town and its environs, and advertised in all the newspapers, for addresses of families needing governesses, but no one seemed tempted by his glowing descriptions of Maggie's capabilities. Madame Poirier refused to speak a good word for her discarded bondmaid, thereby doing the girl as great an injury as her indignant feelings could desire.

At last, on the sixth day, Otto arrived at the Hermann mansion with an advertisement which he had that morning spied in the daily paper. A lady wanted a companion: cheerfulness and a knowledge of hair-dressing seemed to be the chief requirements, and a dispropor-

tionately large salary was offered. "But my chance among all the other applicants that this notice will bring will be very small. I can be cheerful, but my ideas of hair-dressing are so limited!" said Maggie doubtfully. "But I will try, at all events."

With many misgivings, Maggie repaired to the *Hôtel de l'Europe* at the appointed hour to present herself as an applicant for the position of companion advertised by Miss Brandon. Seven or eight other candidates had already assembled in the specified room, and as Maggie entered they stared at her with the disapproval which each fresh arrival had called forth that morning.

After a long delay, Miss Brandon appeared, extravagantly dressed, brilliant-complexioned, with a quantity of light reddish-brown curls about her forehead and neck, and with the air of an old coquette in every movement. Her youth had long since fled, but her dress and manner would have suited a girl of sixteen.

"I shall never be able to keep that hair in order," Maggie thought uneasily.

Miss Brandon was accompanied by a gentleman apparently some years younger than herself, for whom her glances softened and her smiles seemed sweetest. "A goodly array of applicants for my advertisement, is it not, Monsieur Lenoir?" she said in French in an undertone to her companion.—"What recommendation have you from your last employer?" Maggie heard asked of a girl sitting near her. None: she was leaving home for the first time. "Oh, indeed! I must have an experienced assistant," Miss Brandon said, shaking her head.

Maggie's heart sank, for of the position she had applied for she too understood very little of the duties, and she had the good word of no one to plead in her own favor.

At that instant one of the long curls which strayed gracefully over Miss Brandon's shoulder slipped its moorings and fell to the floor. At first no one save Maggie perceived the occurrence, but, as Miss Brandon stepped forward,

the curl lay exposed on the carpet, and Monsieur Lenoir advanced coolly and picked it up with an amused, inquiring look in his fine black eyes. For an instant there was a dead silence; through the paint and powder on Miss Brandon's face a vivid blush glowed, but no one spoke.

An inspiration seized Maggie. The curl of hair awaiting an owner was precisely the color of her own: why not relieve the embarrassment of the possessor of the false tress, and possibly awaken a little favor in her eyes? "Please, sir, the curl is mine," said Maggie, timidly advancing, and in her turn blushing brightly. Had her own pretty tresses risen on end at that moment to protest against this slight upon their abundance, she would not have been surprised.

Monsieur Lenoir, apparently deceived, resigned the shining curl with a laughingly gallant speech, and Maggie hid her undesired acquisition in her pocket. On raising her eyes she met those of Miss Brandon, and read there a look of grateful acknowledgement. She soon saw the other women dismissed one by one, and found herself alone with Miss Brandon. "What is your name, mademoiselle?" she asked kindly.

"Maggie Roland."

"Maggie Roland? I may call you Maggie, may I not? I think we shall suit each other."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! I—"

"Never mind expressing your thanks. I am very much obliged to you for claiming that unlucky curl, and I want to prove my gratitude. I particularly wished not to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the gentleman who has just quitted the room, and you have spared me that ridicule. I like your appearance, and, if such is your wish, you may consider yourself engaged as my companion from this day forth."

There was great rejoicing in the Hermann abode that evening, for Maggie's lines seemed to have fallen in very pleasant places, and the anxiety that had been oppressing them all might now be at rest.

The old coquette had a heart, and

proved herself a good friend to Maggie; her liking for the simple little English girl grew and prospered, and gradually communicated itself to Maggie's lover. Monsieur Lenoir found much interest in young Skavlan's paintings, and through his influence an enthusiastic admiration for Otto's "Undine" dawned in Miss Brandon's heart.

"Why don't you buy the picture and give the young fellow a little push in the world?" said Monsieur Lenoir.

Miss Brandon was very rich, and very ready for a benevolent deed: so a proposal was made to Otto that the "Undine" and a certain fine landscape should become hers, instead of wandering across the Channel in search of a purchaser. Other art-lovers found their way to the little studio in the lane, and as the months elapsed Otto began to hope that

he could push his fortunes without exiling himself from his Fatherland.

Miss Brandon was going to marry Monsieur Lenoir: her wedding-day was fixed, and, as if desiring to communicate a little of her great store of happiness to another heart, she said to Maggie one morning, "You and Otto are over-prudent: you need not delay your marriage longer than the autumn. Otto's prospects are very good, and on your wedding-day I promise you a little dowry that will keep the wolf from your door in case of reverses."

To this advice the two young people gave a very willing ear, and in September—a year from the time that Maggie had received the much-bewailed sabrecut, which seemed, after all, a blessing—she gave her hand and heart into Otto's keeping forever.

E. H. G.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The President's Policy.

IT is not often that any uncertainty exists as to the views or the aims of our leading politicians. As a class they are singularly frank, neither veiling their designs, dissembling their sentiments, nor disguising their motives. Their common principle of action needs no concealment, government of the party, by the party, and for the party, being generally recognized and accepted as the be-all and end-all of political life and aspiration. And in their private divisions or clashing of personal interests the same openness prevails, so that we are never in doubt as to the origin of these or in danger of confounding them with differences of opinion on matters affecting the general welfare or the interests of the country.

This method of proceeding, while it

has the advantage of making everything in the arena clear and intelligible, tends, it must be confessed, to diminish the entertainment of the spectators and to render the debates and contests monotonous and wearisome. There is a well-known charm in mystery and a pleasure in opportunities for speculation and conjecture. Some gratitude, therefore, is perhaps due to Mr. Garfield for allowing a certain obscurity to rest upon his objects and leaving us in suspense as to the course he may ultimately adopt. Still, there is not much amusement in a riddle unless we guess or try to guess it; and few people will wait patiently till the President rises to explain before hazarding their own solutions. There must always, of course, be a period of doubt in regard to the plans and purposes of a new administration. But in the present case the uncertainty is different in kind, as well as in degree, from what is usually

felt. It relates not to particular measures, but to the principles on which the administration is to be carried on,—not to its mode of conforming to a traditional policy, but to the possibility of its breaking loose from tradition and striking out a policy of its own. It was, of course, the circumstances under which Mr. Garfield was nominated that suggested this possibility. A candidate who was not put up by the “machine,” who represented the opposition to the machine, might be expected to resist its influence and shake off its trammels. Besides this, there was much in Mr. Garfield’s known character and career that pointed in the same direction. He was obviously not a man who would be forced to rely upon the guidance of others or who would submit to be made their tool. In knowledge and ability, instead of being inferior to the men who “managed” the party, he was very much their superior, and he had shown on occasions that he was capable of a moral as well as of an intellectual independence. Finally, though he was not the first choice of those who were seeking to eliminate certain elements from our politics and to force the Republican party to make a new departure, he had expressed opinions on the subject of the Civil Service which seemed to prove that he was in sympathy with the Reformers and that they might hope for his co-operation. That there could, however, be no absolute certainty on this head was indicated by his allusions to the subject in his letter of acceptance. It must, too, have been obvious to all who reflected on the matter that Mr. Garfield was not in the position of a “Reform” or “Independent” candidate. He owed his nomination to a compromise which, though it excluded Mr. Conkling and his followers, included the adherents of Mr. Blaine. His election, again, was the work of the whole Republican party, of which the Reformers, or those who declared themselves such, formed only a small portion. From the first, therefore, there was an ambiguity in his position which sufficiently accounts for whatever has seemed enig-

matical in his proceedings,—for the composite character of his cabinet and for the see-saw method pursued in his more recent appointments. What is to be inferred from this zigzag course is, not that he hopes to unite and assimilate contradictory principles, but that he recognizes their existence and the necessity imposed upon him by circumstances of holding the balance between them, without any positive leanings to one side or the other.

For the mission of a Reform leader, which some people have wished to thrust upon him, he is in every way unfitted. His qualities distinguish him alike from ordinary politicians and from the men who devote themselves to a cause which is still in its incipient stages and struggling against indifference or disfavor. His whole career shows that he covets not what is commonly called popularity, but popular esteem,—that the rôle of a “boss” and that of an agitator would be equally foreign to his disposition. He has never manœuvred for success, but he has avoided every imprudence by which he might have forfeited his chances of winning it. He is not wanting in firmness, but his temper is conciliatory. He has never courted vituperation or indulged in it. He carries no opinion to an extreme, and, though able in argument, is ready to find a common ground with an opponent. He is patient and tolerant, and believes in moderation and concession. He has the talents and virtues which command respect and confidence in private life, and which in ordinary times show to no less advantage in a public station. As the chief of a homogeneous party, harmonizing its energies, restraining its excesses, and enlisting the good will of fair-minded opponents, he would probably be altogether admirable.

But the times are not ordinary. There is an uneasy spirit abroad which has destroyed the unity and which menaces the existence of the Republican party,—a spirit more potent if less clamorous than that of personal discontent, and one which no soothing or temporizings will avail to lay. If the party were so preponderant

that it could afford to cut off its refractory members, or if it had in it, as at present constituted, any source of renovation or means of fresh growth, the case would be different. But its numerical strength, even since the acquisition of Senator Mahone, does not amount to a clear popular majority, and the element which now disturbs its peace and threatens it with disruption is precisely that to which it owed its origin and through which it has retained whatever vitality it still possesses. The moral sentiment of the country is once again in a state of insurrection, not yet open and arrayed, but too active and extended to allow of its being stifled or suppressed. "Bosses," "rings," "machines," and all the other features of a system which has made politics a disreputable trade, legislation a nuisance, and government either by or for the people a delusion, have grown to be not merely disgusting but intolerable, and if the intelligence of the nation, so long outraged and defied, proves impotent to devise a remedy, Nature may be trusted to work by her own slower but more drastic methods.

It would be idle, as we have already intimated, to find fault with the President for not putting himself at the head of the movement for reform and thus completing or precipitating the rupture of his party. Those who expected him to do this must either have misjudged the man or have mistaken his position. It is not for him to widen the chasm. But neither can there be the faintest hope that he will be able to close it. We do not imagine that he is timid or irresolute,—that he expects to avoid collisions or fears to encounter them. But he is neither fitted by temperament nor empowered by circumstances to enter on an untried career. His policy, so far as it has been developed or may be conjectured, will probably be found to be the natural outcome of the existing situation, representing the eddy of conflicting currents,—not a policy of initiation, but corresponding to a transitional period and a still uncrystallized public opinion, and possibly preparatory of a new order of things.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

More Time.

BEFORE me lies a letter—a typical one—from a young lady teaching in a New-England high-school, who begs for advice as to some better management of time in order to accomplish more in her various pursuits. These include five hours of daily teaching, and at least one of outside school-work, three devoted to a course of reading under the guidance of the Society for Study at Home, one to music, and from two to three on alternate days to chemistry and painting.

"I make so little sensible progress!" she wails, "and, though I seldom visit, find myself always far behind what I have planned. Yet I cannot see how to do more, and am heart-broken at my own inadequacy, when this world of attainment lies before me unconquered. Oh for more time!" Poor soul!—poor souls! for their name is legion, and not from one alone, but from hundreds and thousands, the cry for more time goes up, as if eternity had been abolished and one must pack the work of an eternity into seventy years.

The burden of the nineteenth century is upon us all,—this restless, grasping, feverish nineteenth century, in which reformers are bent upon ending all need for other reform in any time to come, and eager workers are seeking to assimilate at once the long-accumulating mass of knowledge, every department of which receives daily new facts and opens out new possibilities of acquirement.

The old cry sounds again, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us;" but for this generation it is the voice not of self-sufficiency, but of self-distrust,—a note of warning to each gatherer-in of stores to hasten the work, lest those who come after despise us as a people who missed their opportunity.

For a few the troubled uncertainty of miscellaneous yet apparently equally imperative interests has ceased, and they have taken up the special pursuit to which a life may be well devoted. But for the many with whom life must always hold not one but a myriad duties, and

who, in the midst of all the perplexing cares and worries besetting the American woman to a degree unknown to any other civilized nation, still long for broader paths, a truer knowledge, a more genuine culture, there is a word to be said.

Brain and body seem at war, and it is these bewildering masses of books that act as sappers and miners in the siege. Let there be added to this passion for acquirement—which, after all, can end for the many only in a smattering of everything—the wear and tear of the most exacting climate in the world, the struggle for wealth and all material advancement, the dissatisfaction with simplicity in living, and the craze for the newest thing in art or science or literature, and what remains for the woman of æsthetic tastes but a final loss of any possibility of repose for mind or body, and paralysis or nervous prostration in the end?

One sees in many faces the eager, brilliant eyes, the look of intense expectation and intention, seeming to urge one on to a like emulation, to the same feverish grasp after more and more attainment. But how many are there that carry any suggestion of quiet power, of a strength sufficient for all who claim it, and a settled calm as soothing and yet inspiring as the calm of mountain-tops? There are faces looking sometimes from the shadow of close Quaker bonnets, sometimes from more worldly surroundings, with an expression of peace that suddenly shames our mad rush and flurry and for a moment makes being seem better than doing. But often the lesson taken to heart fails in application, and we work to be peaceful with an energy and a fury always defeating their own ends.

"So tired!" is the moan, and "So tired!" it must be until we have learned not so much how to rest from any work as to rest *in* work, to keep faculties in full exercise yet never overstrained, to choose the wisest methods for body and mind and soul and to follow them through every chance and change of this mortal life,—learn what to leave undone, what to slight, and what to pursue steadily.

Rest must be daily,—not a month of "resting like fury" after eleven months of working in the same fashion, but a deliberate stopping to be still, to collect forces and draw the long, full breath without which climbing is impossible.

Climate, natural predisposition, and inherited instinct are all impelling forces with the native American, man or woman; and for each one must be the firm deliberate purpose not to rush and pant and strive, but to give Nature her due, sleep the full amount demanded for health, make recreation as vital a necessity as work, and through all remember that "something must always be crowded out." No day has ever dawned whose hours could hold all that we hope for from our vanishing time. Work as we may, it is still only the alphabet that we gain, whose best uses are unknown till the larger time of eternity shall give room for the progress unattainable now.

H. C.

"Lady Help."

SEVERAL years ago a Mrs. Crawshay, of England, undertook to kill two birds with one stone,—to remedy the servant difficulty, and to provide at the same time for the wants of indigent gentlewomen who have never been trained to remunerative work, by inducing numbers of the latter class to enter domestic service under the name of Lady Help. The idea was much ridiculed at the time, perhaps as much because of the unfortunate name as for any other reason, yet it gained ground to a certain extent, as one may see from the advertising columns of the London papers, where the services of Lady Helps are as regularly offered as those of other domestics. The plan might seem practicable only in English establishments, where many servants are kept, and where there is a decided distinction between "upper" and "lower" servants,—the former being usually provided with a table of their own. Yet there are reasons why it ought to meet with even greater favor here, where the complaint of ignorant, untrained servants is universal. The social descent implied

in taking up household service ought not to be so great in a democratic country as in England, although as a matter of fact there is nowhere such pronounced repugnance to "menial" labor as in America. Hence the insufferable self-assertion of our native American servants.

But as far as Lady Helps—if we must call them so—are concerned, it would seem that the remedy must be near at hand. If both mistress and servant are truly ladies, there ought to be little difficulty in adjusting the social position of the latter as to the family and the *habitués* of the house. So many ladies from necessity do their own household work, so many others have availed themselves of the services of sister, or cousin, or maiden aunt, who in everything but the matter of wages are just Lady Helps and nothing else, that it would seem as if there were really precedents enough upon which to form a rule of conduct in such a case. One very practical difficulty is in the matter of table-service. The majority of families keep but one servant, and if she is to be a lady and share the family meals there must be a disagreeable jumping up and sitting down, or a lack of efficient service where it is most needed. Yet to arrange for such a functionary to eat by herself would be to place her upon a footing with ordinary servants, which is not the idea in the plan of Lady Help. For this plan is not the one which says all work is in itself honorable, and though you are a lady your truest dignity is found in recognizing that you are also a servant, and acting accordingly. The Lady Help plan, on the contrary, aims to keep ever in view the fact that these are ladies, not servants, and so to raise the status of household work.

L. S. H.

An Old-Fashioned Nurse.

SHE was old,—in fact, she was a great-grandmother,—but she still retained the vigor of middle age, and pursued her profession of nursing the sick. Her face was seamed and wrinkled, the wrinkles being so criss-crossed that one was involuntarily reminded of the tanned alligator-skin used in making belts and

satchels; but her hair retained its natural dark color, and she kept it in order by means of her patient's brushes and combs. She had her peculiarities, as most old nurses have; she did not require a bottle which she could "put to her mouth when she felt so disposed," but she had many superstitions, she was morbidly economical, and she used words not to be found in the dictionary. The accidental breaking of a looking-glass, according to her, boded misfortune to the family, as did also the advent of a strayed pet crow which came and perched about the back porch for a week or two during her stay. In her opinion, the howling of a dog under the window meant a death in the family, the spilling of salt was a sure sign of ill luck, and the crowing of a cock before the door signified that some one was coming. Her excessive economy was equalled only by her acquisitiveness. She had worn her black lace veil for forty years, her "reps" dress, in whose pattern red gourds chased each other over a yellow ground, dated back to a past generation, and her other garments were chosen for their lasting quality. Of these she seemed to have as many layers as an onion. The layer exposed to view when she prepared herself for rest at night by her patient's bedside consisted of a quilted skirt and a bodice of common blue and white striped bed-ticking.

In her leisure moments she wandered about the house and lot, communing with herself regarding the family's waste and extravagance. She picked up strings, nails, and tin cans; she gathered three shrivelled apples that hung on a tree at the back end of the lot; and she dug down into a pile of ashes upon which the rains of months had beaten, tasted them, and, finding them still strong and good, upbraided the mistress for not extracting the lye and making soap. She frequently went into the kitchen to collect and save seeds of the vegetables prepared for dinner. Nothing that was offered to her came amiss. She accepted old clothes with avidity, odd shoes and joints of rusty stove-pipe had a value in her eyes, also crumpled un-



brellas and rubber boots with holes in them. She went and came several times in the dusk of the evening, removing her accumulated spoils to her own home.

She was not consciously mirth-provoking in her talk; her conversation ran mostly toward lugubrious recitals of sickness, death, and misfortune, but her patient extracted amusement from some of her words and expressions. She said "conjesture" for "conjecture," "watery music" for "watery mucus," and, occasionally, when the night was stormy or unusually dark, she remarked, "This is a *gashly* night." She told of a little grandchild of hers who had the colic every evening regularly for three weeks, "*Sunday too*," and remarked incidentally of the husband of one of her acquaintances, "He was a bakery." One night when she was snoring unusually loud, her wakeful patient called to her and gently requested her not to snore. Starting up on the sofa, she plucked her night-cap from her right ear and exclaimed with indignation, "Swore! I never swore in my life!" Then, becoming aware of her mistake, she said, "Don't tell Mr. L——" (the local editor); "he will put it in his paper." Besides these traits peculiar to herself she had many common to old-fashioned nurses, but was excelled probably by none in her capacity for spilling things, for losing her spectacles, and for puttering.

L. C. J.

ART MATTERS.

Four Centuries of Dramatic Art.

A FEW years ago I witnessed in Leipzig a theatrical performance of a sort that I never happened to see anywhere else, though it may, of course, be familiar to other German cities as well as to the one in question. Four one-act plays were given on the same evening, each illustrating the dramatic art of a different century. Actual plays of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries were chosen, and were succeeded by a modern comedy, supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of contemporary ways. Each play was given as nearly as possible in the exact manner—as to lan-

guage, dress, *mise-en-scène*, and dramatic art, especially so called—that characterized its original performance.

The first scene was very effective,—a stage within a stage, so to speak. It represented a street in Nuremberg as it appeared three hundred years ago, and, of course, very much as it appears at the present day. In the middle of it one saw a small raised platform or stage enclosed by movable curtains and with rows of benches at a little distance from it. These were occupied by Nuremberg citizens gathered to witness the performance of a play by their celebrated cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs. The pronunciation of the period was adopted, and the actors went through their parts in the stiff, conventional manner and with the comical wooden gestures we may suppose to have been characteristic of primitive and strolling players. The front curtains were drawn to reveal the scene, and such actors as were not participating at a given moment were concealed in the street behind the stage. The women's rôles were assumed by men, as was invariably the case then and for a very long time after. The performance was quaint and interesting indeed, and after seeing the curtain close and hearing the applause of the Nuremberg spectators one had a clear realization of the fact that Hans Sachs—who is known out of his own country, I fear, chiefly by the lines in which Longfellow has embalmed him—was actually at one time a literary power and an "acting dramatist." The play was in rhyme, and dealt with the application of the test by hot iron for the discovery of guilt. I do not know whether it could properly be called a "morality," for, unless I am mistaken, the villain triumphed and defeated justice in the most barefaced manner.

The next play was a pantomime of the seventeenth century. This time the scene embraced the whole stage; but there was, of course, no scenery and no accessories except such as were absolutely essential to the conduct of the play. Here again one actually realized a long-known fact,—that in Shakespeare's theatre there was nothing of this sort, nothing

more than two crossed swords suspended to denote a battle-field, or a placard with the inscription, "This is the Forest of Arden." The pantomime in question represented the efforts of some thieves to secrete themselves in a baker's shop. After much confusion and many embroilments, they hid themselves at last in some sacks of meal and were promptly baked in the oven. Boys still took the female parts, and represented the irate women who were frightened by the thieves, packed in flour-bags, and sold in the market-place. The three sides of the scene were hung with uniform gray. An immense label suspended over the centre of the stage told us that the first scene was a street, and another at one side over an opening indicated the entrance to the baker's house. When the scene shifted, these labels were simply turned in full sight of the audience, another name appearing on the reverse side of each and telling that the street had become the interior of the shop, and the former house-entrance the oven-door.

The third play was a "powder-and-patches" intrigue of the last century, very prettily acted, and forming a gay contrast to the bare appearance of the stage but just before. The modern comedy needs, of course, no special notice.

The theatre in which this interesting performance was held added by its own quaintness to the charm of the evening. It was the old City Theatre, built in the last century, very small and very picturesque, with its tiny parquette and little carved wooden galleries. Comfortable it was not, however, for the hard little wooden seats were no wider than the pew-seats one sometimes finds in old country churches. And it was a matter of wonderment to the novice where the *habitués* of the theatre might be in the habit of stowing their knees. Nevertheless, one was glad to put up with a little bodily discomfort for the sake of surroundings so thoroughly in tune with the curious entertainment one was offered, and of the actual instruction so vividly conveyed in the history of dramatic art.

M. G. V. R.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Norse Myths and Negro Folk-Lore.

THE inimitable negro talk and negro tales of Uncle Remus embalm stories familiar in all negro cabins from Maryland to Louisiana; and they are seldom told with any essential variation. This fact of itself may serve to show how, in the main, oral traditions may be correct that descend to us through a rustic population.

I have heard some of Uncle Remus's tales myself in Maryland, though I can boast no early familiarity with life in the "quarter" of an old plantation; and a New Orleans dandy in the service of a friend in Baltimore assures us he has known them all his life; and he threw light on one or two of Uncle Remus's darker sayings. It is not, however, my place to bear testimony to the value of this collection of the folk-lore of the old plantations: others are far better qualified than I am to say how good it is. I am not Southern born, but an English-woman. More than half a century ago a kind Providence dropped into my mother's nursery the best blessing that could be given to a young household,—an intelligent, pure-minded, conscientious nurse. She had been born near Cromer in Norfolk,—a remarkable town and watering-place, standing high upon tall cliffs overlooking the German Ocean. Her father was a thrifty yeoman, and the parent of eighteen children. Many of his sons followed the sea and were lost on that wild coast; several of the daughters have lived to be nearly one hundred. Our dear old lady herself is now past eighty, and is still living in the family to which she attached herself in her early days.

One of her nursery accomplishments was the art of telling stories. Among our favorites were three, called by us "Patnum," "Webster," and "The Green Man of Norwich." Many years ago I discovered "Webster" to be an old Norse story called "The Master-Thief." It may be found in "Blackwood" for November, 1851. On reading Mr. Lane's new translation of the "Arabian Nights,"

"The Green Man of Norwich" reappeared in the beautiful story of Hassan of Balsora; and some years ago, when I had been telling "Patnum" to a circle of children at a picnic in Maryland, one of my boys said to me, "Mamma, there's a little darky here says he's heard all your story often before." On investigation, it proved to be well known in the cabins of the neighborhood; and in Uncle Remus it is repeated as "The Awful Fate of Mr. Wolf."

Now, the part of England where our dear old nurse came from was colonized by Danes and Norsemen. The very dialect and pronunciation of its inhabitants bear traces of their origin. For many years I have never had a doubt that the tales I have mentioned and many others that our nurse told us were of Norse origin. If I am right, is it not singular that the story of "Bro' Rabbit and Mr. Wolf" (or, as we had it, "The Little Pig and the Fox") should exist essentially the same in all important points among both Norsemen and negroes? Twenty years ago the story found its way into an English picture-book, and I bought it for my children. But that fact cannot in any way connect it with negro folk-lore.

I write this as a curious addition to the puzzle propounded in the Introduction to Uncle Remus: "Where did these stories originate?"

Professor J. W. Powell, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. Herbert H. Smith, author of "Brazil and the Amazons," as well as of a forthcoming work on the "Myths and Folk-Lore of the Amazonian Indians," are engaged in investigating this subject. "One thing is certain," says Mr. Smith: "the animal stories told by the negroes in our Southern States and in Brazil were brought by them from Africa. Whether they originated there or with the Arabs or Egyptians, or with yet more ancient nations, must still be an open question. Whether the Indians got them from the negroes or from some earlier source is equally uncertain. We have seen enough to know that a very interesting line of investigation has been opened." E. W. L.

Among the Refugees in Kansas City.

THERE are at least fifty families of the colored refugees from the South now scattered all over Kansas City Bottom, on the Kansas side of the Missouri River. They have squatted on railroad land. The railroad companies charge no rent. So these people have straggled away from the main line of the emigrants, and squatted in the "bottom," on the strength of assurances that they are free of the land for a long time. A number of them, upon their arrival, went immediately to work on jobs in and out of town, saved all they could make, and were glad to get whatever was given to them, and in this way have already managed to run up shanties of old boards and pieces of boards of all sorts, sizes, and qualities, picked up here and there and everywhere. They are roofed over with odd bits of tin, old felt, etc. The chicken-coop, cow-shed, and pig-sty are usually tacked on to the main structure, like after-thoughts to the main body of a discourse. Then comes the garden, where cabbages, onions, sweet and white potatoes, and corn—a little of all mixed up together—flourish amazingly. Can you realize the hotch-potch?—such a jumble as no people on earth are so capable of making as are the black folks! And such heaps and heaps of them living in close quarters, yet thriving and jolly in the midst of all their privations,—privations such as would kill any other race.

But such conditions do not demoralize the negroes as they always do white people. They accept heat, flies, and bugs philosophically. They cook out-of-doors, and live simply, and act on the axiom that life is worth everything else. They realize that they are *free* to sleep and come and go without molestation, and have a chance to get money in hand when they work, and can vote undeterred by terrorism. These things are never brought home to white people as they have been to the negroes.

As an evidence of the thrift of these people, a lady living in Kansas City cites the following:

"During the grasshopper spring fifty

blacks came to Kansas City from Kentucky. They could not have come at a worse time; everybody felt poor, and few felt charitable; but they scattered themselves around. One family camped in the woods close to us. They had nine children, from the year-old baby up to the oldest boy. The times were not very prosperous with us, and we were taxed in other directions, for, as we were the only family of liberal views in the neighborhood, all travellers of our way of thinking called on us for hospitality. Of course the blacks came to us, and we had to feed that family almost too often, I used to think sometimes then. Without meaning them any harm, I used sometimes, in the mea-

gre state of our larder, to wish them back in Kentucky. But, as soon as the grasshoppers bade us adieu, there was work to do, and the men and women and older children of this family were among the first to find it out and get it. At last a kind and rich German hired the man and helped him, and to-day he lives on a rented place four miles from us. He has excellent crops,—a great field of wheat. Some of our log-house people are helping him to harvest it at one dollar and fifty cents a day. And he pays them, too, as he goes along,—has saved the money to do it. We feel richly paid for the helping hand we lent them when we see them looking so prosperous.”

L. S.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

THE curiosity which impels us to seize any opportunity of looking deep into a human soul and watching its workings is tempered with a certain awe when there is no attempt to elude or deceive, no shrinking and no ostentatious display, and the free unconscious movement goes on, neither checked nor accelerated by our observation. It is very rarely that anything like this takes place in literature, in which the most absolute self-revelations are made, generally, only under the forms of art. Even the Hebrew psalmists, whose complaints and yearnings, exultations and despairs, were so personal and so intense, uttered them in song. As to professed autobiography, it commonly tasks our penetration and power of piercing disguises and of reading between the lines in the same degree in which it pretends to be the result of close introspection and an attempt at frank self-portrayal. There is no such attempt in Carlyle's "Reminiscences," yet every reader feels that this is what is accomplished.

* "Reminiscences." By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It would be impossible, we imagine, to name any book which, under this aspect, wins such ready, unquestioning confidence. It is not alone the transparent sincerity and veracity of the writer that produce this effect, but, with them, the evident absence of any sense of publicity or conscious need of reserve. The tone throughout is that of solitary outpourings, as of some wild stream rushing and foaming in a deep and lonely glen. The wail of a sacred sorrow, the frettings of a sensitive spirit and a splenetic temper,—aggravated by dyspepsia and by the lashings of that *sæva indignatio* which spares the philosopher and the egotist, but not often the active combatant against folly and baseness,—the moans of submission and the ejaculations of hope and faith, all have their uncontrolled way in a flow of language which, in strong contrast to our staple prose, has the vital warmth and energy of an arterial current. No doubt such a laying bare of the inmost nature, especially at a period of reaction after long toil, in the retrospect of bereavement and amid the shadows of declining years, offers chances for misconception and for malicious interpretation. A char-

acter is seen not only at its best, but in the aspect which is essentially the fullest and most correct, when its powers are concentrated and no reckless mood or wayward impulse is allowed to derange the focus or disturb the insight. If one's knowledge of Carlyle were to be gathered solely from this volume, it would, however intimate, be inadequate and even misleading, giving little idea either of the magnificence of his imagination and other intellectual gifts or of that broadly sympathetic spirit which in most cases rendered his delineations of men and of events as comprehensive as they were vivid. Yet there is no good cause to regret that he is here shown to us in his unguarded privacy. No discerning eye will mistake a burst of pettishness or an outcry of affectionate grief for a deliberate criticism and be startled by the exaggeration. The ultimate effect, we believe, will be to extend the appreciation of this pure and noble if rugged nature. So much of soreness and soil had it gathered in the long hard battle,—so much and no more. How many are there that under as strong and full a light would show scars and distortions so few and so slight? Nor was it desirable that any failing or aberration of his should escape detection and censure, leaving room for a suspicion that his reputation had been tenderly coddled,—as has perhaps been the case with some that are treated sharply or slightly in these pages. One whose ideals were so lofty, whose teachings were so stern, should bear to be keenly scrutinized, and in no way could the means for this have been so satisfactorily presented as by the publication of what is neither a "confession" nor an "apology" nor a full and regular biography, but rather as near an approach to unpurposed and unrestrained effusions of thought and feeling as written language may be supposed capable of making. Few readers of Carlyle can have needed any confirmation of his assurance that "the essential part of his life was in his works," but it is surely a gain to know the actual experiences amid which his lessons of manful endurance were learned and applied. Lastly, this volume will be read by many to whom its author has hitherto been only a name, whose tastes are not "bookish," who are neither curious nor critical in regard to literature, but who are perhaps more capable than most others of feeling its deep pathos, and of taking into their hearts the pictures it presents of homes and of lives in which there was nothing false or

conventional or ostentatious, but a primitive openness and simplicity in conjunction with self-devotion, high aims, and splendid achievements.

Two Recent Novels.

FICTION cannot be accused just now of any tendency to desert its own time in search of subjects: on the contrary, there is some prospect that it will come to rival journalism in its attention to current events and innovations of fashion. The two phenomena which excite most attention at the present day—Nihilism and æstheticism—both lend themselves admirably to the purposes of the novelist. The former attracts writers of a strong cast by the magnitude of its accessories and the startling vividness of the plots which it is incessantly bringing forth, while the latter has introduced new features and a new language into the pages of society chronicles. In actual life Nihilism certainly presents the most "intense" aspect; but there must be difficulties in the way of its use as literary material, arising from the very rapidity of its progress. Sensational fiction has the wind rather taken out of its sails in these times: formerly it enjoyed the reputation of surpassing reality, but its wildest imaginings are now outdone by the telegrams in the daily paper. The spice of sensation in Mr. Black's new novel,* which treats of a secret society and of dark conspiracies, with the murder of a cardinal or two, has a mild flavor in comparison with the demonstration of an existing society and the assassination of the Czar of all the Russias. With all their professions of *modernité*, it is to be feared that novelists are hopelessly behind the times.

As a story there is little to be said for Mr. Black's latest production. It has the appearance of having been manufactured on Mr. Charles Reade's plan, from newspaper cuttings, with the difference that behind Mr. Reade's industry as a compiler lies the enthusiasm of the reformer, and there is no evidence in Mr. Black's work of any such faith in his "clippings." There is conscientiousness, however, in the effort throughout apparent, and we fancy that we detect now and then in the weariness of its perusal a sympathetic ennui on the part of the writer. The book is furnished with a definite though by no means intricate

* "Sunrise: A Story of These Times." By William Black, author of "Macleod of Dare," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

plot, and the reader is carried along smoothly enough through a long series of incidents to the sort of conclusion which has been generally voted the most satisfactory by the novel-reading public. The hero and heroine, after the removal of countless obstacles, are actually going to be married, and simultaneously a new humanity is to descend upon the earth. The happy pair are on their way to Philadelphia, where these glorious matters are to be fulfilled. They stand on the deck of an ocean-steamer, hand in hand, while the sun, with an appropriateness and effect which the orb of day never fails to exhibit in Mr. Black's novels, shows its "burning edge" over the waves and "high up one or two flakes of cloud become of a saffron red."

If Mr. Black is to confine himself to the production of mere tales of a day, there is an advantage in his desertion of lighter and more delicate subjects for those of an intrinsically exciting character. His earlier novels had gathered so many charming associations about the Hebrides that it was almost with a sense of desecration that we saw the same scenes made the pretext of such strained and bald writing as he has given us for the last three or four years. Let him at least allow us to preserve intact our recollections of the lonely island with its princess, and of that rarer and more charming figure, the Daughter of Heth.

The most entertaining pages of "The Leaden Casket"* are those which describe the manners and customs of æsthetic society. Mrs. Hunt evidently writes from familiar knowledge: there is a quiet humor perceptible in her delineations, but no special satiric power. How far the representation may be accepted as literal we cannot undertake to say. The æsthetic movement is made known to us in this country entirely through two sources,—the poems and other mystic writings of its followers, and the report of its caricaturists. Cleverness is as marked a feature in the one case as the other, and, opposite as are the points of view, it must be owned that the two versions display a wonderful unanimity. Du Maurier, by the fineness of his caricature, has completely identified himself with the school which he satirizes. His clever pen and pencil have made Postlethwaite and Maudle household words here, as in England; and every new novel

brings us in addition some new hit at the æsthetics or some fresh bit of artistic slang.

In "The Leaden Casket" there is no attempt made to satirize conversation; the author confines herself to descriptions in a semi-mocking, semi-admiring vein which is delightfully *naïve*. That of a *soirée* given by two young painters is too good not to be quoted, though we have room only for a fragment:

"The floors were covered with Indian matting and Persian rugs, while a coarse sacking, gilded, stretched dado-wise all round the walls, made a mellow background for Indian and Japanese cabinets and low divans covered with gorgeous silks and embroideries. To these divans each lady was with much ceremony and respect led as she entered the rooms; and when she had taken her seat a heavy-headed flower was placed in her hand, which she graciously held. Heavy-headed too were the fair ladies who thus came in, with hair frizzed and rolled, and twisted and filleted with gold or silver, or parti-colored bands under which a few flowers were naïvely stuck, in frank confidence in their own power of either arranging themselves or lending adornment without any arrangement. . . . None of these ladies sat very upright, all lounged and lolled a little; some stooped forward like the water-lilies in their own hands when their stalks began to grow limp."

We doubt if the water-lily stalks were very erect to begin with; but that is a trivial point. The book contains a profusion of decorative hints, among them a room painted all in olive-green with a group of white butterflies across one corner. The heroine too is decorative, as heroines are obliged to be nowadays. A beauty of the season, with a slim willowy figure in pre-Raphaelite robes, who remains simple and unaffected in spite of the double temptations of artistic and Philistine society, is an attractive if rather fanciful conception. She has the *entrée* everywhere, and fair readers who enjoy the report of festivities will find the whole season's entertainments served up to them in "The Leaden Casket," from a presentation at court and an Academy *soirée* to a charity-bazaar where society beauties sell their photographs at five pounds apiece, private balls and dinners being, of course, on the list. The love-story is decidedly weak; but Love could hardly be expected to thrive amid such activity in dissipation and decorative art.

* "The Leaden Casket." By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking.

ALONG with the new ambitions toward decorative art has come to all young housekeepers, at least, the desire to give daily living its utmost grace and finish by providing tempting meals well ordered, well cooked, and well served. Ample help and stimulus is given to this impulse by the various manuals of housekeeping and cookery, written with the utmost simplicity of purpose out of an experience both of practical domestic life and cooking-schools. Americans in general are only just awakening to the conviction that eating is a practice to be treated with respect, to be refined and idealized as much as possible, to be lifted to a place among the arts and embellishments of life. The old monotony and narrowness of family bills of fare, the incongruities, the hugger-mugger, so to speak, are fast becoming traditional. It is now an accepted fact that the easiest way in housekeeping and cookery lies in the use of skilled methods, thrifty contrivances, suiting the exigencies of house and table to man, and not man to his own house and table. This must be done "*with brains*." It is no mere matter of routine. Routine is good, it is the basis of all that is comfortable and excellent in housekeeping, but it is not all. This incessant demand on the activities not only of hands but of mind has at times a jading and depressing effect, and is at the root of that aversion to housekeeping which breaks up so many homes, sends families to Europe, and crowds boarding-houses. If the grind were not so steady!—if the tread-mill could only cease for a month, a week, a day, even!—the tortured victim of too many domestic cares cries out.

It is in this strain, in this perplexity, that a woman may find real help in a clever little book like Mrs. Campbell's,* in which the many sides of household life are effectively and suggestively treated. The recipes are not so numerous that they become wearisome: each department has its place; there is no straining after more than simple and substantial living.

There are some omissions, and, for a manual adapted for people of moderate means, there is too little attention paid

to that *bête noire* of housekeepers and every-day cooks, the warming-over of cold meats. Americans do not, as a rule, like cold roasts, and this aversion has driven them to the over-frequent use of steaks, cutlets, and chops. A large piece of mutton or beef, such as repays careful roasting by sweetness and juiciness, is apt to be too large for the wants of a small family. "Hash" has become a synonym for what one most runs away from; beef and mutton warmed in slices are apt to be toughened and seem to lose all delicacy. Accordingly, a roasting-piece of good size is left to go to waste. A thrifty housekeeper may well study the subject of *croquettes*, since they furnish the solution of most enigmas about cold odds and ends "left over." They are easily prepared, are a pleasure to cook, are delicious to the taste, and, broiled or baked or even fried quickly in hot fat, are easily digested. Mutton croquettes are especially good; beef croquettes may be made more delicate by adding mashed potato; veal croquettes are perhaps best of all, and can hardly be distinguished from those made of chicken. Lobster can be prepared in no better way. Mrs. Campbell's book also fails to give specific directions concerning the variety of salads which enhance the enjoyment of lunches, dinners, and teas. The mass of people who study cook-books are not those who can have what they like, but are obliged to like what they can have. All fish and all meats except lamb and mutton may be eaten cold with mayonnaise dressing, and a large proportion of vegetables, including potatoes, beets, asparagus, onions, parsnips, carrots, salify, and tomatoes. There remains one cook-book to be written which may almost be a monograph. Nobody has yet developed the full resources of the potato. "May Heaven deliver every one from their vegetables, which they simply put in water and then bring to the table just as God created them," Heine wrote about English cookery. We know a cook who prides herself on never offering potatoes twice in the same month cooked in the same way. She has forty-seven recipes for cooking that vegetable, but declares her belief that she has only begun to find out its uses as an article of food. It may be mentioned here that delicate birds, so small that they are likely to dry in roasting or broiling, may be enclosed in balls of mashed potato and baked to perfection in a slow oven.

* "The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking." By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.